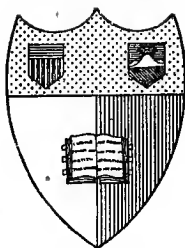


DRAMATIZED SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

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AUGUSTA STEVENSON



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DRAMATIZED SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

BY

AUGUSTA STEVENSON

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AUTHOR OF CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK T. MERRILL



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U . S . A

PREFACE

THESE plays are really dramatic pageants, and the various acts are, with few exceptions, episodes, with different characters and representing different periods of time. Many of the episodes are in themselves complete plays, and can be presented for Thanksgiving, Christmas, Flag Day, Washington's Birthday, and so on. For example, Act I of *A Dream of Gold* and Act II of *The Man who bore the Burden* are suitable for Christmas. Any one of the acts of *A Dream of Freedom* or of *Troubles on Land and Sea* could be used for Thanksgiving. For Flag Day, Fourth of July, and other patriotic celebrations, there is abundant material in *The Boston Tea Party*, *When Courage was needed*, and *A Brave Deed by Brave Men*. Any one of the episodes in *The Man who bore the Burden* could be used as a play for February 22.

Whether these plays are read in class or acted in costume, their influence will be strong. The nobility and courage of our forefathers, who stood forth so bravely for justice, become, through the medium of dramatic action, vital and real. Nor is it too much to believe that this very nobility and courage will be absorbed unconsciously and help to form the character of the boys and girls who read

and speak their words. Moreover, these plays, by their appeal to the imagination, will awaken a new and lively interest in American history.

Infinite pains were taken in the preparation of the plays. The research required to gather the material, with the setting of each scene and its true historic atmosphere, has been great. The best historical sources were sought and all facts verified by the highest authorities. For the correctness of the historic data I am indebted to Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American history, Yale University. His criticisms were most valuable, and enabled me to place certain characters and scenes in their true proportions.

A. S.

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DRAMATIZED SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

A DREAM OF GOLD

OR

THE SETTLEMENT AT JAMESTOWN

ACT I

TIME: 1606 — *December 20th.*

PLACE: *London, England. The docks.*

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

CAPTAIN NEWPORT.

CAPTAIN GOSNOLD.

CAPTAIN RATCLIFFE.

MATE.

A MOTHER.

WILLIAM.

MOLLIE.

CHARLES.

TODKILL.

MISTRESS TODKILL.

SQUIRE PHETTIPLACE.

YOUNG PHETTIPLACE.

SIR GILBERT MANLOVE.

SIR RICHARD HAKLUYT.

CHAPLAIN HUNT.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

GEORGE PERCY.

PHILLIPS.

WALTERS.

SIMPSON.

HENRY SPELMAN.

FIRST GALLANT.

SECOND GALLANT.

THIRD GALLANT.

FOURTH GALLANT.

LORDS, LADIES, SAILORS, RELATIVES, GALLANTS,
ARTISANS, BEGGARS.

(Interior of covered dock is seen, with deck of a sailing vessel lying close. Sailors are loading ship with bags, barrels, cases, boxes, etc., now piled high on dock. Groups of passengers — all men — stand about. Other passengers — all men — enter from land. All carry baggage, and all are well dressed. They wear long cloaks and fine hats with plumes, and bear themselves as gentlemen. All are young, none being over thirty. Captains NEWPORT, GOSNOLD, and RATCLIFFE are talking together as they watch loading of ship.)

MATE *(to sailors)*. These cases of oil to the Sarah Constant! These barley bags to the Sarah!

SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

(Go to ship with freight.)

MATE *(to other sailors)*. These vinegar barrels to the Goodspeed! These boxes to the Discovery! Load these craft across the decks of the Sarah.

(Sailors go with freight. Other sailors return from ships.)

MATE *(to sailors)*. These boxes of spice to the Goodspeed! These barley bags to Discovery! Vinegar barrels to Discovery! Oil cases to Goodspeed!

(Sailors loading ships.)

GOSNOLD. Our passengers are arriving betimes.

RATCLIFFE *(looking about)*. 'T is strange Sir Richard Hakluyt is not here. 'T was he who planned this voyage to America. He helped, too, with the

large expenses of sending these men and of settling them in a colony.

NEWPORT. He hath been summoned to King James to hear who will govern them in Virginia.

GOSNOLD. It hath pleased his Majesty to hold it back till the very last. There will be grumblings all the way over.

NEWPORT. Nay, these gentlemen are going with the hope of finding gold. They care not who is leader.

(Enter other passengers of same class as those on deck. Many are accompanied by relatives.)

A MOTHER *(to William)*. Oh, I cannot bear to have you go, my son! 'T is a wild and fearsome country.

WILLIAM *(a brave youth of eighteen)*. There is naught to fear, dear mother. Just think of the fortune I'll make in gold! I could ne'er make so much in England. And next year this time I'll be coming back, with presents for you of jewels and gold — as much as I can carry.

MOTHER. I truly believe you will, lad.

(They pass on. A brother and sister approach — MOLLIE and CHARLES.)

MOLLIE. And do you really think you'll be back in England, brother, just a year from now?

CHARLES. Why, 't is certain, sister! And you will be wearing strings of pearls, and rings of gold on your fingers.

MOLLIE. Oh! how wonderful! Will you really find jewels and gold there, Charles?

CHARLES. Is it not said so by every one? I tell you, Mollie, I shall come home rich.

(They pass on. Master and Mistress TODKILL approach. They are young and have been but recently married.)

MISTRESS TODKILL. Now, John, you must not work too hard. Digging gold is fatiguing.

TODKILL. Methinks I shan't have to dig much, dear. I have beads enough to trade with the Indians for their golden kettles or saucepans.

MISTRESS TODKILL. You might get both — you can fit them into each other. I daresay they will have golden bowls, too, which you can fit into the kettles.

TODKILL. I will place them together nicely. And you shall have them all next year, dear wife.

MISTRESS TODKILL. Oh, that will be splendid, John! Splendid!

(They pass on. PHETTIPLACE and son approach. PHETTIPLACE is a fat country squire; is gayly dressed in a red hunting suit. His son, a youth of twenty, wears a rich velvet suit, velvet cloak, and plumed hat.)

PHETTIPLACE. Now, son, don't forget to send me gold by the very first ship that returns.

SON. I'll not forget, father. So just go on with your hunting. Keep your mansion filled with guests, and give not one thought to your debts.

PHETTIPLACE. Oh, I shan't let debts trouble me now. Methinks I shall borrow some on the gold you will find in Virginia.

SON. Borrow as much as you choose. I shall come back home worth millions.

PHETTIPLACE. I'm glad America was discovered. It comes in very handy when one is down in fortune.

(They pass on, laughing. Enter Sir GILBERT MANLOVE. He is seventy-five years old; is elegantly dressed; is a dandy of the period.)

FIRST GENTLEMAN *(to his group)*. Look you — there is Sir Gilbert Manlove of the king's court. Think you he is going?

(Others looking. Sir GILBERT sees them; joins them hastily.)

SIR GILBERT. Gentlemen — a boon I crave! A favor I would ask you!

FIRST GENTLEMAN. You have only to speak, Sir Gilbert.

SIR GILBERT. 'Tis said you will sail to a land where the rivers flow o'er golden sands.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. That is true, my lord.

SIR GILBERT. 'Tis said these rivers feed a fountain of marvelous cures — a fountain that will give eternal youth to all who bathe in its waters.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. We expect to see this fountain, my lord, but know not its location.

SIR GILBERT. Gentlemen, find this fountain of

youth for me and you shall have half of my fortune. I'll come in a ship of my own, I will! I'll come as soon as you write me.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. We'll make it our first business, my lord.

OTHERS. Aye, we will!

(They pass on, talking earnestly. Enter from land HENRY SPELMAN, a bright and well-dressed boy of twelve years. He has fine and courteous manners. He carries no baggage; looks about as if half frightened; joins a group, doffing his cap politely.)

HENRY. I give you good day, Masters. Be that the ship for Virginia?

PERCY. All three are bound for Virginia.

HENRY. Will they be sailing soon?

PERCY. Presently — within the hour.

HENRY *(showing disappointment)*. Hour!

YOUNG PHETTIPLACE. Is that not soon enough for you?

HENRY. I want to sail at once.

SQUIRE PHETTIPLACE. Bless me! Be you going, lad?

HENRY. Aye, Master.

PHILLIPS. Perchance your parents will sail with us?

HENRY. Nay —

SIMPSON. Perchance you have relatives going?

HENRY. Nay —

WALTERS. Some older friends or neighbors, then?

HENRY. Nay, I be alone.

(Looks about anxiously.)

Hath Captain John Smith not come? 'T was said he would sail to America.

PERCY. Oh, ho! So that is what hath brought you!

(To others, laughing.)

He hath heard of Captain Smith's adventures in foreign lands and looks upon him as a hero.

WALTERS. What know you of John Smith, lad?

HENRY. He is indeed a hero. When he was a boy no older than I, he would not play with other boys, but built him a hut in the forest. And there he studied many books, and did practice much with his horse and lance.

SQUIRE PHETTIPLACE. But how does that make him a hero?

HENRY. Why, he went away to foreign lands, and fought in their wars, and received great honors from queens and kings for bravery in battle.

SIMPSON. Pooh! So have hundreds of others.

HENRY. But Captain Smith fought for the weaker ones — for those who needed help. My father himself hath told me.

PERCY. They be only trying to tease you, lad. Captain Smith is indeed a brave man. But you must not follow him to America. Hath your father consented to it?

HENRY (*embarrassed*). Nay — not exactly.

PERCY (*gravely*). Have you run away from home, my boy?

HENRY. I have fallen into displeasure at home.

PERCY. So you will run away to America?

(HENRY *hangs his head; is silent.*)

That won't do, my lad. Come, we'll tell Captain Newport about it.

(*He looks about.*)

Where is the Captain? Do any of you gentlemen see him?

(*As the gentlemen look about, HENRY slips away and hides among cases and barrels.*)

Ah, there he is! (*Turns to boy.*) Why, the lad is gone!

(*All look about with concern.*)

SQUIRE PHETTIPLACE. He has hidden himself away somewhere.

SIMPSON. He's very likely slipped to the ships.

PHILLIPS. Oh, well, let him go. He'll have an easy life in Virginia.

WALTERS. And he can come back with gold enough to start him up in business.

(*Many passengers now turn toward land waving hats and handkerchiefs.*)

PERCY (*looking to land*). 'Tis Captain Smith who is coming!

(*Enter Captain JOHN SMITH, a handsome young man of twenty-seven. He bears himself as a thor-*

ough soldier; has a noble, frank countenance; shows unusual intelligence, shrewdness, and courage; is modest, courteous, friendly. He now removes his plumed hat and bows to all. NEWPORT crosses to him.)

NEWPORT. Ah, Captain Smith — I feared you would fail us.

SMITH. I never fail when once my promise is given.

NEWPORT. You be a man of your word, I know; and yet this venture is enough to frighten the stoutest heart. I will return, but you must remain — at least till another ship makes the voyage.

SMITH. So must these others, Captain.

NEWPORT. What know they of danger? They have never been away from home — they do not know what a wilderness means. But you have traveled far and wide — you know to what you are going. You know, also, that not a single person hath ever returned from that other colony that went to America so long ago. Nor hath any trace of them been found. They have disappeared entirely.

SMITH. I do know, and I mean to hunt for them. That is my chief reason for going. I feel that it is a disgrace to England that one hundred English men, women, and children could disappear so utterly. The others may dig for gold if they choose; I know a soldier's duty. No painted warrior can frighten me, nor tomahawk, nor arrow that hath been poisoned.

NEWPORT. How can you search among those hordes of savages? We are not taking an army.

SMITH. I shall rely upon honesty in our dealings with them. Have you not beads and trinkets for trading?

NEWPORT. Aye, a goodly cargo.

(Other passengers enter—many gallants, in their fine cloaks and hats, and a few workmen and artisans, who wear woolen blouses and caps. SMITH looks at them, then looks at other groups keenly. He turns to NEWPORT.)

Why, nearly all do seem to be gallants!

NEWPORT. Aye, indeed.

SMITH. Are there no other workmen going than these?

NEWPORT. Only these few were listed.

SMITH. How many masons are there? And blacksmiths, carpenters, farmers?

NEWPORT. Some two masons, one blacksmith, four carpenters, and no farmers at all.

SMITH. No farmers!

(His indignant voice attracts attention. The others approach and surround him and NEWPORT.)

Why, we should have fifty! These gallants know not how to saw, or hew, or till the soil. Are there no skilled artisans among us?

NEWPORT. One—a goldsmith.

SMITH. Ha, ha! A goldsmith to fashion us elegant ornaments from the gold we have n't found!

FIRST GALLANT. The gold is there in plenty. And pearls are there, by bushels. 'T would be wisdom to take six goldsmiths, say I.

SMITH. 'T would be wisdom to take six blacksmiths. But more than anything else we need farmers to teach us how to plant our grain.

SECOND GALLANT. 'T is not necessary. The Indians will furnish us with food.

SMITH. The Indians may not be friendly.

THIRD GALLANT. They are said to be gentle and loving.

FOURTH GALLANT. And if they are not, we have our arms — we can compel obedience.

OTHERS. Aye!

SMITH. We'll have no time for fighting, men. We must build cabins, and a store room and a fort.

CHARLES. Methought we should live in the open. 'T is said the air is soft and mild — in winter the same as summer.

WILLIAM. And we can sleep upon beds of moss with which the ground is covered.

OTHERS. Aye!

SMITH. 'T is all very pretty, and I wish it were true; but there's no land where one can live so, not even in the tropics. I know we will need cabins. And for these we must cut down trees and hew them into lumber.

TODKILL. Hew them *ourselves*?

SMITH. Who else do you think will do it?

PHETTIPLACE. Why, we'll make the Indians work for us.

OTHERS. Aye! We will! Of course!

SMITH. We must not make slaves of Indians. And unless we treat them fairly, we shall be ourselves undone and perish as did those others.

TODKILL. How know you so much about Virginia, sir? You have never been there.

SMITH. I have had experience in many lands.

TODKILL. Ah, but Virginia is different. Have not fishermen told us what they saw on fishing trips there? They beheld luscious fruit hanging from the trees all ready to be eaten.

YOUNG PHETTIPLACE. And the beautiful forests were filled with game. The shores were covered with oysters. Why, 't is a land of plenty, men — a paradise — a garden of milk and honey!

(Murmurs of assent.)

SMITH. I am sorry for you, gentlemen. Your eyes will have been opened by this time next year.

(Turns away; talks with NEWPORT aside.)

MOLLIE. I fear I'll get no pearls after all —

MISTRESS TODKILL. Nor I my golden kettles —

CHARLES. Indeed and you will!

TODKILL. Of course you will!

WILLIAM. You need not be troubled, mother. We know as much about Virginia as Captain Smith.

FIRST GALLANT *(looking to land)*. Look! Sir Richard Hakluyt comes!

SECOND GALLANT. And our chaplain —

THIRD GALLANT. And lords and ladies from the king's court —

(Enter Sir RICHARD HAKLUYT and Chaplain HUNT, who wears his clerical robes. Sir RICHARD carries a small metal box conspicuously. Enter many lords and ladies in rich attire. Enter many of the poor of London in rags. NEWPORT crosses to Sir RICHARD and bows.)

NEWPORT. We have been expecting you, Sir Richard.

SIR RICHARD. I was detained at the palace, Captain, by his Majesty, King James.

(Turns to voyagers.)

Gentlemen, Voyagers to Virginia, his Majesty hath commanded me to bear you his farewells and to wish you God-speed on your voyage.

VOYAGERS. King James! Long live King James!

SIR RICHARD. And, my friends, his Majesty bids you to set claim to all lands you behold, in the name of England's sovereign, King James. His Majesty urges you further to dig diligently for gold and to search for pearls and jewels.

VOYAGERS. We will! We will!

SIR RICHARD. These lords and ladies have all contributed to the setting up of your colony. They also bid you search for gold that you may reward their confidence.

VOYAGERS. Aye! Aye!

SIR RICHARD. Chaplain Hunt will accompany you and will care for your souls in the wilderness.

CHAPLAIN (*earnestly*). My heart burns to keep you with God and to convert the savages also. I will labor diligently to that end — no trouble will I spare me.

SIR RICHARD. And, gentlemen, King James hath chosen a leader for you — a president — to govern you in America.

(*Pauses : all are eagerly expectant.*)

His name, however, I cannot reveal. The king hath placed the name in this box, which must not be opened till your journey is ended. I give it now to the Senior Captain in command. 'Tis his Majesty's explicit order.

(*Giving box to Captain NEWPORT.*)

NEWPORT. I shall see to it, Sir Richard.

SIR RICHARD. Be you ready to sail?

NEWPORT. Aye, we be.

SIR RICHARD. Then just one word more. Let nothing dishearten you, gentlemen — neither storms, nor cold, nor sickness. Remember you go to a land where there is eternal sunshine; where stately trees spread their branches out over carpets of velvet mosses; where rivers flow over golden sands; where jewels lie in profusion; where a wonderful fountain will keep you young, if you but bathe in its waters. And the people who dwell in this fairy land are said

to be gentle and loving. You journey, then, to a Heaven on earth, to a beautiful Garden of Eden.

VOYAGERS. Aye! Aye!

SIR RICHARD. Chaplain, will you bless them?

(Chaplain lifts his hand: all bow heads. Enter a woman from land, running. She is well dressed and refined; is excited.)

WOMAN. Captain! Captain Newport!

NEWPORT. Why, what is it, Madam?

WOMAN. My nephew hath run away from home! 'Tis said he came here! Find him — I pray you to find him! He's only a lad and hath blue eyes and fair hair.

NEWPORT. Hath any one seen such a boy?

PERCY. Aye, I did and spake with him. He said he would make this voyage.

WOMAN. Oh, but he must not! His parents are distracted. Indeed, they both are ill now with the shock.

NEWPORT. What is the boy's name?

WOMAN. Henry Spelman. His father is Sir Henry Spelman.

SIR RICHARD. Sir Henry! Why, I know him well. He is an eminent scholar.

NEWPORT *(calling)*. Henry Spelman! Henry Spelman!

(All looking about.)

Come hither, Henry Spelman!

(Pause. NEWPORT turns to sailors.)

Search the ships! Make haste — we should be sailing!

(Sailors go to ships, running.)

SMITH. I'll help them search for the lad.

(Exit to ships.)

WOMAN. The boy was vexed because his father would not permit him to ride full tilt amongst the young trees in the orchard.

SQUIRE PHETTIPLACE. Ha, ha! He was trying to imitate Captain Smith!

WOMAN. Aye, he was. And he said he would run away to strange lands, but we did n't think he would do it.

(Enter sailors from ships. Enter SMITH.)

A SAILOR. We could n't find him, Madam.

NEWPORT. He very likely came down for a look at the ships. He's no doubt back home by this time.

WOMAN. But if he is not? What then, Captain? What then?

CHAPLAIN. If he sails with us, I shall care for him as if he were my own son, madam.

WOMAN. Oh, bless you for that! God bless you!

NEWPORT *(to mate)*. Give the call for sailing!

MATE *(calling)*. Now sails the Sarah Constant! The Goodspeed! The Discovery! Now sail they to America!

(There is great confusion. There are embraces, good-byes, kisses, and tears. Voyagers going to

ships with baggage. Friends on dock waving to them. HENRY slips to ship unseen.)

SIR RICHARD. A happy voyage to you all!

OTHERS ON DOCKS. Farewell! Farewell!

VOYAGERS. Farewell! Farewell!

ACT II

TIME: *Winter of 1609 — New Year's week.*

PLACE: *Virginia. Indian Village.*

NEW CHARACTERS

POWHATAN.	SECOND OLD BRAVE.
POCAHONTAS.	THIRD OLD BRAVE.
TOCOMOCOMO.	FIRST YOUNG BRAVE.
WOCHINCHOPUNCK.	INDIAN WOMAN.
FIRST OLD BRAVE.	BRAVES AND WARRIORS.

(The council room in Chief POWHATAN'S house is seen. At one end, on a raised platform covered with reed mats, sits POWHATAN. He is a slender but powerful man of sixty years; has a keen and shrewd face; is now sad and thoughtful; stares gloomily into a fire which burns on ground before platform. He does not notice entrance of TOCOMOCOMO, a young brave, who waits quietly. At last the Chief sees him.)

POWHATAN. Welcome, Tocomocomo! What news bring you of the white men? Speak!

TOCOMOCOMO. I went to their village, Powhatan. I slept in their fort, but ever mine eyes were open, as Powhatan did command.

POWHATAN. What saw you?

TOCOMOCOMO. Little food have they now, Powhatan. Only sour barley for all.

POWHATAN. How long will that last?

TOCOMOCOMO. Three days — no more.

POWHATAN (*exultantly*). And the game hath left the forest! And the fish lie hidden in ice-covered streams! 'T is for this time I have waited! Now, they must depend on us, or starve!

TOCOMOCOMO. Powhatan hath spoken.

POWHATAN. Watch they still by day and by night?

TOCOMOCOMO. Their chief hath an eye ever open.

POWHATAN. Which way looks their cannon?

TOCOMOCOMO. To the forest, Powhatan.

POWHATAN. Call the braves to council.

(*Exit TOCOMOCOMO. Enter POCAHONTAS, a pretty and very small girl of twelve. She carries a basket filled with corn. POWHATAN stares into fire.*)

POCAHONTAS. Father Powhatan, 't is Pocahontas who waits.

POWHATAN (*kindly*). What will you, Pocahontas?

POCAHONTAS. I go to the white men with corn.

POWHATAN (*sternly*). Go no more to Jamestown.

Give them no more of your presents — no corn — no fruit — no venison. Nothing give them — nothing!

POCAHONTAS. Methought them friends —

POWHATAN. No! Enemies, Pocahontas.

POCAHONTAS. Captain Smith is friend —

POWHATAN. No! Enemy like his men. Speak no more words with him. Powhatan has spoken.

POCAHONTAS. I obey, Father Powhatan.

(She goes out, frightened. A drum heard off. Enter braves. They form in circle about room. Drum ceases. Silence. Pause.)

POWHATAN. My children, long have we been happy here in the land of our fathers. Many generations of our people have tilled this soil — have hunted in these forests. The neighboring tribes are at peace with us and pay us their yearly tribute. And so it hath been during my lifetime — happiness, peace, prosperity. And now behold what hath happened! Strange men have come unbid to our fair home. They have seized our land which hath come to us from our fathers. They cut our trees, they hunt where they choose, they ask not Powhatan for permission. They come to our village — they speak as friends, but they cannot deceive us longer. They said they had landed here to mend their ships and would go when that was finished. But the ships have gone and they have remained. And then, after many moons, came other ships with

other strange men. And with them came a woman and girl. And their ships have gone and they also remain. Soon others will come, and then others. Do you see now what will happen? We will be driven back to bare mountains while they take our richest valley. Shall we endure this, braves? Shall we sit by and permit it? Speak.

FIRST OLD BRAVE. Long have I wished to war upon them.

(Murmurs of assent from others.)

POWHATAN. Have you forgot their arms that throw out fire? Have you forgot their cannon?

SECOND OLD BRAVE. Hath Powhatan forgot those other strange men who came to our shores? Were we not victorious?

POWHATAN. We cannot take these by surprise. Their chief is ever watching. We must drive these away by cunning.

(Murmurs of assent from others.)

And, my children, our time hath come. They must come to us soon for corn. Well, we will give them corn, but no more trading for beads or bells or any kind of trinkets. For each basket of corn, a musket or sword. Do you hear? A weapon for every basket! If they refuse, we will starve them.

THIRD OLD BRAVE. It is a shrewd plan, Powhatan.

POWHATAN. Should an Indian disobey, death will be the penalty.

(*To TOCOMOCOMO.*)

Go to all our dependent tribes — tell them what I have spoken. Say Powhatan will war upon them, should they give food to the strangers.

TOCOMOCOMO. I go, great Powhatan.

(*He goes running.*)

POWHATAN (*scowling*). Now where is that warrior who played on his pipe when these same white men were landing? Step forth, Wochinchopunck?

(*A stalwart but frightened young brave steps from circle. POWHATAN looks at him with scorn.*)

And so — you made sweet music, did you, to welcome our worst enemy?

WOCHINCHOPUNCK. I did but go down to the shore, Powhatan, playing upon my reed pipe. 'T is said I play it very well —

POWHATAN. Shall I flay you alive or burn you?

WOCHINCHOPUNCK. I knew not they were enemies then —

POWHATAN. All white men are enemies!

WOCHINCHOPUNCK. Powhatan had not told me that.

POWHATAN. Well, I tell you now to hate them.

WOCHINCHOPUNCK. My heart is bursting to revenge our wrongs and drive them from our country. Let me live, Powhatan, and you shall see their scalps on my belt! Let me live, great chief! I will fight to my death! No mercy will I show any white man.

POWHATAN (*after a pause*). You may live, but no more music, mind you.

(*Enter an Indian woman hastily.*)

WOMAN. Powhatan! The white men have come! They are here, at your door! They say they come for trading.

POWHATAN. Comes their chief with them?

WOMAN. He is here, Powhatan.

POWHATAN. Bring them before me here.

(*Exit woman. POWHATAN exclaims fiercely.*)

Give them no welcome, braves! Let there be no smiles, no words, no presents! Who disobeys me shall die! Powhatan hath spoken.

(*Enter Captain SMITH and twelve men. All are heavily armed, wearing swords and carrying muskets.*)

SMITH. Greetings to you, King Powhatan! Greetings to your warriors!

(*Pause. POWHATAN and braves look at white men coldly. White men show surprise.*)

Why, what is this! You do not welcome us, Powhatan!

POWHATAN. Why have you come to Powhatan?

SMITH. What hath come between us? Are we not friends and brothers?

POWHATAN. Why come you armed to my village?

SMITH. 'Tis our custom to go always armed. Came we not armed on our other visits to you?

POWHATAN. Friends go not so to each other.

SMITH. Your braves come armed to Jamestown. They enter our fort; they eat with us, yet never without their weapons.

POWHATAN. 'T is because they fear your firearms. Why brought you arms to this land at all, if you came here as our brothers?

SMITH. We must kill the deer, just as you must; and we cannot use the arrow.

POWHATAN. You need not cannon for hunting.

SMITH. Our cannon was to protect us on the sea from pirate and from Spaniard.

POWHATAN. So you have told me often, but I have seen no pirates here, nor hath any Spaniard sailed this way. You said also you would not remain long—just till your ships were mended. Your ships have gone—twelve moons have paled, but you remain in my country. And other ships have come and gone, and there are more of you now than ever.

SMITH. Such is our great love for this land, we cannot bear to leave it. And our friends who have come do love it too, and likewise cannot bear to go.

POWHATAN (*bluntly*). How long do you mean to stay here?

SMITH. Why should we not remain and continue to live as brothers? For your corn we will give beads—

POWHATAN. No longer will we sell corn for beads! You shall give a musket or sword for each basket.

SMITH. We cannot do that, Powhatan. We have

only enough for our own use. Come to our fort, and you can see I do speak the truth.

POWHATAN. No—never will Powhatan bite at such a bait!

SMITH. You cannot think we would harm you! Did you not spare my life when I was captured by your braves?

POWHATAN. 'T was not I. 'T was my daughter Pocahontas.

SMITH. You yielded to her pleadings, even when the club was lifted.

POWHATAN. 'T is our custom to save a prisoner from death when claimed by one of our women.

SMITH. But it hath made friendship between us. And in peace have we lived for more than twelve moons; and visits have I made you.

POWHATAN. Give me a weapon for each basket of corn. It is that, or no trading with strangers.

SMITH (*changing his peaceful tone to sternness*). Then there will be no trading. But we shall not starve as you think and hope. With our muskets we can get all we need. They can kill while the arrow is flying. Our cannon, too, is ready. Do not forget that, Powhatan. And, Powhatan, what hath become of our young boy, Henry Spelman?

POWHATAN. How should I know aught of him?

SMITH. Because your men did seize him, as he was fishing one day in the river.

POWHATAN. Powhatan knows nothing.

SMITH. He is here in your village — one of my men hath seen him.

POWHATAN. Give boy for musket — and powder.

SMITH. We cannot trade our arms. I tell you that for the last time.

POWHATAN (*scowling*). Musket for boy — and powder —

SMITH (*to his men*). Cover them, men!

(*Men aim muskets at POWHATAN and braves.*)

Will you give us the boy and corn?

POWHATAN (*sullenly to braves*). Bring corn — basket for each man.

(*Braves go. Men lower guns.*)

POWHATAN. Powhatan bring boy —

SMITH. Wait! What became of those white men who came here many years ago with their wives and children?

POWHATAN. Many times you ask that. Powhatan knows nothing. They died of fever, perhaps.

SMITH. Or were massacred by Indians —

POWHATAN. Powhatan knows nothing —

SMITH. My king will avenge their murder in time. Many ships will he send, with many soldiers and cannon.

POWHATAN (*fiercely*). Powhatan king of this land! Powhatan king — no other!

(*Goes out quickly.*)

SMITH. Comrades, prepare to defend your lives! I fear they will surround us.

TODKILL. We could make a dash for our boats —

SMITH. We dare not go without the corn — 't would mean starvation to us. And I will not stir till I have the boy or know he can escape them.

CHARLES. Think you they mean to kill us here?

SMITH. Fear of our muskets may save us. But they hate us bitterly and no longer try to conceal it.

PERCY. Can you blame, them, Captain? We're taking the best they have in land and food, and giving them naught but trinkets.

SMITH. We are obeying our sovereign's orders. Be on the alert every instant, men! They may rush in upon us. Guard the door, Simpson.

(Pause; the men look after their arms. SIMPSON watches at door.)

CHARLES. A beautiful New Year's this is, forsooth! I thought to be on a visit back home, with pearls and gold for my sister.

WILLIAM. I, too, thought to be back, with jewels for my mother.

TODKILL. And I expected to be giving golden saucepans to my wife, and golden bowls and kettles.

PHETTIPLACE. And look you at the contrast! We're all half starved and have naught to eat but sour barley. And not one nugget of gold have we found, nor any pearls or jewels.

SMITH. Too much time was spent in searching for



“COVER THEM, MEN!”

them. We should have been planting corn and getting stores for the winter.

TODKILL. We can see that clearly now, Captain. But we would not follow your advice; we have only ourselves to blame.

CHARLES. Well, I will blame those in London somewhat. We were told it was summer here throughout the year.

PHILLIPS. And where is the river that runs over golden sands?

WALTERS. And where is the wonderful fountain of youth?

PHETTIPLACE. All lies, — spun just to entice us hither.

SMITH. Nay, not that. Such things are ever thought of all lands far away. A halo of romance surrounds them. No one deceived us purposely.

PERCY. But it is unfortunate for us that they continue to believe such things in London. Look at that shipload lately arrived! They had consumed their stores on their voyage and brought not one thing to our larder.

WILLIAM. And worst of all they will not work, and they grumble about our barley, even though we divide it with them.

SMITH. It is a serious situation. If the Indians do not help us we cannot survive this winter, my friends. Indeed, we may not survive this day, even. But if any of you live to see England again, I pray

you to say that I have sought far and wide for the lost Englishmen and have found no trace of them anywhere. I now believe that Powhatan did have them killed.

PERCY. 'Tis my thought also, Captain.

SIMPSON (*at door*). Pocahontas approaches!

SMITH. Let her enter — I am certain she is friendly to us. She hath come so often to Jamestown and hath always brought us presents.

(*Enter POCAHONTAS, cautiously.*)

Ah, Princess —

POCAHONTAS. Sh! Speak not my name! I warn you — Powhatan will kill you all as you load the corn on your canoes — when your backs are bent in the labor.

SMITH. We thank you, little Princess. For the second time you have saved my life, and now the lives of my comrades. Accept this chain of beads, I pray.

PERCY. Here is a ring I would give you.

POCAHONTAS. Nay, Powhatan would know — it would be my death.

SMITH. Well, then, we will not press you. But tell us of Henry Spelman, maid. Does he live? Is he well?

POCAHONTAS (*with a frightened glance at door*). He is here — he is well. He takes care of Powhatan's youngest children.

SMITH. Will you not help him to escape? His

life is in danger with ours. Let him get away to-night.

POCAHONTAS. This night I will help him. And you, Captain — I pray you to be watchful; turn not your back at the loading.

(Runs out swiftly.)

SMITH. Be ready, men, but fire not till I command. We must avoid bloodshed if possible.

(Enter several young braves with baskets of corn, which they place on floor.)

FIRST BRAVE. Powhatan no come again — send boy Henry Spelman to Jamestown.

SMITH. Then here are beads, and bells, and jingles.

(Indians take trinkets; turn to go.)

Stay! you will carry the corn to our canoes and load it on them for us.

FIRST BRAVE. Powhatan did not command —

(They start off. SMITH and men, by a quick movement, reach door first and face Indians with leveled muskets.)

SMITH. Take the corn to our canoes. Refuse, and our muskets will speak.

(Indians take up corn and go. SMITH and men follow them with leveled muskets.)

ACT III

TIME: *Day following — morning.*
 PLACE: *Jamestown, Virginia.*

NEW CHARACTERS

MASTER FORREST.	FIRST GALLANT.
MISTRESS FORREST.	SECOND GALLANT.
MASTER BURRAS.	THIRD GALLANT.
ANN BURRAS.	FOURTH GALLANT.
FIRST BRAVE.	FIFTH GALLANT.
SECOND BRAVE.	SIXTH GALLANT.

OTHER GALLANTS AND BRAVES.

(The one narrow street is seen with tiny cabins on either side, and fort at one end. Palisades made of logs and saplings surround the town. Through open gate of palisade is seen the woods. In the street are many young gallants playing quoits. Many others are watching or lounging about. Enter Master FORREST from a cabin. He, too, is a young gallant, but carries an axe. He looks at others with displeasure.)

FORREST. Men, men, this idling will not do! The sun is high; even now the axe rings in the woods.

FIRST GALLANT. 'T is no axe of ours that rings, Master Forrest.

(Other gallants laugh.)

FORREST. Nay, 't is the older settlers who have

gone to work, and we should be working with them. We are living on their bounty; on the food they had stored away for their own use this winter.

SECOND GALLANT. We came to find gold, not to hew and chop in the forest.

(Murmurs of assent from gallants.)

THIRD GALLANT. And behold, Captain Smith forbids us to dig!

FORREST. Those who came with him did nothing else for many months. And they found 't was all in vain.

FIFTH GALLANT. That proves nothing! We might dig in a different place and at once unearth a fortune.

OTHERS. Of course; certainly —

FORREST. Be that as it may, your duty now is plain. Captain Smith asked us to help the men who are now clearing the ground of timber. He will hold us to account when he returns from Powhatan.

FOURTH GALLANT. Out upon Captain Smith! I can't abide his orders.

FIFTH GALLANT. We should refuse to obey him, say I.

SIXTH GALLANT. We could depose him easily. We outnumber his supporters. So 't would be merely a matter of seizing him and putting him in irons.

OTHERS. Yes — yes!

(Enter Chaplain HUNT in his clerical robes.)

FORREST *(angrily)*. You are doing a most con-

temptible thing! You are traitors — every one of you!

FIRST GALLANT. Use not such words to us, sir!

CHAPLAIN. Gentlemen, I pray you, let your quarrel be done!

FORREST. They plan to depose Captain Smith!

CHAPLAIN. Why, that is madness! He hath not harmed you in any way. Indeed he protects your very lives. He stands between us all and the Indians, over whom he has great power. Have they not given him corn when none of us could get it from any Indian of any tribe? He hath kept us from starvation, time and again.

FIRST GALLANT. I fancy we could control Indians quite as well as he does. We heard all about them in England.

CHAPLAIN. But the Captain hath had many dealings with them and understands their language.

FOURTH GALLANT. We could use signs and gestures.

CHAPLAIN. We cannot risk experiments. We have Mistress Forrest with us now and the little maiden, Ann Burras.

THIRD GALLANT. We can protect them, Chaplain.

(Turns to comrades.)

I say we seize Smith upon his return!

OTHERS. Yes — yes! Seize him! Seize him!

FORREST. I'll tell the men in the woods your plan!

(Exit to woods quickly.)

CHAPLAIN. Men, I pray you to be discreet and to take no sudden action. We are surrounded by dangers. The Indians have lately become unfriendly to us, and I believe would attack us, did they not stand in awe of Captain Smith.

SECOND GALLANT. And why are they unfriendly? They were peaceful enough at first, I hear. Indeed, they fairly bowed down to you as if you were gods come among them. They gave you food in abundance and entertained you in their wigwams.

CHAPLAIN. That is true, but lately they have changed.

SIXTH GALLANT. 'T is my opinion the trouble lies in the Captain's method of trading. He gives them beads and such trumpery stuff.

CHAPLAIN. They set great value on our beads at first.

SIXTH GALLANT. Well, they are refusing them now. I would give them what they want and keep them in a good humor.

OTHERS. Of course! Yes — yes!

CHAPLAIN. Do you know what the Indian really wants? Our swords and muskets and powder.

FIRST GALLANT. And why does Smith refuse them? Suppose they do get a few of our arms. They would n't know how to use them.

FIFTH GALLANT. 'T would be a laughable thing, methinks, to see a naked savage with a sword at his side.

FIRST GALLANT. Or carrying a musket forth to the hunt.

(Other gallants laugh heartily. Enter ANN BURRAS from the FORREST cabin. She is a sweet-looking girl of fourteen. She carries an empty water pail; crosses to woods; stops.)

ANN *(pointing to forest)*. Look — look! Indians!

(Gallants seize muskets. ANN retreats to cabin, where she stands at door. Enter six Indian braves carrying twelve turkeys and a deer. They lay down their bows and arrows.)

FIRST BRAVE *(pointing to game)*. Trade — white men — trade —

(Gallants put muskets down; show joy.)

FOURTH GALLANT. 'Tis the first game we've seen since we came. We must get it, comrades.

OTHER GALLANTS. Yes — yes —

FIRST BRAVE. Turkey for musket —

CHAPLAIN. No! no! We will not trade our muskets.

FIRST BRAVE. Turkey for musket or no trade.

SECOND BRAVE. Game scarce — long, long hunt for these.

SECOND GALLANT. 'Tis fair enough, I say.

OTHER GALLANTS. Yes — yes —

SECOND GALLANT. I'll get the arms from the storehouse —

CHAPLAIN. No — no! You must not —

FIFTH GALLANT. Would you have us live on sour barley?

THIRD GALLANT. We do not mean to starve, sir.

CHAPLAIN. You must not put weapons into their hands! They will use them against us later.

FIRST GALLANT. Pooh! We're not afraid of Indians.

(To Second Gallant.)

Come, I'll help you get the arms.

(They go up street. Exit ANN to cabin.)

CHAPLAIN *(to other Gallants)*. Gentlemen, I pray you! Do not permit this thing! Can't you see the danger?

THIRD GALLANT. We don't agree with you, Chaplain.

(Gallants turn away from Chaplain. Enter Mistress FORREST and ANN from cabin. Mistress FORREST is about thirty; is a refined and courageous woman. She crosses to Chaplain and speaks with him aside. ANN follows her.)

MISTRESS FORREST. Ann told me what they would do. Can't you stop them, Chaplain?

CHAPLAIN. I fear only force could stop them now, Mistress Forrest.

(Enter gallants with weapons. Mistress FORREST runs to them.)

MISTRESS FORREST. Do not give them our arms! I entreat you, men,—I implore you!

FIRST GALLANT. You may trust to us, Mistress. We know how to deal with Indians.

CHAPLAIN. I command you to put those weapons down.

SECOND GALLANT. Nay, Chaplain. We're taking things into our own hands.

(They give arms to Indians who give turkeys, but keep deer; show they will trade that for powder.)

THIRD GALLANT. I understand — they want powder for the deer. I'll fetch it.

(Starts off to storehouse.)

CHAPLAIN. Again I forbid you to give powder or arms!

THIRD GALLANT. And we will not obey you.

(He goes.)

CHAPLAIN *(aside to Mistress FORREST)*. We must call in the men from the wood. You know the signal. Get your musket. They will not suspect you.

(Mistress FORREST nods and goes into her cabin. Enter Third Gallant with powder; gives it to Indian for deer. Indians go. Enter Mistress FORREST with musket; slips to edge of woods and fires in air. Gallants rush to her.)

FIRST GALLANT. What are you doing, Mistress? Are you firing at those Indians?

MISTRESS FORREST. I am calling our men from work. They will punish you for what you have done.

CHAPLAIN. There's no punishment that will fit such a deed. 'Tis a crime unspeakable.

FOURTH GALLANT. Do not speak of punishment or crime to us. We outnumber the others.

GALLANTS. Aye!

(Enter men from woods running. They carry axes and muskets. Enter FORREST with them and BURRAS, the brother of ANN.)

FORREST. What is it? What has happened?

BURRAS *(to ANN)*. Sister! You are trembling!

FIRST GALLANT. Mistress Forrest was unduly excited and fired her musket in the air. We were merely trading with Indians.

SIXTH GALLANT. And the trading was peaceful and friendly.

OTHER GALLANTS. Of course! Yes — yes —

CHAPLAIN. Silence! I will tell you the truth, friends.

(Noise heard off.)

BURRAS. Hark! What is that noise?

(All listen intently for a moment.)

Men are running this way from the river!

MISTRESS FORREST. The Indians come back to attack us!

CHAPLAIN. Seize your muskets, men! Be ready!

(All lift muskets, even Mistress FORREST. The Chaplain unsheaths a sword. Pause. Enter Captain SMITH with his men. Others show relief; throw down arms; cries of welcome from his friends.)

SMITH. Why, what is this? You seem prepared for war.

FORREST. We thought Indians were upon us. We did not expect you so soon.

SMITH. But we heard a shot as we landed. What is the trouble here?

MISTRESS FORREST. Those men have betrayed us to Indians!

CHAPLAIN. For this game they gave powder and arms.

SMITH (*to gallants*). You should be shot down where you stand!

FIRST GALLANT. Captain Smith, you are under arrest. Seize him, men, and put him in irons!

(*Gallants rush at SMITH, who is instantly surrounded by his own men. FORREST and comrades rush to his aid. Gallants fall back.*)

SMITH. Give up your swords! Refuse, and my men will fire.

(*Gallants give arms to SMITH's men.*)

And now, hark — You will be held as prisoners till the next ship arrives. You will then be returned to England.

FIRST GALLANT. We have powerful friends there, sir.

SMITH. Who have sent you here to be rid of you. Oh, I know all about you. You were wild and worthless in London, but you shall not ruin this colony. In the mean time, until a ship comes, you shall go

to work and clear land like the others. Give them your axes, men. Throw them down here.

(Men throw axes in heap.)

SMITH. Take up those axes!

(Gallants do not move.)

Three counts I will give and not one instant over. Cover them with your muskets, men!

(SMITH'S men raise muskets to fire.)

One — two —

(Gallants take up axes.)

Now, then, march to the woods. And he who works not, shall not eat. Nay, not if he be starving! Go!

(Gallants go sullenly. SMITH turns to others.)

I am most anxious, friends, about our arms. 'T was all planned by Powhatan methinks.

PERCY. He was shrewd enough to send his braves while you were away.

SMITH. Well, we must demand that he return them. To-morrow we will go to his village with more men. And if Henry Spelman be not back by that time, we'll compel Powhatan to produce him.

OTHERS. Yes — yes! To-morrow!

SMITH. All hands now to bring corn from the boats!

(They start to river. Enter HENRY from woods. He is pale and exhausted.)

MISTRESS FORREST. Why, 't is Henry — little Henry!

(Running to him. Others gather about him.)

Fetch water, Ann!

(ANN runs to cabin. Mistress FORREST rubs the boy's hands and head. Enter ANN with water. HENRY drinks and revives.)

HENRY (*feebly*). I got away last night — Pocahontas helped me. It was terrible alone in the woods. I thought I would die of fright.

MISTRESS FORREST. Don't think of that, child. You're at home again and we're all rejoiced to see you.

OTHERS. Aye!

HENRY. Go no more to Powhatan, Captain. He will kill you. Pocahontas told me. She said he meant to kill us all.

CHAPLAIN. So it has come to war at last!

SMITH. We have barely escaped it this twelve-month. Can you tell us, Henry, whether Powhatan means to attack Jamestown?

HENRY. Not now. He will kill us one by one as we work and fish and hunt.

SMITH. We must pursue those Indians at once, comrades, and take our arms by force. We cannot wait till to-morrow.

TODKILL. I am ready, Captain.

CHARLES. I am ready.

OTHERS. And I! And I! And I!

CHAPLAIN. It will be a dangerous pursuit. They may lie in wait for you now.

SMITH. 'Tis a chance we must take. Keep a close watch here, Master Forrest. Close the gate in the palisades, and sleep with your muskets ready. Guard also those worthless gallants in the field, lest the Indians attack them. Are you ready, men?

SMITH'S MEN. Aye!

SMITH. Come, then!

(He plunges into the woods. The men follow in single file.)

ACT IV

TIME: *Spring of 1609; early morning.*

PLACE: *Jamestown.*

NEW CHARACTERS

SIR THOMAS GATES.

THIRD SAILOR.

FIRST SAILOR.

LORD DELAWARE.

SECOND SAILOR.

SAILORS AND COLONISTS.

(The fort and street in front of it are seen. Cabins and palisades are half torn down. Everywhere is ruin and desolation. A miserable fire burns in street. By it sits GEORGE PERCY, sick, weak, starved. Pause. Enter HENRY SPELMAN from fort. He also is weak from starvation; walks feebly.)

PERCY. You should stay in the fort, Henry. 'Tis safer in there.

HENRY. I could not bear it; their suffering is terrible. They are starving to death, Master Percy.

PERCY. We can none of us last much longer.

HENRY. And when we are too weak to fire our cannon, the Indians will attack us openly. And that will be the end of us all.

PERCY. Yes, lad, the end of us all.

HENRY. I would we could do something for the women and children.

PERCY. We can do nothing. There is n't a morsel of food, and the Indians will give us nothing.

HENRY. This trouble would not have come had Captain Smith been with us.

PERCY. Nay, and it would not. His strong hand controlled things better than we knew till he was gone from among us.

HENRY. The Indians were afraid of him. They did not dare to destroy our fields while he was here.

PERCY. We can count our misfortunes from the day that he sailed to England.

HENRY. I pray he hath recovered from the wound which made it necessary for him to go. Could I know that, I would die happier, Master.

PERCY. I rejoice you love him so, lad. He is my beloved hero, too.

(Long pause. Both sit staring into dying fire.)

HENRY. Will you do me a favor, Master?

PERCY. I will serve you in any way possible, lad.

HENRY. If you survive and get to England again, please go to see my parents. Tell them I am sorry I ran away; tell them I love them dearly.

PERCY. I will, Henry, I promise you.

HENRY. I would the chaplain were here to pray for us.

PERCY. He blessed us with his last breath.

HENRY. I know —

(Pause. They stare into fire as before. Enter Mistress FORREST from fort. She is thin, pale, starved; walks feebly to woods. Men stagger to their feet.)

PERCY. Mistress Forrest — where are you going?

MISTRESS FORREST. To beg food from the Indians.

PERCY. Nay, you must not!

MISTRESS FORREST. Shall I let my husband starve before mine eyes?

PERCY. The Indians will give you nothing.

MISTRESS FORREST. I'll kneel in the dust before them; I'll beg them for one grain.

(Starts to woods.)

PERCY. Madam — stay! I have something to tell you.

(Mistress FORREST stops — turns.)

Other women have gone forth to beg. Do you know what happened to them?

MISTRESS FORREST. Nay, I know not.

PERCY. They came back fearfully wounded — and died.

HENRY. They will treat you the same way, Mistress.

MISTRESS FORREST. What will become of us! Are we all to perish here in this wilderness?

HENRY. I would I could help you, Mistress.

MISTRESS FORREST. Poor child — you are scarce able to stand yourself. Poor little runaway Henry!

(Smooths his hair. Pause. Men's voices are heard off. All start in alarm.)

Did you hear those voices?

OTHERS. Aye —

PERCY. Indians! Come, come to the fort!

(They start. HENRY stumbles and falls. The others lift him and assist him to fort; close door. Voices heard nearer. Pause. Enter Sir THOMAS GATES and sailors. They look about in astonishment.)

SIR THOMAS. Why, look you, everything is in ruins!

FIRST SAILOR. Their cabins are half torn down!

SECOND SAILOR. The palisades are almost gone!

SIR THOMAS. 'T is desolation unspeakable! And they told us in London we would find some two hundred colonists here, busy in their fields and happy.

FIRST SAILOR. The Indians must have killed them all.

SIR THOMAS. I fear it. Oh, 't is a piteous sight! It fills mine heart with horror.

THIRD SAILOR. Their fort seems to be still in good condition, Sir Thomas. They may be within, in hiding.

SIR THOMAS. I pray they may!

(Crosses quickly to fort; knocks on door.)

Open, friends! I am Sir Thomas Gates of London.
Open! Open!

(Door is opened. PERCY comes out, followed by HENRY, TODKILL, PHETTIPLACE, FORREST and his wife, ANN, and others — men, women, children. All are feeble, but show joy. They hold out their arms in welcome.)

COLONISTS. Englishmen! Englishmen!

(Sir THOMAS and sailors support them.)

SIR THOMAS. My friends — my friends — what hath happened to you here in Jamestown?

PERCY. Food — food — or we perish!

OTHERS. Food — food!

SIR THOMAS *(to sailors)*. Bring food — quick — quick!

(Sailors go running. Some colonists sink to ground. Others lean against trees weakly.)

Be of good cheer, friends, we have supplies in our ship for all of you.

PERCY. There are others in the fort who are worse off than we.

(Sir THOMAS hastens to fort; looks in; turns away sadly.)

SIR THOMAS. Oh, this does grieve me sadly!

Only a handful left! Died the others of starvation?

PERCY. Mostly, they did. But many were killed as they worked in the fields, and many while hunting or fishing. Lately we have not dared to stir from here, not even to get firewood.

SIR THOMAS. So you have used your cabins for firewood, and likewise your palisades!

PERCY. Dying men are reckless.

(Enter sailors with food which they give to colonists.)

SIR THOMAS. Feed those within — assist them with all tenderness.

(Sailors enter fort with food. Sir THOMAS turns to colonists who are slowly reviving.)

Can you tell me how this hath come upon you? Captain Smith reported the colony to be in good condition, when he arrived in England six months ago. He said many acres had been cleared, and an abundant harvest was certain.

TODKILL. And so it was. But no sooner was the Captain gone than the Indians lost their fear of us. They destroyed our fields and shot all who tried to replant them.

SIR THOMAS. Shot you? How can that be? Indians have no firearms.

YOUNG PHETTIPLACE. They at one time got some of our muskets, which we never could take from them, though Captain Smith did go in pursuit.

WILLIAM. And then, as time went on, there seemed to be always some traitor among us who would secretly give them our muskets in trade.

PERCY. And there were certain other traitors — three Germans who came in the last ship. They left us and went to Powhatan and taught his braves how to use our muskets.

SIR THOMAS. Could anything be meaner! Alas, that I did not come sooner! I expected to arrive three months ago, but was blown out of my course by a hurricane. In this delay we have almost consumed our stores, so we cannot supply you for many days. What, then, do you wish me to do?

CHARLES. Take us back to England, sir.

ANN. Take us home, sir.

MISTRESS FORREST. Take us home — home.

ALL. Home — home.

SIR THOMAS. It seems the only thing to do, but 't will cause much sorrow in England. The king hath set great store on this colony here.

PERCY. We cannot starve that King James may own Virginia. Leave us here and we die.

SIR THOMAS. Why, I would not leave you. The colony must be abandoned, of course. We will sail for England at once. If you have possessions, please to get them now.

(Enter sailors from fort. Colonists return to fort.)

Go and prepare the ship for them, lads. You others may assist the sick from the fort.

(Sailors go hastily; some to river, others to fort. Pause. Sailors return from fort supporting the sick colonists.)

Friends, we are going back to England.

(Murmurs of joy from colonists. Enter other colonists with small bundles.)

Well, are you ready?

COLONISTS. Aye —

SIR THOMAS. Then, come. And look your last on Jamestown.

(All start off to river. Enter Third Sailor from river hastily.)

THIRD SAILOR. Hold! Stay!

(All stop, showing surprise.)

SIR THOMAS. Why, what is this?

SAILOR. Lord Delaware hath just landed!¹ He hath brought three ships with supplies!

SIR THOMAS. Lord Delaware! Why, I can scarce believe mine ears! Lord Delaware here — here on these shores?

SAILOR. Aye, and spake with me. He said to keep the people here and he would come straightway.

SIR THOMAS. This be good news, friends. Lord Delaware is a great and noble man. Besides, he will be able to care for you far better than I could with my one small ship and scanty stores.

¹ Lord Delaware actually met the colonists at the mouth of the river.

(*Enter Lord DELAWARE with escort of soldiers. DELAWARE is handsomely dressed in velvet. The soldiers wear smart uniforms.*)

SIR THOMAS (*bowing*). Welcome, Lord Delaware!

DELAWARE. Sir Thomas — friends — I greet you. The sailors have told me of your sad estate, and it doth grieve me sorely. Praise God, I have come in time! Three ships of supplies have I brought, and many men and women. Will you not remain and begin anew? Will you not try again to make this land a fit abode for Englishmen?

PERCY. 'T is my desire to live here if conditions can be bettered.

DELAWARE. Conditions will be bettered. There will be no more mistakes. Captain Smith hath advised us at every step.

HENRY. Hath Captain Smith recovered?

DELAWARE. He is out of danger, my lad, and will return here as soon as he is able.

(*To others.*) One thing more, my friends — the dream of gold is over. The king no longer desires you to search for it. He bids you plant fields and build homes. Indeed, his Majesty hath sent with me many masons, carpenters, and farmers. Not a single gallant was allowed to come. And with each ship other Englishmen will come with their wives and children. And together you will grow in wealth and strength. The Indians will submit to you peaceably and will no doubt become Christians in time.

So remain, friends. A glorious future awaits you. Out of the ashes of your failures, your tears, and your sorrows, many English colonies will arise in this land. So do not think of to-day. Think of the happy to-morrow. Come, will you not make the sacrifice?

PERCY. I will stay.

MRS. FORREST. I am willing to remain if my husband consents.

FORREST. I do consent and heartily.

BURRAS. We will stay — my sister and I.

OTHERS. I will remain! And I! And I!

DELAWARE (*lifting hand; all bow heads*). May God bless you and keep your hearts as courageous in health as they are in this hour of your weakness. May He bless this New Colony of Jamestown till it shall arise in majesty — the majesty of manhood the finest and best, of womanhood the bravest and purest. Again I say, God bless you!

A DREAM OF FREEDOM
OR
THE PURITANS OF SCROOBY

ACT I

TIME: *Fall of 1607 — early evening.*
PLACE: *England. King's Church at Southwell, a village about fifteen miles from Scrooby.*

JUDGE.

FIRST COMMISSIONER.

BEADLE.

SECOND COMMISSIONER.

BAILIFF.

PURITAN SPOKESMAN.

SIR JASPER.

PURITAN WOMAN.

COMMISSIONERS, PURITANS, SOLDIERS.

(The vestry is seen dimly lighted. A large table is in center. Behind table, and facing it, are seven large chairs. Over center chair is a red velvet canopy. A heavy, barred door at right opens into churchyard. A smaller door at left opens into vestibule. In center chair sits the Beadle, asleep. He is a peaceful-looking old man with gray hair. There is a loud knock at door to yard. Beadle sleeps on. Knocking is repeated vigorously. Beadle wakes.)

BEADLE *(sleepily)*. Who knocks? Who knocks, I say?

VOICE (*off*). The bailiff knocks! The bailiff!
 (*Beadle shows alarm; rises; hastens to door walking feebly.*)

BEADLE. Bailiff, said you?

VOICE (*off*). Aye! Bailiff of the High Court!

BEADLE (*lifting bars*). Presently, sir — presently —

(*Opens door. Enter the Bailiff, a large and powerful man. The Beadle trembles before him.*)

I crave your pardon, Master Bailiff, — I knew not you would return to-night. It might be I fell into a doze, sir, — it might be I was sleeping, sir.

BAILIFF. Cease your chatter, Beadle. The Court of the High Commission will convene in extra session to-night.

BEADLE. Eh! Extra session! To-night!

BAILIFF. Come, come, the lights! There's no time to lose.

(*Beadle scurries about, lighting candles, talking all the while.*)

BEADLE. 'T is a strange thing, Master Bailiff, this night session.

BAILIFF. 'T was ordered by the king himself. A special post came from London a half-hour ago.

BEADLE. Why, 't is a thing unheard of! For twenty years have I been beadle here. For twenty years have I prepared this vestry for the High Courts of the Commission. And not once, sir, hath there been a night session.

BAILIFF. His Majesty is sending one of his own officers to sit with the Court to-night.

BEADLE (*astonished*). His own officer, say you?

BAILIFF. Aye. Now, then, light the chapel and the vestibule. And make haste, Beadle, make haste!

BEADLE (*going*). Aye — aye —

(*Exit to chapel. Bailiff removes hat and cloak. Enter Beadle.*)

BEADLE. I can't understand it, sir. There must be fresh trouble with the Puritans —

BAILIFF. Is n't there always trouble with them?

BEADLE. It may be the king himself hath turned Puritan.

BAILIFF (*scornfully*). The king turned Puritan! Ha, ha!

BEADLE. There be many turning, these days.

BAILIFF (*looking directly at Beadle*). Aye, even our nearest kin.

BEADLE (*starting, showing confusion*). Kin? Kin, say you?

BAILIFF. Come, now; come, now; you know what I mean well enough.

BEADLE (*excitedly*). No one can question my loyalty to the king's church, sir, — no one! *I* turn Puritan! Ha, ha! I detest them! The king is far too good to them, say I. I'd give them no trials at all. I'd hang them from the nearest tree, I would!

BAILIFF. All of them?

BEADLE. Every one in this land!

BAILIFF. So—! You would hang your son, would you?

(Beadle starts; clings to table for support. His voice trembles.)

BEADLE. My son! What do you say? My son!

BAILIFF. Come, now; come, now, Beadle. Your son hath turned Puritan, and you know it.

BEADLE. No—no! Who told you that? Lies, sir,—naught but lies!

BAILIFF. Why, then, does he go to Scrooby every Sunday?

BEADLE. Eh? To Scrooby?

BAILIFF. Aye, to Scrooby.

BEADLE. He—he hath friends there. He—he visits them on Sunday.

BAILIFF. And these friends are Puritans. And they are holding secret meetings there in spite of the king's order against it. Why, your son hath gone to Scrooby now!

BEADLE. He—had business there—

BAILIFF. Business! Bah! Why, then, did he walk? His horse is in the stable now. The proof against your son is strong, Beadle,—enough to send him to prison.

BEADLE. Well, what do you want of me?

BAILIFF. Why did your son go to Scrooby to-day? 'Tis a Thursday, and the Puritans meet only on

Sunday. And why did he walk the fifteen miles instead of riding as he always does? Tell me what you know, Beadle, and I'll protect your son.

BEADLE. You'll protect him? Your promise on it, sir! Give me your promise!

BAILIFF. I give you my promise. Now, then,—speak.

BEADLE. I didn't know he was a Puritan till to-day, sir. He confessed the truth this morning. He said the Puritan faith was the most beautiful thing in the world, and he hoped I'd find it out for myself some time.

BAILIFF (*impatiently*). But what took him to Scrooby to-day?

BEADLE. He said they would meet together to-night.

BAILIFF. To-night, eh! Where?

BEADLE. At William Brewster's house, sir.

BAILIFF. This Court forbade William Brewster to hold another Puritan meeting in his house.

BEADLE. I reminded him of that, sir, and I begged him not to go, but he said there was something important to be discussed—something he dared not tell me.

BAILIFF. 'T is a good chance to get them all! I'll inform the Court of this meeting.

BEADLE. Remember your promise, Master Bailiff—

BAILIFF. Your son shall go free.

(*A door heard closing, off.*)

'T is the Judge and Commissioners! Open the door to the vestibule.

(Beadle opens door at left. Enter Judge and six Commissioners. All wear black robes and white wigs. They cross to chairs; sit, Judge in center under canopy.)

JUDGE. Bailiff, bring in the prisoners — those Puritans you arrested in the woods near Scrooby. We'll try them all together.

BAILIFF. One moment, please your Honor. I have just had important news in regard to the other Puritans of Scrooby.

JUDGE. We'll take that up in good time, Bailiff, — the trial first. Bring in the prisoners.

(Exit Bailiff to yard. Beadle stands unnoticed in gloom of a dark corner. Judge turns to Commissioners.)

Gentlemen, we may speak freely, now that we be alone. I confess to be amazed at his Majesty's message. This Court was created for the sole purpose of crushing Puritans. Therefore I see no reason for the sending of a special officer to sit with us, even though he be Sir Jasper — the king's favorite general.

FIRST COMMISSIONER. Could there be any dissatisfaction with our findings, your Honor?

JUDGE. We have fined and imprisoned every Puritan we could lay our hands on. And we have spies watching suspected ones constantly.

SECOND COMMISSIONER. Perhaps Sir Jasper comes to compliment us on the zeal we show in crushing them.

JUDGE. Well, however it be, we have done our duty, gentlemen.

(Enter Bailiff with prisoners — several Puritan men and women. They wear the Puritan dress; are guarded by soldiers.)

JUDGE. Bailiff, what is the charge against these prisoners?

BAILIFF. They are all members of the Puritan church at Scrooby, your Honor, and are therefore disobedient to his Majesty, King James. We found them stealing through the woods last Sunday on their way to their secret meeting-place.

JUDGE *(to Puritans)*. Have you a spokesman amongst you?

(A young man steps forward.)

PURITAN *(firmly)*. I will act as spokesman, your Honor.

JUDGE. Do you plead guilty to the charge against you?

PURITAN. We do.

JUDGE. Did you know King James had forbidden the Puritans to meet together?

PURITAN. We did.

JUDGE. Why, then, did you persist?

PURITAN. We believe we have the right to worship as we choose, your Honor.

JUDGE. The law of England makes but one church legal — the church of the king. Do you think you have the right to be lawless?

PURITAN. We are all law-abiding citizens, your Honor.

JUDGE. You call it law-abiding to belong to a church prohibited by your king?

PURITAN. No king can tell us what or what not to believe. We are Englishmen, your Honor, not slaves.

JUDGE. Ah! You defend your Puritan church, do you?

PURITAN. I will yield up my life for my faith.

PURITAN WOMAN. The same would I!

OTHER PURITANS. And I! And I!

JUDGE. To jail with them, Bailiff! To-morrow take them to the dungeons at the Castle of York.

(Bailiff goes with Puritans and soldiers. The Puritans walk firmly, and show no fear. Reënter Bailiff.)

BAILIFF. Your Honor, Sir Jasper hath arrived!

(Judge and Commissioners rise quickly. Bailiff opens door. Enter Sir JASPER and escort of soldiers. Sir JASPER is military in voice, manners, and carriage. He wears uniform of an English general. Judge and Commissioners bow.)

SIR JASPER *(sharply)*. Be seated — be seated, gentlemen! I have no time for ceremony.

(Advances to table; stands facing them.)

Your Honor, I will come to the point at once.

The king is displeased with you. He hath granted you absolute power to destroy the Puritan church in this part of England. Have you done this? Speak.

JUDGE. We are doing it, my lord. Scarcely a day passes that some of the heretics are not sent to jail.

SIR JASPER. Then why does the Scrooby church still exist? The Puritans have been crushed in every other part of England. But word hath come to the king that here they still dare to meet. Explain this, your Honor.

JUDGE. I cannot understand it, my lord. We have had them watched and followed, and still they continue to meet; but every Sunday in a different place. And so secretly is this managed that our spies have not been able to find them all together.

SIR JASPER. You must find them, and speedily. That is his Majesty's command. Bailiff, I halted your prisoners just outside. You may bring them back. I would question them a little.

(Exit Bailiff. Pause. Enter Bailiff with Puritans and guards.)

JUDGE. The prisoners are of Scrooby, my lord.

SIR JASPER *(sharply to Puritans)*. I come from the king who commands you to answer my questions truthfully. Indeed, his Majesty promises freedom to those of you who will give information concerning your places of meeting. You have only to tell me where you have met since the king's proclamation was issued declaring such meetings illegal.

And I wish you to consider that, in giving this information, you are merely performing a duty you owe to your sovereign, who holds your fate in his hands. I wish also to remind you that his Majesty's patience with your sect is exhausted. You need expect no further clemency from him.

SPOKESMAN. We have never received any clemency from King James.

SIR JASPER. Silence! I came not to argue with you. I came for information, which you will give if you value freedom and safety. I await your reply.

(Silence. Pause.)

Freedom, remember, to the one who will inform.

(Silence. Pause.)

I command you to speak.

(Silence. Pause.)

I command you to tell me if one William Brewster be not your leader in all things. Doth he not allow you to meet in his house for service every Sunday?

JUDGE. We have stopped that, my lord. There will be no more meetings at Master Brewster's.

BAILIFF. May I speak, Sir Jasper?

SIR JASPER. Speak.

BAILIFF. I have just had secret information regarding a Puritan meeting. It will be held at Master Brewster's house in Scrooby to-night.

SIR JASPER *(to Puritans)*. What know you of this meeting?

(Silence. Pause.)

Again I command you to speak.

(Silence. Pause.)

Sentence them for five years, your Honor.

JUDGE. So be it, my lord.

SIR JASPER *(to Bailiff)*. Who was your informant?

BAILIFF. The beadle, my lord.

(Points to corner. Beadle comes down slowly.)

His son hath turned Puritan. The beadle had it from him about the meeting to-night.

SIR JASPER. Is that the way of it, Beadle?

BEADLE. Yes, my lord. But the bailiff did promise to save my son —

SIR JASPER *(to his aides and ignoring the Beadle's remark.)* To your saddles, men! Lead the way, Bailiff! There's an extra horse for you.

(To Judge.)

We'll have them all in prison by morning, your Honor!

(Starts off. Beadle follows him.)

BEADLE. The bailiff promised to save my son —

SIR JASPER. Out of my way!

(Pushes Beadle aside and starts off. Judge and Commissioners rise: look after him. Puritan spokesman crosses quickly to Beadle: plucks at his sleeve. Beadle turns. Bailiff and soldiers make ready to depart with Puritan prisoners.)

PURITAN. Sh! Would you save your son?

BEADLE. Aye — I would —

PURITAN. Go to Scrooby — warn them!

BEADLE. 'T is too late —

PURITAN. Take your son's horse — ride across the fields. Will you not go?

BEADLE. Aye, I will!

(Puritan slips back to his place. Beadle slips out by chapel door just as last soldier disappears.)

ACT II

TIME: *Same night — midnight.*

PLACE: *Scrooby. William Brewster's home.*

NEW CHARACTERS

WILLIAM BREWSTER.	EDWARD WINSLOW.
MISTRESS BREWSTER.	MISTRESS WINSLOW.
JONATHAN BREWSTER.	WILLIAM BRADFORD.
JOHN ROBINSON.	PURITAN GIRL.
MISTRESS ROBINSON.	PURITAN BOY.
JOHN CARVER.	FIRST WOMAN.
MISTRESS CARVER.	SECOND WOMAN.
RALPH WEXTON.	THIRD WOMAN.
FIRST CHILD.	SECOND CHILD.

PURITANS.

(The large living-room is seen well lighted with candles. A heavy barred door at back opens into yard. A smaller door at left leads to inner rooms. The windows are covered with thick curtains. There is a high paneled wainscoting around the

walls. There are large chairs, a handsome table, and a picture or two. In fact, the room and its furnishings show the BREWSTERS to be people of culture, with a comfortable income. Many Puritans, men and women of all ages, are seen talking earnestly in groups. There are a number of children, all of whom listen solemnly to their elders. All wear the simple Puritan dress, men, women, and children, and all carry bundles of various sizes. Many pieces of baggage are piled about room. WILLIAM and Mistress BREWSTER talk with JOHN ROBINSON, the pastor, and his wife. WILLIAM BREWSTER is a fine-looking man of about forty years. He is educated and cultured; is pleasant and courteous. JOHN ROBINSON, also, is a cultured gentleman; is gentle and sympathetic; wears clerical garb of Puritans. Mistress ROBINSON and Mistress BREWSTER are refined women of thirty years or so. They show determination and courage. JONATHAN BREWSTER, a boy of fifteen, stands close to door at back. He seems to be listening to a sound without.)

ROBINSON. Well, Master Brewster, the time so long looked forward to hath come, and no one seems to regret it.

BREWSTER. All do seem calm and courageous, Master Robinson. But they know the danger full well.

JONATHAN (to BREWSTER). Father! Some one

comes! I heard steps on the stones at the gate. May I draw the bars?

BREWSTER. Wait, Jonathan, till our signal is given.

JONATHAN. 'Tis Master Wexton — the beadle's son.

MISTRESS BREWSTER. How know you that so surely?

JONATHAN. All of our people are come but he.

ROBINSON (*looking about*). 'Tis true — he alone is lacking.

BREWSTER. Nevertheless, we must wait for our signal. 'T would be dangerous to open without it.

(*Pause: all listening for signal.*)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. 'Tis strange the signal is not given.

BREWSTER. Methinks 't was one of our guards he heard. They are watching closely to-night.

ROBINSON. 'Tis well, for 'tis a most important night to us.

(*Master and Mistress CARVER join group.*)

MISTRESS ROBINSON. The most important in our lives! I wonder if we shall get safely away.

MISTRESS CARVER. That is my thought, too, Mistress Robinson.

BREWSTER. So far our plans have carried. It all depends now on our boatmen — whether they can get the barge here without being seen by the king's spies.

CARVER. They were not to come till the night grew dark.

BREWSTER. And so they will not, Master Carver. Master Bradford hath the matter in charge.

ROBINSON. Then all will be performed as was planned. William Bradford is a young man to depend on.

(Master and Mistress WINSLOW join group.)

WINSLOW. Is it not time for the barge, friends?

MISTRESS WINSLOW. 'T is after midnight, and the night is dark.

(A knock at door, back; then two short knocks.)

JONATHAN. 'T is our signal, father!

(Opens door; turns to BREWSTER.)

'T is not Master Wexton! 'T is Master William Bradford!

(Enter WILLIAM BRADFORD. He is an intelligent, earnest youth of eighteen.)

BREWSTER. Ah, Master Bradford! You bring us news?

BRADFORD. The barge is here, friends! We have landed just below your orchard, Master Brewster, where the shadows on the river are deepest.

BREWSTER *(to others)*. Are you ready?

OTHERS. Yes — yes —

BRADFORD. I'll call the guards — they are waiting without to carry the heaviest baggage.

CARVER. One moment — Is it certain no spies are about?

BRADFORD. We have seen no one, Master Carver. Certain of our men are now patrolling the river shore and orchard. Others, the roads and all by-paths.

WINSLOW. Every precaution hath been taken, it seems.

BREWSTER. We can do no more than watch. Call the guards, William. Friends, prepare to depart.

(There is much commotion, all hastening to select bundles. BRADFORD opening door; six guards entering. ROBINSON crosses to door; faces others.)

ROBINSON *(lifting hand)*. My people —

(There is instant silence. He continues.)

Think again what you are doing! Reflect, ere it be too late. You are leaving your homes forever. You are going to a foreign land with nothing of your possessions save the little you carry in your hands. You are leaving your lands; even your means of making a livelihood. No one knows what the future will bring to us in Holland. 'Tis like we shall find it hard to make even enough for a few years to provide us with food and shelter. Shall we be able to endure such poverty? Think again on these things, my people. Shall we not remain? It is not too late.

BREWSTER. There is no longer hope for any Puritan in England. The king himself is our most bitter enemy.

WINSLOW. And he is spreading the net about us

rapidly. Soon we shall all be caught and commanded to renounce our faith. Could we do that?

OTHERS. No! No!

CARVER. I would rather leave my worldly goods than give up my freedom of conscience.

BRADFORD. Aye! To keep a good conscience is a thing to be preferred even before life itself.

(Others murmur assent.)

ROBINSON. But think of the danger we run in trying to get away from England. Every port is closed against us.

BREWSTER. But we shall sail secretly, at night, and from a place near by, and many miles from the king and his court. Besides, the captain hath been paid double the usual passage, and is willing to take the risk.

BRADFORD. And besides, and best of all, we go to Holland, where we shall be free — free to talk — to think, and to worship.

OTHERS. Yes — yes — to be free — free —

ROBINSON — I see you are determined. May God in his mercy guide us.

(Steps back.)

BRADFORD *(to guards)*. The heavier pieces, men, at once.

BREWSTER. One moment, please you — 'Tis well we should speak of our plans again, lest there be some miscarriage. The guards will load the baggage on and will then return for the women and children,

who will, as you know, go in the barge, with only a boatman or two. We men will walk, and will meet the barge near Boston. You know the place — where a neck of land juts into the sea.

OTHERS. Aye — we know!

BREWSTER. Come, then, we must move with dispatch.

(BRADFORD *and guards take baggage out.* BREWSTER *closes and bars door.* JONATHAN *crosses to him; speaks with him aside.*)

JONATHAN. 'T is strange about Master Wexton, father.

BREWSTER. I fear he has met with trouble. But 't were best to say nothing. We must not alarm the others.

JONATHAN (*gravely*). It might cause them to lose heart.

(*Knock at door — then two shorter knocks.*)

'T is the signal, father!

(*Opens door. Enter RALPH WEXTON, a sturdy, serious young man: does not wear Puritan dress.*)

'T is Master Wexton!

BREWSTER. I feared you were not coming, Ralph.

WEXTON. A spy followed me from Southwell, sir.

CARVER. Followed you here! 'T will be the undoing of us and our plans.

WEXTON. Nay, I hid in the woods so long a time he lost the scent, and returned whence he came.

WINSLOW. 'Tis strange you were followed. You are not wearing the Puritan dress.

WEXTON. I dared not. The High Court hath begun its sessions at Southwell, in the church where my father is beadle.

MISTRESS ROBINSON. Have they tried our people as yet?

WEXTON. Many of them, Mistress Robinson.

MISTRESS BREWSTER. We need not ask their sentences —

WEXTON. Fines and prisons for every one.

A GIRL (*anxiously*). My father — did he speak of me?

WEXTON. He sent you his love and said he would join you as soon as he was free again.

A BOY. Did you see my mother, sir?

WEXTON. I did, lad. She was praying to be with you soon.

(*To others.*)

They were all praying to join us in Holland.

BREWSTER. And they shall! Their fines shall be paid, and their passage to Holland shall be arranged as soon as it is possible. I pledge myself to that.

ROBINSON. And I.

OTHERS. And I. And I. And I.

(*Puritan signal heard at door. BREWSTER opens door. Enter BRADFORD. BREWSTER closes door; bars it.*)

BRADFORD. We are ready now for the women and children. The guards wait at the river.

(Women and children cross to door. Men fall back.)

JONATHAN. Mother, let me go with the men.

MISTRESS BREWSTER. Nay, they have fifty miles to walk.

JONATHAN. I can do it.

MISTRESS BREWSTER. You might be a hindrance to your father. Come with me, Jonathan.

(JONATHAN follows her to door obediently. The pastor crosses; faces them.)

ROBINSON. Sisters, again I would speak. You know well that I am with you heart and soul; and yet I would not see you walk deliberately into danger. Do you fully realize what it would mean should your barge be discovered as it floats to the sea? You would be sent straightway to prison. No compassion would be shown you or your children.

FIRST WOMAN. I am not afraid.

SECOND WOMAN. The thought of prison does not frighten me.

THIRD WOMAN. No, nor me.

FIRST CHILD. I fear nothing.

SECOND CHILD. Nor I.

OTHER CHILDREN. Nor I! Nor I!

MISTRESS ROBINSON. How could we be afraid when these children show no fear?

ROBINSON. You are fully prepared then for the worst that may befall?

ALL WOMEN. Aye!

ROBINSON (*stepping aside*). So be it. I can say no more.

(*Knock at door. All show surprise.*)

BRADFORD. 'T is not our signal.

BREWSTER. Who knocks?

VOICE (*off, faintly*). Open! Open!

BREWSTER. Who are you?

VOICE (*as before*). Open —

BREWSTER. What is your errand here?

VOICE. Open — quick — open!

BREWSTER. We open to no stranger. Who are you? Speak your name, sir!

VOICE (*faintly*). Beadle — beadle —

BREWSTER (*turning to others*). “Beadle,” he says. Could he be —

WEXTON (*rushing to door*). Father! Be it you?

VOICE. Aye —

(BREWSTER *opens door. Enter Beadle exhausted.*)

BEADLE. Fly — fly! They come! Sir Jasper — the bailiff — soldiers!

(*Sinks into a chair.*)

WEXTON. Where are they? Speak, father, speak! Are they close upon us?

BEADLE (*faintly*). Aye — close — close — Ralph — your horse — fly — fly —

(Leans back almost unconscious. RALPH and ROBINSON attend him. Women bring water.)

BREWSTER. 'T would be foolhardy to go to the barge now. There is only one means of escape, and that is the secret passage.

CARVER. We will be caught like rats in a trap should they by chance discover it.

BRADFORD *(listening at door)*. They are crossing the bridge! They 're coming on the gallop!

BREWSTER. They will be here in a moment!

(Crosses; slides back a panel in wainscoting. A small opening is disclosed.)

Into the passage — quick! 'T is your only chance! Quick, — quick!

(Men step back, allowing women and children to enter first.)

BRADFORD. They are dismounting! Quick! We dare not keep them waiting.

(Beadle is led into passage. Enter all but the BREWSTER family and BRADFORD.)

BREWSTER. Master Bradford — come!

BRADFORD. I will stay here with you —

BREWSTER. No one but my family must be found here. 'T would excite suspicion. Come.

(Loud knock at door. BRADFORD enters passage. BREWSTER slides panel into place. Mistress BREWSTER throws off wraps and sits. JONATHAN stands by her. Knock repeated. BREWSTER crosses to door.)



"INTO THE PASSAGE—QUICK! 'TIS YOUR ONLY CHANCE!"



Who knocks?

VOICE. Open in the name of King James!

(BREWSTER opens door. Enter Sir JASPER, Bailiff, and soldiers.)

SIR JASPER. Be you William Brewster?

BREWSTER. I am, gentlemen.

SIR JASPER. William Brewster, I am Sir Jasper of the king's court.

BREWSTER (*bowing*). Well, my lord —

SIR JASPER. I have been commissioned by his Majesty to make certain accusations against you.

BREWSTER. Of what am I guilty, my lord?

SIR JASPER. I accuse you of disobedience in matters of religion. I accuse you of permitting Puritans to meet here in your home, in spite of the king's proclamation against such meetings. Finally, I accuse you of harboring Puritans here to-night. What have you to say to that, sir?

(BREWSTER is silent. *Pause.*)

Well, do you deny it?

BREWSTER. Of what use to deny, my lord?

SIR JASPER. Where are these Puritans? I command you to produce them.

BREWSTER. The house is open to you.

SIR JASPER. Search every room, Bailiff!

(*Bailiff and soldiers go to interior. Sir JASPER walks about, looking at everything with suspicion; thrusts sword up fireplace; looks behind window curtains; finally halts before panel lead-*

ing to secret passage ; points to JONATHAN with his sword ; speaks gruffly.)

Come here, boy !

(BREWSTER and wife show alarm, but JONATHAN crosses bravely.)

So you be a Puritan, be you ?

JONATHAN. Aye, sir, I be.

SIR JASPER. Do you know that I have the power to punish you ?

JONATHAN. Aye, sir.

SIR JASPER. Do you know that I can take you away from your parents to-night and put you in prison wherever I choose ?

JONATHAN *(frightened)*. Aye, sir.

(BREWSTER is alarmed: his wife is trembling with fear.)

SIR JASPER. Well, then, my boy, I will tell you how to save yourself. You have merely to tell me where these Puritans have gone and you shall go free. And so shall your father and mother.

(Pause. JONATHAN looks at his parents ; then turns to Sir JASPER.)

JONATHAN. My father told you to search the house.

SIR JASPER *(seizing his arm roughly)*. I command you to tell me — this instant !

JONATHAN. I will not tell you anything !

SIR JASPER *(angrily)*. Oh — ho ! I've a mind to punish your impudence !

MISTRESS BREWSTER (*rising in alarm*). He does not mean to be impudent, my lord. He hath been brought up a Puritan — he knows nothing else.

SIR JASPER. You had best teach him something else, and quickly.

BREWSTER (*crossing; taking JONATHAN'S hand*). That, my lord, is a matter that concerns us alone.

(*Enter Bailiff and soldiers.*)

BAILIFF. There's not a sign of them, my lord.

SIR JASPER. Did you search the garrets and cellars?

BAILIFF. Thoroughly, my lord.

SIR JASPER. We have failed this time, Master Brewster, but we will come again. Your house will be watched. Yourself will be followed whene'er you stir from your door. We will make you conform, or we'll harry you into a dungeon. You can't escape us, sirrah. Try it at your peril.

(*Starts off; turns at door; shakes finger at BREWSTER.*)

Try it at your peril, sirrah!

(*Exit, followed by Bailiff and soldiers. JONATHAN slips out after them unnoticed. BREWSTER closes and bars door; crosses to panel.*)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. You had best wait a little — they might return.

BREWSTER. It would be safer —

(*Turns away from panel.*)

Where is Jonathan?

MISTRESS BREWSTER. He was here but a moment ago.

(Crosses to small door, calling.)

Jonathan!

(Pause.)

Jonathan!

(Pause. She is frightened.)

William! Could they have taken him?

BREWSTER. Oh, no! That's impossible. I'll look through the house.

(Exit. Pause. Mistress BREWSTER moves about anxiously. Enter BREWSTER alarmed.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. You did not find him!

BREWSTER. No, Mary — I cannot understand it.

MISTRESS BREWSTER. Then they have taken him! Sir Jasper said he would punish him! William — what shall we do? What shall we do!

BREWSTER *(troubled)*. We'll find a way to get him back — I'll go to the king myself —

(Knock at door — the Puritan signal.)

Who can it be? The guards would not venture here now — I fear Sir Jasper hath returned —

MISTRESS BREWSTER. He may bring us news of Jonathan! Let him enter, William!

BREWSTER. But what if he hath compelled Jonathan to disclose the secret of that panel? Can we allow our brethren to be discovered and driven off to prison?

MISTRESS BREWSTER. Jonathan would not tell

them. I would stake my life on that. He is a staunch little Puritan. Open! I beg you to open!

(Knocking is repeated.)

BREWSTER. Who knocks?

MISTRESS BREWSTER. Tell them they must give our boy back to us!

BREWSTER. Who knocks, I say?

VOICE. 'T is I — I! Jonathan!

MISTRESS BREWSTER. Open! Open!

(BREWSTER opens door. Enter JONATHAN smiling.)

Jonathan! Did they take you?

JONATHAN. Take me! Ha, ha! They did n't even know I was there. I hid behind the bushes to see if any should stay to spy. But they all rode away — you can't even hear their horses.

BREWSTER. My brave boy!

MISTRESS BREWSTER. My courageous little Puritan!

(Brewster slides back panel: speaks into opening.)

BREWSTER. Come, 't is safe now.

(Enter Puritans and Beadle from secret passage.)

The way is clear — go quickly.

BRADFORD. Come, I will lead you. We'll creep down through the orchard. Keep well in the shadows, and go as silently as possible.

(Puritans go. Beadle lingers.)

WEXTON. Come, father.

BEADLE. I be no Puritan.

WEXTON. You can't return now to your church. They would clap you into prison.

BEADLE. But I say I be no Puritan.

ROBINSON. Come with us — Puritan or no. We'll care for you as if you were, for we owe you a debt of gratitude. Remember you have saved us all this night.

BEADLE. I'll come, but 't is only because I must, for I say I be no Puritan.

(Goes with son. The BREWSTERS are last. They turn at door and look back into room.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER *(sadly)*. Just a last look, William —

BREWSTER *(sadly)*. Aye, Mary, just a last look —

(They go.)

ACT III

TIME: *The next night.*

PLACE: *On board an English sailing vessel just off Boston, a village on east coast of England.*

NEW CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN.

OFFICER.

FIRST MATE.

PURITAN MAN.

SECOND MATE.

MAGISTRATE.

SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

(A flaming torch lights deck. First Mate is seen peering out into darkness. Enter Second Mate; looks about cautiously; crosses quickly.)

SECOND MATE. A word with you, Mate!

(First Mate, turning).

They have changed the course! Have you marked it?

FIRST MATE. Aye, we be headed for land now.

SECOND MATE. 'Tis contrary to agreement. We shipped for Holland direct.

FIRST MATE. And here we be putting into Boston.

SECOND MATE *(looking off; starts)*. Look you! We 'll not be landing at Boston! There 's the lights of the town a half-mile below.

FIRST MATE *(looking)*. 'Tis a neck of land we be making!

SECOND MATE. It looks like a bit of smuggling, I say.

FIRST MATE. Nay, that's too risky these days.

SECOND MATE. Risky! Pshaw! That's naught to me if I get my share of the booty.

FIRST MATE *(looking up deck)*. Sh! The Captain!

(Exit Second Mate quickly. Enter the Captain, a sullen, surly Englishman. First Mate salutes.)

CAPTAIN. Well, have you noticed we're headed for land, Mate?

FIRST MATE. Aye, Captain.

CAPTAIN. And you're suspicious about it, eh?

FIRST MATE. I was just wondering, sir—

CAPTAIN. I've made arrangements to take on some passengers here—some Puritans, in fact.

FIRST MATE (*starting*). Puritans! That's dangerous business, Captain.

CAPTAIN. I've charged them well for the risk.

FIRST MATE. But there's a law against taking the heretics away.

CAPTAIN. I've arranged against that.

FIRST MATE. Maybe you can save yourself, Master, but I am a poor man, and I have no hankerings for prison. Besides, I've a family to think of.

CAPTAIN. It's all arranged, I tell you. There will be no danger for any one. I have written the Boston magistrate about these Puritans.

FIRST MATE. You have written the magistrate!

CAPTAIN. I am only protecting myself. If the officers wish to prevent their escape, they may. It is none of my affairs. So as soon as we land, you will go ashore and report our position to his Honor.

FIRST MATE. I cannot do that, Captain.

CAPTAIN (*angrily*). You refuse! You dare to refuse!

FIRST MATE. Aye. I be no Puritan, but I'll not help to betray them and throw the women into prison.

CAPTAIN. Come, come; there'll be a bit of gold for you. I have arranged that with the magistrate.

MATE. There's no gold can make me do it.

(Enter sailors dragging rope.)

CAPTAIN. Seize this man!

(Sailors hesitate: look from Captain to Mate.)

Seize him, I say! To the cell with him! If he struggles, put him in irons.

(Sailors seize and take Mate off. Enter Second Mate. Captain turns to him.)

Come to my cabin. There's certain work for you to-night.

(They go. Enter other sailors: work at ropes. Go, dragging ropes off. Pause. Bells ring. Captain and Second Mate hurry on.)

(Enter an Officer.)

OFFICER. She's anchored, sir.

CAPTAIN. Man a boat for Boston at once — get the best oarsmen. Send the other boats to the shore at this point. We're taking on some passengers.

OFFICER. Aye, sir.

(Exit officer. Captain turns to Second Mate.)

CAPTAIN. Go quickly, and keep your boat well away from the shore, lest the Puritans see you.

SECOND MATE. What about my share of the spoils?

CAPTAIN. I said nothing about spoils.

SECOND MATE. I demand my share — I'll not stir without.

CAPTAIN *(Angrily)*. Name your price.

SECOND MATE. One tenth of the gold paid to you by the magistrate.

CAPTAIN. 'T is robbery!

SECOND MATE. I'll not go for less.

(Pause. Captain glares at Mate, who stands his ground.)

CAPTAIN. I agree. Now, go, and make haste. Tell his Honor I'll hold the ship for a time.

(Mate nods; exit. Enter an officer.)

OFFICER. The first boat hath returned with passengers.

CAPTAIN. Send it back — keep all the boats going.

(Exit officer. Enter many Puritans. Captain receives them cordially; bows to women; shakes hands with men; pats children's heads.)

Welcome — welcome to you all! Here you be in safety, and the king is none the wiser. Ha, ha! I said it would happen thus. I told Master Brewster so from the start.

(Looks about.)

Where is Master Brewster?

A MAN. He will come with the last load.

CAPTAIN. That's the proper spirit for a leader! The last boat always. And now will it please you to go below? We must make room for the others.

(Puritans go. Enter other Puritans, Captain greeting them as before.)

Welcome — welcome! Why, this is better luck

than e'en I hoped for. No mishaps — everything exactly as we had arranged. 'T is remarkable, I say — remarkable!

(Enter other Puritans, including ROBINSON, BRADFORD, CARVER, WINSLOW, and the BREWSTER family.)

Welcome — welcome — welcome! Ah, Master Brewster! I was just asking for you.

BREWSTER. Every one is safely on. You can get away at once, Captain.

CAPTAIN. I am sorry, Master, but we shall be delayed a little.

BREWSTER. Delayed!

CAPTAIN. A slight leakage. It won't keep us long — a few minutes at the most.

BREWSTER. Every moment is full of danger to us.

CAPTAIN. Is there not danger for me as well?

BREWSTER. You will suffer with us, of course.

CAPTAIN. Of course. 'T would be prison for me and my officers.

(To all Puritans.)

Will you please to go below? I need the deck clear for sailing.

(Puritans go. Captain at once shows surliness. Enter an Officer.)

Watch for boat there! Watch sharp!

(Officer peering out into darkness. Captain pacing deck. Long pause. Captain speaks sharply.)

There should be a boat coming out from Boston. Don't you see it?

OFFICER. Nay, I see nothing as yet.

(*Enter BREWSTER, BRADFORD, and RALPH WEXTON.*)

BREWSTER. How much longer shall we be delayed, Captain?

CAPTAIN. The accident was worse than I thought. But within the hour —

BREWSTER. Hour! We must get away at once. The leakage can be stopped at sea.

CAPTAIN. 'T would be most unsafe.

BREWSTER. 'T will be safer than staying here. There's a good breeze. Unfurl your sails quickly.

CAPTAIN. That is impossible —

BREWSTER. You must!

CAPTAIN. Must? That's a strong word, sirrah!

BREWSTER. We have the right to use it. We have paid you a large sum of money — in fact, we have overpaid you, as you very well know. We demand you set sail instantly.

CAPTAIN. I am master of this ship. I shall sail whenever it pleases me.

BREWSTER (*to BRADFORD and WEXTON*). Unfurl the sails! Come!

(*Puritans run to sails. Captain draws sword, barring their way.*)

CAPTAIN. Back! You'll not touch the sails! Back — back, I say!

(Officer rushes forward to assist Captain.)

Officer, bring men! We'll put these fellows in irons!

OFFICER. Aye, aye, sir!

(Starts off; stops.)

The boat, Master! 'T is here—at the ship's side!

CAPTAIN *(sheathing sword)*. Unfurl the sails, Puritans. Little good 't will do you now.

BREWSTER. You have betrayed us!

(Enter Second Mate with Magistrate and soldiers.)

CAPTAIN. Seize these fellows, your Honor! They are the ringleaders.

(Magistrate motions to soldiers, who seize Puritans. They struggle in vain.)

The others are below, your Honor.

MAGISTRATE *(to soldiers)*. Force them up!

(Soldiers go. Pause. Women and children heard screaming off. BREWSTER, BRADFORD, and WEXTON renew struggles to escape. Enter Puritans driven by soldiers. The men are angry; women frightened; children cry with fear.)

Search them! Tear open their bundles!

(Soldiers search men; take money from them; tear bags from women and open them, finding rings, silver spoons, etc. They open larger bundles, finding books in many.)

Throw the books overboard!

ROBINSON. I beg you—let us keep our books!

MAGISTRATE. Over with them! We'll have none of their Puritan books in England.

(Sailors throw books into sea.)

Now, then, — to jail with them all!

(Soldiers go, driving Puritans along with jeers and sneers.)

ACT IV

TIME: *Spring of 1608.*

PLACE: *London — Council Chamber in the king's palace.*

NEW CHARACTERS

KING JAMES.

SECOND COUNCILLOR.

FIRST COUNCILLOR.

THIRD COUNCILLOR.

USHER.

(Three Councillors are seen seated at a massive table, busy with papers. Enter Usher.)

USHER. My lords, Sir Jasper is impatient — he has waited long in the ante-room.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. Say to Sir Jasper that we regret this delay, but his Majesty hath not come, nor hath he sent us any word in reply to our request for his presence. Pending that, we cannot admit him, though we be the king's own councillors.

USHER *(bowing)*. Yes, my lord —

SECOND COUNCILLOR. You may tell Sir Jasper also

that we have read his report with interest, and have discussed the matter among us.

(Usher bows. Exit.)

THIRD COUNCILLOR. Perhaps we should have told his Majesty the nature of the matter to be discussed.

SECOND COUNCILLOR. Nay. 'T would have angered him so greatly he would not even counsel with us.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. Aye, it is better to get him here, and then declare the matter.

(Enter Usher.)

USHER. His Majesty, King James!

(Councillors rise. Enter KING JAMES — a small man, ugly in face and figure. Councillors bow. King crosses; sits in great chair at head of table; motions others to sit.)

KING. Well, what business is it that demands my attention at once?

FIRST COUNCILLOR. Your Majesty, the Puritan question hath come up again.

KING *(scowling)*. Those heretics again! I thought we had crushed them out of existence.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. Sir Jasper brought the news. He waits without to see you.

KING *(to Usher)*. Admit Sir Jasper.

(Usher opens a door; stands aside. Enter Sir JASPER. He bows to King and Councillors. Exit Usher.)

Now, what is this about the Puritans, Sir Jasper? Where are they making trouble this time?

SIR JASPER. In Scrooby, Sire.

KING. Scrooby! How can that be? We sent every one of those Scrooby heretics to jail last fall — when they tried to run away to Holland.

SIR JASPER. 'Tis true, your Majesty, but they were gradually released until all of them were free again. They managed to pay their fines in some way.

KING. And now they are holding their meetings again, I suppose. Well, I'll crush them this time. They'll not dare show their heads again in England. Proceed against them at once, Sir Jasper. Seize them wherever you find them; throw them into prison. And this time permit no one to pay a fine — they can be released only at my pleasure. You understand, Sir Jasper?

SIR JASPER. Sire, it is useless —

KING. Useless! What mean you —?

SIR JASPER. They have run away again, your Majesty.

KING. Eh! What is this? Run away again, you say?

SIR JASPER. Aye, only last night, your Majesty. They had arranged with a Dutch captain to take them to Holland this time. He was to meet them at —

KING. Did you get them? That's all I want to know.

SIR JASPER. Only the women and children.

KING. What! Why — How is that?

SIR JASPER. It seems the men had walked to the coast from Scrooby, while the women and children were sent down the river in a barge — just as they arranged the first time.

KING. Well — well — go on —

SIR JASPER. The men arrived first, and the captain sent out a boat and took them on to save time.

KING. The rascal! Go on —

SIR JASPER. By that time the barge had arrived, and the captain was just sending out a second boat when he saw our soldiers coming.

KING. And then —! What happened?

SIR JASPER. Then he sailed away, your Majesty.

KING. Sailed away!

SIR JASPER. Aye, Sire — with the men, leaving the women and children on the shore. The soldiers seized them and took them off to jail, in spite of their tears and pleadings. And now the magistrates know not what to do with them.

KING. Why, keep them in jail, of course.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. Your pardon, Sire, but the people will sympathize with these unfortunate women and children. They will say they are not to be blamed because their husbands are Puritans.

KING. Suppose they do say so? What comes of that?

SECOND COUNCILLOR. Just this, Sire, — *more*

Puritans. Their attempt to leave England last fall attracted much attention to them and their cause and made many converts for them.

KING. I would I could be rid of the very name of Puritan!

THIRD COUNCILLOR. Then let these women go to Holland, Sire. Let them join their husbands. That will end the trouble for good and all, and they will very soon be forgotten.

(Pause. King reflects.)

KING. No! I'll keep them here and make an example of them. I'll have them severely punished.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. And every punishment will make so many new Puritans, your Majesty.

SECOND COUNCILLOR. And besides, their husbands who have gone to Holland will be in a position to harass you. They will flood all England with their petitions for the release of the prisoners. They will soon arouse the whole land with their controversies.

KING *(impressed)*. How does it seem to you, Sir Jasper?

SIR JASPER. They can cause unending trouble for your Majesty.

(Pause. King reflects.)

KING. Well, I suppose I must. There seems to be no other way out of it.

(To Sir JASPER.)

Let the women and children go to Holland.

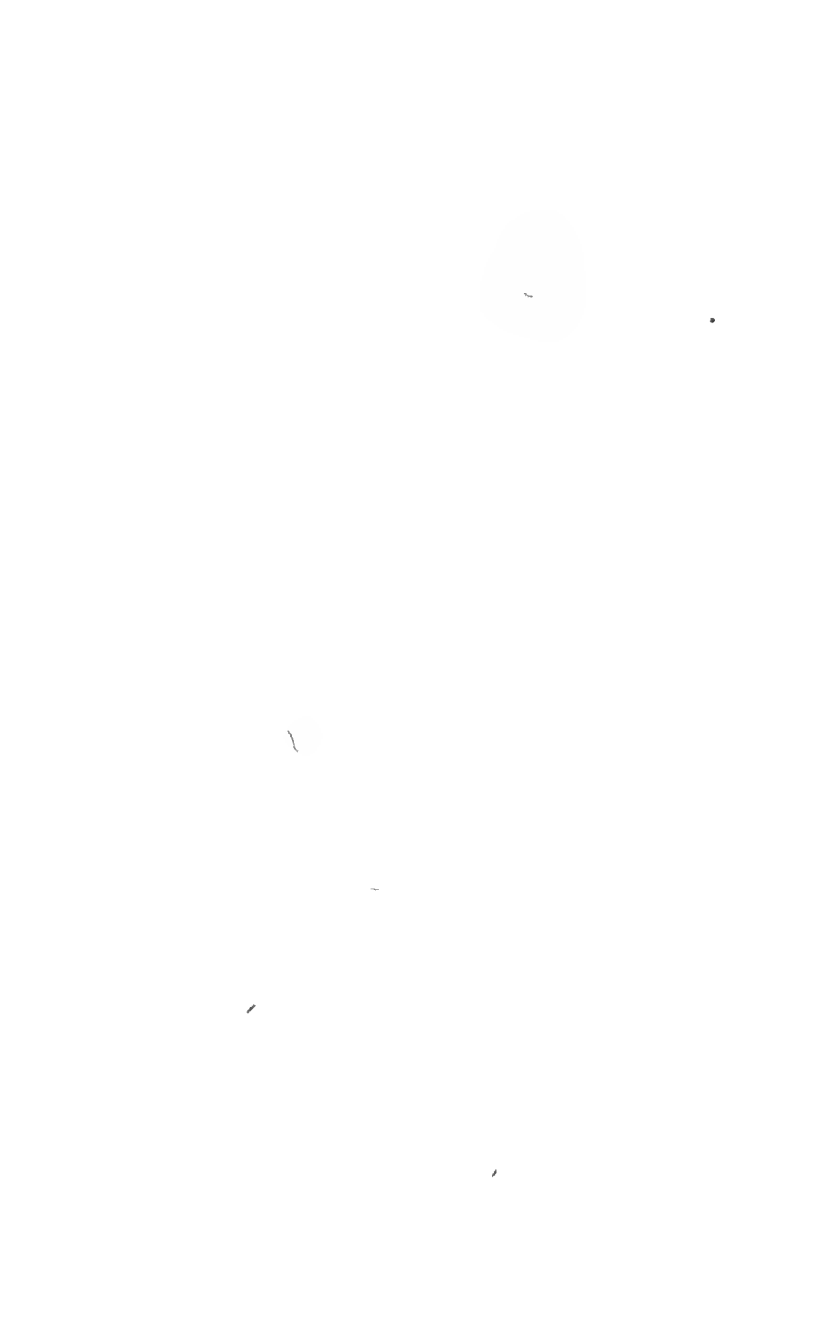
(Sir JASPER bows; exit.)

FIRST TABLEAU

Puritan men of Scrooby are seen on the docks in Holland. They are looking out to sea and waving handkerchiefs joyfully. Many Dutch people stand near by, showing interest.

SECOND TABLEAU

Puritan women and children of Scrooby are seen on deck of a sailing vessel, waving to their friends on the docks. All show great joy.



TROUBLES ON LAND AND SEA
OR
THE PILGRIMS AND THEIR JOURNEYS

ACT I

BURGOMASTER.	MISTRESS BREWSTER.
SECRETARY.	MISTRESS WINSLOW.
SIR DUDLEY CARLETON.	MISTRESS CARVER.
WILLIAM BREWSTER.	FIRST MAN.
BEADLE.	SECOND MAN.
BINDER.	THIRD MAN.
WILLIAM BRADFORD.	FOURTH MAN.
JOHN ROBINSON.	FIRST WOMAN.
RALPH WEXTON.	SECOND WOMAN.
JONATHAN BREWSTER.	THIRD WOMAN.
JOHN CARVER.	BAILIFF.
MASTER WINSLOW.	FIRST DEPUTY.
MILES STANDISH.	SECOND DEPUTY.
PRINTERS, BINDERS, PURITANS.	

SCENE I

TIME: 1619 — *September — late afternoon.*
PLACE: *Leyden, Holland. Office of city officials.*

(The Burgomaster is seen writing at a table in his private office. Enter his Secretary.)

SECRETARY. Your Honor —

BURGOMASTER. Yes, Jan —

SECRETARY. Will your Honor receive the English Ambassador?

BURGOMASTER. When does he wish an appointment?

SECRETARY. His lordship is waiting, your Honor. He says his mission is important and hopes you will see him at once.

BURGOMASTER. Admit him without delay.

(Exit Secretary. Pause. Reënter Secretary showing in the English Ambassador.)

SECRETARY *(announcing)*. Sir Dudley Carleton!

BURGOMASTER *(rises; bows)*. My lord — you honor me.

AMBASSADOR *(bowing)*. Nay, 't is you who honor me, sir. You receive me without the usual formalities of making a fixed appointment.

BURGOMASTER. 'T is a pleasure to receive England's Ambassador at any time. Please you to be seated, Sir Dudley.

(Both seat themselves.)

AMBASSADOR. Your Honor will pardon the abruptness of my call when you know 't was made necessary by certain letters received just now from his Majesty, King James of England.

BURGOMASTER. I am deeply interested, my lord.

AMBASSADOR. Briefly, then, the matter is this: It hath recently come to the king's knowledge that certain books are being printed here in Leyden —

books which offend his Majesty greatly. In fact they are written by Puritans and printed by Puritans and glorify the Puritan faith.

BURGOMASTER. Holland permits the free publication of religious books by any sect or society.

AMBASSADOR. But these books are being shipped to England, where the printing and sale of Puritan books hath long ago been prohibited. His Majesty therefore asks that your Honor suppress their publication here in Leyden.

BURGOMASTER. We have no jurisdiction over that, Sir Dudley.

AMBASSADOR. Your Honor, the king *requests* that the press and type be seized, and the publisher be imprisoned.

BURGOMASTER. But, my lord, 'tis beyond my authority! Besides, this publisher is a man who is much respected here. He is one William Brewster, an Englishman, who hath been here many years.

AMBASSADOR. But he hath offended King James — and this is not the first time. He was one of those Scrooby Puritans who defied the king and then ran away with his fellows. And so, with all these things, the king is exceedingly wroth and desires you to imprison him.

BURGOMASTER. 'T would offend the whole body of Puritans who have all made splendid citizens. For twelve years have they been here, and in all that time not one case of trouble hath arisen amongst

them or between them and the Dutch people. They are industrious, and so honest that, if any desire credit, he has only to say he is a Puritan.

AMBASSADOR. Be that as it may, his Majesty desires that a way be found to arrest this Brewster, even to the creating of a new law to cover the case.

BURGOMASTER. I have no power to create new laws. That rests with our reigning prince, my lord.

AMBASSADOR. I have written your prince recently in regard to the matter.

BURGOMASTER. I have not heard from his Highness.

AMBASSADOR. Then, pending his letter, I ask that you hold this Brewster as a prisoner.

BURGOMASTER. Did I consent to that, I would soon have a mob of howling students about me, for the Puritan pastor, Master Robinson, is very popular at the University. He is frequently asked to debate with the professors, who hold him in great esteem and declare him to be one of the most intellectual men in all Europe. Do you see, then, what a hornet's nest I would be stirring up by the arrest of one of his chief elders?

AMBASSADOR. Nevertheless, a way must be found. I have never known his Majesty more determined in any matter. Indeed, if Holland does not yield to him in this matter, he threatens to give her no sup-

port should Spain declare war against her — as does now seem likely.

BURGOMASTER (*alarmed*). Hath his Majesty said that?

AMBASSADOR. Aye, and bade me tell you so, should all other arguments fail. Holland cannot afford to lose England's friendship now, your Honor. Spain is a rich and powerful country and could crush you out of existence, if England did not help you.

BURGOMASTER. Did you mention this point in your letter to the prince?

AMBASSADOR. Yes, your Honor, I made it very clear.

BURGOMASTER. There may be by now a letter from his Highness. Your pardon — I'll inquire.

(*Rings bell. Enter Secretary.*)

Have any letters come from the Prince of Orange?

SECRETARY. One has just arrived by special post, your Honor.

BURGOMASTER. I would have it now.

(*Exit Secretary: reënters at once with a letter. Exit.*)

Your pardon, my lord.

(*Opens letter: reads: shows grave concern.*)

Sir Dudley, the prince hath taken up your matter favorably. He desires me to have the press and type of William Brewster seized, and Brewster himself arrested. Furthermore, he is to be held in prison

until King James's pleasure be known concerning his disposal.

AMBASSADOR. I shall report this to King James. His Majesty will take much pleasure in your prince's courtesy, sir.

BURGOMASTER. I will send an officer to Brewster's print-shop at once.

AMBASSADOR. I thank your Honor in the name of my king. I wish you now good day.

(*Bows.*)

BURGOMASTER (*bowing*). Good day, my lord.

(*Exit Sir DUDLEY. Burgomaster sighs as he rings bell. Enter Secretary.*)

Send the bailiff to search William Brewster's house in the Puritan quarter,¹ for a printing-press and type and books, and make out a warrant for the arrest of Master Brewster.

SECRETARY (*astonished*). Master Brewster!

BURGOMASTER. 'T was ordered by our prince, Jan.

SECRETARY. I'll see to it, your Honor, at once. But I must say I regret it.

BURGOMASTER. Not more than I, Jan — not more than I.

(*Exit JAN.*)

¹ The Puritans all lived in a certain part of Leyden. Their houses were clustered about the residence of Mr. Robinson, their pastor. Their chapel was in this residence.

SCENE II

TIME: *Same morning.*

PLACE: *Leyden. Home of William Brewster in the Puritan quarter.*

(*The printing-shop is seen. BREWSTER sits at a rough table, reading freshly printed sheets. He is now past middle age and shows the effect of twelve years of worry and hardship. RALPH WEXTON is printing with a hand-press. Several Puritan boys are setting type. Puritan men are binding loose sheets into books and pamphlets. The old Beadle carries sheets from the press to BREWSTER, looking at each sheet with interest and pride; forgets himself; stops; reads sheet. BREWSTER waits for him; then speaks pleasantly.*)

BREWSTER. Well, Beadle, doth it interest you?

BEADLE (*starts; shows chagrin*). :

Eh! Oh! I crave your pardon, Master Brewster. I forgot myself entirely.

(*Takes sheet to BREWSTER.*)

BREWSTER. And do you approve what you read?

BEADLE. I do approve — indeed I do! Be I not a Puritan now?

BREWSTER. Indeed you be, and a faithful.

BEADLE. Well, 't was these writings that made me one. 'T was reading these sheets day by day, as Ralph turned them out from the press there. They should convert all who read them, say I.

BREWSTER. That is their purpose, Beadle. I regret we had not this print-shop long ago, instead of but recently.

BEADLE. And I regret it too, Elder. 'T is said our Puritan friends in England were much pleased with your first batch of books.

BREWSTER. They were, indeed, and they are now spreading them secretly among the king's own churchmen.

BEADLE. May they convert all England, say I!

(A binder approaches with pamphlets.)

BINDER. These pamphlets are finished, Master.

BREWSTER *(examining them)*. And most skillfully done, too. Pack them at once. There's a ship sailing for England to-night.

BINDER. Shall we pack them as we did the others?

BREWSTER. Yes. And conceal them well in the merchandise lest the king's officers find them. Address the package to Master Cathkin, London,—just as you did the other. Let all the binders assist you, and those who are setting type.

BINDER. It shall be done exactly.

(Crosses; speaks with other workers aside. They all go to a room, off. RALPH and Beadle continue work at press, and BREWSTER at desk. Enter from street WILLIAM BRADFORD, now a man of thirty years. He is grave— anxious.)

BREWSTER *(rising)*. Good day to you, Master Bradford!

Good day, Elder! I trust I am not disturbing you, sir, but I have brought you news of great importance.

BREWSTER. I do perceive you are troubled —

BRADFORD. Our pastor hath just had letters from friends in England telling of Master Cathkin's arrest.

BREWSTER. Master Cathkin's arrest!

BRADFORD. The king's officers found out that Master Cathkin was receiving our books in London and giving them out secretly to others. So he hath been put in prison.

BREWSTER. Oh, it doth grieve me to hear that! I will arrange to pay his fine in some way!

BRADFORD. The king would not permit it, even if you could do so. His Majesty hath said openly that Master Cathkin shall suffer for this — and, moreover, that you shall suffer with him.

BREWSTER. King James cannot touch me here. Holland would not permit it.

BRADFORD. But Holland hath never as yet been tested. King James hath made no demand on her for the arrest of any Puritan.

BREWSTER. No, nor is he like to. He knows Holland will not betray us.

BRADFORD. In spite of that I am troubled, and so is Master Robinson. Indeed, he would have come to you himself but Captain Standish called.

BREWSTER. There is no need of alarm for me.

Our whole thought should be directed now to the saving of Master Cathkin. We must contrive his escape from England.

BRADFORD. Aye, we might! I'll write our friends in Scrooby this night, to see if it can be arranged.

BREWSTER. Say that he must come to Holland and that I will bear all expenses.

BRADFORD. No, Elder, I will furnish all moneys. You have spent almost all your earnings in caring for our unfortunate brothers — those who could not make a living here in Holland.

BREWSTER. We have all helped each other — you as much as any.

BRADFORD. Ah, but I have recently inherited property near Scrooby, and am now in a position to help Master Cathkin.

BREWSTER. Well, then, William, do what you may. I'll not deny that I must count the pennies.

BRADFORD. It hath been a hard twelve years for us all.

(Enter Mistress BREWSTER from an inner room. She, too, shows the effect of years of worry and hardship: is now anxious. BRADFORD bows.)

Good day to you, Mistress Brewster —

MISTRESS BREWSTER. Good day to you, Master Bradford!

(To BREWSTER.)

I regret to interrupt, William, but our pastor has come. He says he must see you at once.

BREWSTER. Ask him to come in, certainly.

(*Mistress BREWSTER opens door to interior.*)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. Enter, Master Robinson.

(*Enter JOHN ROBINSON, gentle and sympathetic as of yore, but now careworn and anxious; turns quickly to BREWSTER.*)

ROBINSON. Hath Master Bradford told you?

BREWSTER (*shaking hands with Robinson*). Aye, but you are needlessly alarmed, Master Robinson. I will continue to publish our Puritan books, and publish them in safety.

ROBINSON. Nay, I am not so sure of that. Captain Standish hath just told me of a certain agreement that is now being made between England and Holland — an agreement that will affect the safety of us all.

BREWSTER. This be news, indeed!

ROBINSON. It seems there is some danger of a war between Holland and Spain within the next year or two. And England hath offered to aid Holland who hath accepted her terms. So now Holland must do aught that England commands — even to the delivering up of a Puritan.

MISTRESS BREWSTER. I cannot think Holland would give us up.

BREWSTER. Nay, nor can I, Mary.

ROBINSON. A country will do acts in time of war that it would not do in peace. So we must prepare for the worst. Captain Standish hath gone now to

acquaint our brethren with these facts and to call them here to a meeting, as soon as they come home from work.

BREWSTER. 'T is well. Ralph, bid the binders and packers come and all who do assist them.

RALPH. Aye, Elder, I will.

(Exit to room, off. Beadle, who has been listening, turns to ROBINSON.)

BEADLE. And do you think King James will make me go back to England, sir, and act as beadle in his church again?

ROBINSON. He may compel us all to return, Beadle.

BEADLE. Oh, 't is a dreadful state of affairs! Is there no country in all the world where we may live in freedom?

ROBINSON. There is no civilized country anywhere where we may worship as we choose, saving here in Holland. And that may soon be denied us.

(Enter RALPH, binders, packers, and boy assistants from packing-room. Enter JONATHAN BREWSTER from street with a dinner pail. He is now a rather delicate young man of twenty-seven.)

JONATHAN. Father — what is this I hear about your being in danger? Captain Miles Standish is telling all the Puritan workers as they come home from the weaving mills.

MISTRESS BREWSTER. I fear sad days are in store for us, son.

BREWSTER. Our pastor will explain, Jonathan.

(Enter from street, many Puritan men and women of all ages. Among them are Master and Mistress CARVER and Master and Mistress WINSLOW. All are grave and quiet. Pause. ROBINSON faces them.)

ROBINSON. My people, Captain Miles Standish hath told you of this new trouble that hath arisen for us in England's recent treaty with Holland, and you understand our danger. If King James sees fit, we may be all taken back to England and thrown into dungeons. Therefore, we must act quickly that we may escape this fate.

CARVER. King James hath most likely forgot us — it hath been twelve years.

BRADFORD. He hath only recently declared that Master Brewster should suffer with Master Cathkin because of our Puritan books.

(Murmurs of alarm from others.)

CARVER. Then there is, indeed, great need of action with us. We cannot remain in Holland.

WINSLOW. Unless we renounce our faith. And that, of course, we can never do.

BREWSTER. No, never! 'T was for that we came in poverty here and have endured so many hardships.

VOICES. Aye!

ROBINSON. Then we must leave Holland, my people. We have often spoken of this before, especially in our first years here. But always we gave up the thought. Now necessity compels it. We must go to

a land where our faith can be preserved from generation to generation. And that land, friends, as you know full well, is America.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. But 't is a wilderness and inhabited by savages!

ROBINSON. 'T is the only place where we may continue to worship as we will.

BREWSTER. And, besides, the opportunity is ours of converting the savages there to our belief.

CARVER. To spread our faith is ever our bounden duty.

(Murmurs of assent from others.)

BRADFORD. I favor going to America as soon as ships can be got.

WINSLOW. I favor it likewise, and urge it.

FIRST MAN. I oppose it strongly. We have just begun to make fair wages here. We have our homes here — we are able to care for our children. And it hath taken us twelve years to arrive at this point. Shall we leave all this and begin again the fight for merely enough to eat and to wear? I tell you, I oppose it!

SECOND MAN. And I, sir, oppose it too! What can we do in a new land? We came very near to making an utter failure here.

CARVER. Ah, but the case is different. We were, nearly all of us, farmers in England, and we found the trade here was weaving.

BRADFORD. And we found also, that we could not

compete with the skilled weavers here until we had years of experience. But in America we can be farmers again, and teach our sons to be farmers.

THIRD MAN. But suppose they refuse to be farmers. They have gotten a taste of the sea here and many of them are sailors.

MISTRESS CARVER. That is the pity of it! They are going away from us and forgetting their faith.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. Our children are forgetting they are English. They speak the Dutch language — they play the Dutch games — they are begging to wear the Dutch dress.

BEADLE. And that is not the worst of it! On the last Sabbath day, I myself saw some of our Puritan boys go forth to join Dutch games. On the Sabbath, mind you — the SABBATH!

FIRST WOMAN. My boy ran away in spite of me.

SECOND WOMAN. Many times I have followed and have brought mine home, but 't is a struggle I'm very weary of.

ROBINSON. It hath, indeed, become a grave question — this bringing up of our children in Puritan ways when customs around us are different. That alone would give us reason for leaving Holland were there not the other matter.

FOURTH MAN. But, Master, nothing hath really

happened as yet. 'Tis all conjecture with us. Methinks 't would be unwise to leave Holland till we know for a certainty that King James means to oppress us.

THIRD WOMAN. So it seems to me —

VOICES. And to me! To me! To me!

ROBINSON. But we cannot combat a danger when it hath overthrown us.

BRADFORD. No, indeed, we cannot.

CARVER. We should leave Holland as soon as we can make the necessary arrangements, friends. I am convinced of that.

VOICES. And I! And I! And I!

VOICES. No! No! No!

ROBINSON. We can scarcely come to a decision so long as we are of such divergent opinions. But consider this, my people. The information came to us through Captain Miles Standish, who is known to you all as a man of the highest honor.

FIRST MAN. But he is not a Puritan.

ROBINSON. He frequently attends our church and is most friendly to us. Besides, being an English soldier stationed here in Leyden, he hath unusual means of obtaining information. And he hath advised us to leave Holland at once.

WINSLOW. We should listen to Captain Standish, friends. He is not the man to speak lightly.

VOICES. Aye!

ROBINSON. I note that some of you are silent.

THIRD MAN. I'll not agree to leave Holland till war is actually declared.

VOICES. No! Nor I! Nor I!

(*Knock at street door. JONATHAN opens door.*)

JONATHAN. Enter, Captain Standish!

(*Enter Captain MILES STANDISH. He is short of stature but strongly built and athletic. He shows alarm.*)

STANDISH. Master Brewster — the bailiff is coming this way with his men!

(*All show surprise.*)

BREWSTER. Hath he entered this street?

STANDISH. Not as yet, but he is in the Puritan quarter, and that in itself is strange, for no bailiff is ever needed here. I fear it means trouble for some of you.

JONATHAN. I'll watch in the garden and warn you if they enter.

(*Exit quickly.*)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. I fear they come for you, William!

STANDISH. I would advise you to escape, sir.

MISTRESS BREWSTER (*opening door to a closet*). I beg you to hide! Come, enter this closet! Quick!

ROBINSON. I beg you to take no chances!

BREWSTER. If they come for me they will search the house, so there is no safety in hiding.

(*Enter JONATHAN.*)

JONATHAN. The bailiff hath stopped at our gate!

I heard him giving directions to his men. And he spoke your name, father! I am certain he comes for you. Hide — quick — quick!

(Loud knock at door to street.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER *(holding closet door open)*.
Come, William, for my sake!

BREWSTER. Well, then, to please you, I will.

(Enters closet. Mistress BREWSTER closes door: stands in front of it. Knock is repeated. JONATHAN opens street door. Enter Bailiff and two Deputies.)

BAILIFF. Doth not William Brewster reside here?

JONATHAN. He doth.

BAILIFF. I have a warrant for his arrest. Step forth, William Brewster!

(Silence. Pause.)

William Brewster, I command you to declare yourself.

(Silence. Pause.)

Then I must take you by force.

(Puts hand on RALPH'S arm.)

Come along, Master! And you need not deny you are Brewster. I knew you from the first, sir.

(RALPH stands. Bailiff looks about.)

Now, where are your Puritan books and pamphlets? I have been ordered to take them, but I see none of them about.

(RALPH is silent. Bailiff turns to his Deputies.)

Search the house for these books, men, and bring them to me — all you find.

(Deputies go to packing-room.)

Come, Master Brewster, your hat and cloak.

(Enter Deputies with books and pamphlets.)

RALPH *getting hat and cloak.*)

FIRST DEPUTY. We have them, Master Bailiff! They were packed in merchandise.

SECOND DEPUTY. They'll make good witnesses, Master.

BAILIFF. Bring them all. Come now, Master Printer!

(He goes with RALPH. Deputies follow with books. JONATHAN closes street door and bolts it. Mistress BREWSTER opens door to closet.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. They have gone, William.

(BREWSTER comes from closet.)

BEADLE *(proudly)*. The bailiff mistook my son for you.

BREWSTER. I know. I could hear plainly all that passed. I think he will be discharged as soon as the Burgomaster sees him, but if he is not, I will give myself up, of course.

STANDISH. Nothing will be done till morning. The Burgomaster hath left his office now for the night.

CARVER. We must contrive a way to hide Elder Brewster among us, friends.

OTHERS. Yes — yes!

BREWSTER. That might succeed for a time, but it cannot continue indefinitely. The bailiff will find me sooner or later.

ROBINSON. I fear he will, Elder. Do you not see now, my people, that the very thing some of you thought unlikely but a moment ago hath come to pass? The blow hath fallen. We are as completely in King James's power as if we were in England. No one of us is safe. Shall we wait, then, for other calamities to befall? Speak, all you who objected to our removal from this land. Are you of the same mind still?

FIRST MAN. I withdraw my objection. I see now that we must, indeed, leave Holland, if we would continue to practice our faith.

SECOND MAN. Aye, we must. Mine eyes be opened now.

OTHERS. And mine! And mine!

ROBINSON. Do you all, then, consent to go to America?

ALL OTHERS. Aye! We do! We do!

ROBINSON. So be it, then,—we will go. It only remains now for us to put our savings together that we may obtain a ship and stores. Then we will again go forth from our homes with little save what we can carry in our hands—just as we did from Scrooby. Again we will become Pilgrims, but ever with the same desires—that we may have freedom in our religion, and that our children, and our children's children, and their descendants in the years to come, may continue our faith and worship in peace and security. My people, let us

pray together now that God may bless our new pilgrimage.

(*All kneel.*)

ACT II

TIME: 1620 — *November — daybreak.*

PLACE: *On board the ship Mayflower.*

NEW CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN JONES.	DR. FULLER.
PILOT.	FIRST MAN.
FIRST WOMAN.	SECOND MAN.
SECOND WOMAN.	FIRST CONSPIRATOR.
THIRD WOMAN.	SECOND CONSPIRATOR.
FIRST GIRL.	THIRD CONSPIRATOR.
SECOND GIRL.	FOURTH CONSPIRATOR.
FIRST BOY.	FIFTH CONSPIRATOR.
SECOND BOY.	SIXTH CONSPIRATOR.
THIRD BOY.	FIRST SAILOR.
FIRST MATE.	SECOND SAILOR.
PURITANS, CONSPIRATORS, SAILORS.	

(*Captain JONES and the First Mate are seen on deck, looking out into distance.*)

CAPTAIN. 'T is land, Mate, or mine eyes do deceive me.

MATE. Aye, Captain, 't is land! 'T is shadowy as yet, but 't is land.

CAPTAIN. Say naught to the passengers. Wait till it can be clearly seen.

MATE. Aye, sir.

CAPTAIN. Tell the pilot I would speak with him. You may relieve him at the wheel.

(Exit Mate. Pause. Enter Pilot.)

Well, Pilot, here 's land at last. And 't is the shore of America.

PILOT. There 's no doubt of that, sir.

CAPTAIN. The time hath come, then, to work our plans; that is, if you be still certain of the matters you but recently told me.

PILOT. I had my information from fishermen who have sailed this way. And each declared the country here abounded with gold mines, which we could buy from the savages for a string or two of beads.

CAPTAIN. Perhaps gold mines will be found also to the south in Virginia, whither these Puritans are going.

PILOT. Nay, 't was just here, they said, in exactly this location.

CAPTAIN. 'T is a thought that dazzles my brain! Gold mines! Why, 't will make us as rich as King James!

PILOT. And forget not the wondrous Indian city, with its streets of gold and its jeweled towers. The fishermen said it was beautiful beyond anything seen by mortals.

CAPTAIN. 'T would be pitiful to pass it by. Are the sailors with us?

PILOT. To a man. They talk of the gold mines constantly and of the riches they will win. It would be hard to persuade them to sail past this point.

CAPTAIN. We might land these Puritans here whether they would or no.

PILOT. The sailors are urging that, Captain.

CAPTAIN. But the Puritans are well armed and outnumber our crew.

PILOT. I believe we can count on certain Puritans themselves, sir.

CAPTAIN. Why, how is that?

PILOT. I have just learned, from one of the crew, that there are at least a dozen men here pretending to be Puritans who are not such at all. They came aboard at the last moment when the ship touched at the English port. And now they are planning to overthrow the Puritans as soon as they have landed, and imprison William Brewster and the other Puritan elders.

CAPTAIN. They were, no doubt, sent by certain enemies of the Puritans in England.

PILOT. No doubt. But we can count on them, sir. Indeed, I have caused reports of gold to be spread secretly among them. And now they be talking among themselves in low tones and whispers.

CAPTAIN. 'T is a good sign.

PILOT. Then land these Puritans here, Captain. I can complain to them of the shoals to the south. Every pilot who ever came to this land hath reported them as rough.

CAPTAIN. They could be avoided by sailing out to sea.

PILOT. 'T is true, but that need not be spoken. These Puritans are not seamen.

CAPTAIN. Well, I will suggest that they land here. If they refuse, we might seem to comply and sail on into the shoals a bit.

PILOT. And then turn back?

CAPTAIN. Yes, with excuses of the water. Call the passengers now, from below.

PILOT (*calling*). Land ho! Land ho!

MATE (*off*). Land ho! Land ho!

(*Enter Puritan men, women, children, excited, and calling out joyously.*)

PURITANS. Land! Land! Land!

CAPTAIN. America lies before you, friends!

FIRST WOMAN. Oh, it is a welcome sight!

FIRST MAN. It gladdens mine eyes!

SECOND MAN. And mine!

SECOND WOMAN. I have prayed these many weeks to behold it.

THIRD WOMAN. So have we all, sister. Three long months on the water!

SECOND MAN. Three long months of hardship and storm!

MISTRESS WINSLOW. We can forget that now in the peace of land.

MISTRESS BREWSTER. 'T will bring happiness to those who lie below ill, and weakened with the voyage.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. Aye, it will.

(*Women and men talk aside, looking and pointing to shore.*)

FIRST GIRL. It seems a lonesome place to me — 't is not like Holland at all.

SECOND GIRL. I hope the savages will not kill us the moment of our landing.

FIRST BOY (*gravely*). No one of us may know that till later.

SECOND BOY. 'T is certain to be full of wild beasts.

THIRD BOY. So be it. We came here to suffer willingly.

CHILDREN (*solemnly*). Aye!

BREWSTER. A welcome sight it is, friends, but 't is not our destination.

(*To Captain.*)

According to your chart below, we are much to the north of our lands in Virginia.

CAPTAIN. 'T is true, we are to the north, Elder, but the water is deep and quiet here. 'T is a suitable place for landing.

BREWSTER. Nay, 't is most unsuitable. Here, it is even now cold and wintry. We can plant nothing

till next spring. To the south, we may yet plant and harvest a crop.

CAPTAIN. But there are shoals to the south. The pilot was just warning me.

PILOT. Every pilot who hath sailed this way hath reported them as dangerous.

CAPTAIN. 'T would be cruel to take your sick into such rough seas.

BREWSTER. 'T would be more cruel to let all die of starvation here. We have about exhausted our stores from being so long on our voyage. On what, then, are we to subsist this winter? I do not see how we can land here. What say you, brothers?

CARVER. I agree with you, Elder.

WINSLOW. And I!

BRADFORD. And I!

OTHERS. And I! And I!

BREWSTER. You will sail on to Virginia, Captain.

CAPTAIN. I like it not, but to please you we'll try the shoals. To the southward, Pilot!

(Aside to Pilot.)

Explain to the crew that we mean to turn back.

(Pilot nods and goes. Sailors go with ugly looks at Puritans.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. How happy 't would make our pastor to know we had crossed the waters safely!

MISTRESS CARVER. I would he were with us this day.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. He longed to come, I know, but he thought it his duty to stay in Leyden with those who were obliged to remain because of sickness or poverty.

MISTRESS BRADFORD. But they will all join us later. That is a pleasant thought to hold.

(Others murmur assent.)

DR. FULLER. Brethren, the wind blows cold. 'T would be better to go below, methinks.

BREWSTER. It would, Doctor; so many are weak from illness during the voyage.

(As they go, the First Conspirator crosses to Second Conspirator and speaks with him aside.)

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Call our men together. I have a plan to propose.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR. I'll whisper them now.

(He goes about, whispering to this man and that. All Puritans go but some twelve men, who wear Puritan dress but who seem far below the others in intelligence and worth. They gather around First Conspirator.)

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Men — hark! The time hath come for us to act and take things into our own hands. No longer do we need to keep up this pretense of being Puritans like the rest. We can come out boldly now and snap our fingers at them.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR. Methought we had agreed to wait till we were safely landed and had roofs over our heads.

FOURTH CONSPIRATOR. Aye, and 't was agreed to by all.

FIFTH CONSPIRATOR. Should we come out now against them, we would find ourselves in irons. We are only a handful — they have some fifty men.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Be patient till I explain. Their grant of land lies to the south in Virginia. Therefore, they cannot set up their Puritan government here, for here they have no title.

SIXTH CONSPIRATOR. Why, and so they have not! This land belongs to any one! Any one who will claim it.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Aye, indeed! And so we must force them to land here. Remember we are to have a handsome sum of money from their enemies in England as soon as we succeed in overthrowing them and imprisoning their leaders.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR. Besides, 't will give us the chance of holding these gold mines for ourselves.

FIFTH CONSPIRATOR. That is all very well, but on what shall we live in the mean time?

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. We will compel the Indians to give us food.

(Murmurs of assent from others.)

FOURTH CONSPIRATOR. But how can we force the Puritans to land here? Have you a plan for that?

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Why, we can pretend the shoals to the south are not safe for the sick.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR. 'Tis a very good plan. We can make a strong case to the Captain.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Do you all consent?

OTHERS. Aye! We do! We do!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Then come. We'll go to the Captain at once!

(They go. Pause. Enter BREWSTER; paces deck; shows he is deeply troubled. Enter Dr. FULLER with medicine case; crosses quickly.)

BREWSTER. One moment, Doctor Fuller—I would speak with you.

DOCTOR. I have only a minute, Elder—

BREWSTER. How be our sick? Tell me frankly, Doctor.

DOCTOR. 'Tis bad with them, Elder. Some lie very low, indeed.

BREWSTER. Is there any hope?

DOCTOR. Very little, if this rough voyage continues.

BREWSTER. Would it be better for them to land at once?

DOCTOR. If they could be cared for ashore, it would. We are likely to have more storms in these shoals, and then the cabin must be shut tight—no fresh air can enter. And 'tis lack of air during the storms, that hath made them ill in the first place.

BREWSTER. 'Tis a dreadful situation!

DOCTOR. I will speak with you anon, Elder. I am now on my way to a patient.

(Exit.)

(*Enter Captain JONES, followed by conspirators.*)

CAPTAIN. Master Brewster, I have sent for all your men. There are certain things I have to say.

BREWSTER (*surprised*). Why, what hath happened, Captain?

(*Enter Puritan men. Enter sailors.*)

CAPTAIN. Puritans, I feel it my duty to tell you that some of your number are dissatisfied. Indeed, many have come to me privately to complain of this sailing south. They urge the condition of the sick, who may not survive the rough waters of the shoals.

BREWSTER. Cannot these shoals be avoided by sailing out to sea some miles?

CAPTAIN. Well — that might be done, but 't would take too long a time — and my sailors are impatient.

FIRST SAILOR. Land them here, Captain! Put them off with their goods and let them shift for themselves.

OTHER SAILORS. Aye! Aye!

BREWSTER. That would be outrageous! You must not leave us till we have built a house, or at least a roof to shelter our sick.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Some desire to land here in spite of Master Brewster.

BREWSTER. What is that? You say you desire to land here! Don't you realize we are likely to starve?

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. We can trade with the Indians for food.

CARVER. But suppose they are hostile to us?

CAPTAIN. That was the risk you took when you came. I tell you, sirs, I will land you here. You can make your plans accordingly.

(Exit. Sailors go, pleased.)

STANDISH. Shall we submit to this, Elder?

BREWSTER. We are so encompassed with difficulties, I see nothing else but to yield.

CARVER. 'T is all we can do, brother.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. Have you thought of this — that, having no grant to this land, you have no right to set up any laws or government here?

(Puritans look at him amazed.)

BREWSTER. Then, sirs, we will make an agreement, which shall serve in place of a grant. This agreement will give to every man a voice in the government of our colony, and will provide that none amongst us shall be supreme, and that all of us are equals. Do you approve of this, brothers? 'T is a thing we have often discussed.

PURITANS. Yes — yes! I approve! I approve!

(Conspirators are silent. BREWSTER looks at them keenly.)

BREWSTER. Will you draw up this agreement, Master Carver?

CARVER. I will, and gladly. I will prepare the paper at once.

(Exit.)

BEADLE. I'll sign, I will! Did you hear that, Ralph? *All men here are equals —*

RALPH. 'Tis our Puritan belief, father.

BREWSTER. The paper will soon be ready to sign. So go you now to the cabin, friends.

(All go but BREWSTER, STANDISH, and conspirators. BREWSTER turns to them.)

BREWSTER. Why do you not go below to sign?

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. I do not mean to sign it.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR. No, nor I!

OTHER CONSPIRATORS. Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

(Enter Captain JONES.)

CAPTAIN. We have anchored, Masters, and a boat is ready to take any ashore.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. We'll go, captain, at once.

BREWSTER. Nay, but you will not!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. You have no right to give orders here. We'll go ashore if we choose.

OTHER CONSPIRATORS. Aye! We will — We will!

BREWSTER. Call our men, Captain Standish.

(Exit STANDISH. BREWSTER turns to the conspirators.)

We have suspected you from the first, and are fully prepared to deal with you. You think you can harass and embarrass our plans, but you shall not. Captain Jones, not a man will leave this ship till all have signed the agreement. Furthermore, we will enforce this request. Our men are ready with muskets, and are fully prepared for revolt.

CAPTAIN. 'Tis well. No one shall leave till you speak the word.

(Exit. Enter Puritan men with muskets.)

BREWSTER. Now, will you sign or no?

FIRST CONSPIRATOR. What if we refuse, sir?

BREWSTER. We will seize you and put you in irons.

(Conspirators go, sullenly, followed by Puritans with muskets. BREWSTER is alone. He sighs and stands looking to land. Enter Mistress BREWSTER; crosses to him.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. 'Tis a beautiful land, this America!

BREWSTER. 'Tis very beautiful, Mary.

(Pause. Mistress BREWSTER looks at him keenly.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER. You do seem dispirited, William.

BREWSTER. Only for the moment. In my heart I rejoice that we came. I feel certain that we shall prosper here and that our faith shall live triumphant.

MARY. I pray God that it may be so.

ACT III

NEW CHARACTERS

SAMOSET.

MASSASOIT.

FIRST WOMAN.

DRUMMER.

SECOND WOMAN.

TRUMPETER.

BRAVES.

SCENE I

TIME: 1621. April — early morning.

PLACE: America. New Plymouth.

(The narrow street is seen leading to gate of palisade, which is made of saplings. On both sides of street are log houses. A few children play quietly in the small dooryards. RALPH WEXTON is on guard at gate which is open, showing the forest beyond. A Puritan woman comes from house on right and crosses to gate. She carries an empty water pail. A second Puritan woman enters gate from forest; carries pail filled with water.)

FIRST WOMAN. I give you good morrow, Mistress.

SECOND WOMAN. Good morrow to you, Mistress. You go to the spring?

FIRST WOMAN. Aye, and you have been there before me. I thought to be first, — 't is so early.

SECOND WOMAN. I must rise early these days, — there is so much work to do.

FIRST WOMAN. With so many sick, there is double work for us all.

SECOND WOMAN. Doctor Fuller hath just told me that the worst of the sickness is over. I saw him as he passed by this morning, from watching in the hospital house.

FIRST WOMAN. He hath been a devoted nurse.

SECOND WOMAN. And so hath Elder Brewster and Captain Standish. No woman could have done better.

FIRST WOMAN. 'T is strange all the women were taken so ill. There are scarcely half of us left.

SECOND WOMAN. And not more than half of the men.

FIRST WOMAN. 'T is God's mercy that any live. It seemed, for a time, that all of us would die of starvation in those terrible winter months.

SECOND WOMAN. And so we would, had it not been for the corn our men found, hidden in the ground by Indians.

FIRST WOMAN. 'T was that alone that saved us. And now the game hath come back to the woods, and the spring air hath revived us.

SECOND WOMAN. Aye, the worst is surely over.

(*Enter Captain JONES from open.*)

CAPTAIN (*to Guard*). I come to see Governor Carver.

GUARD. He hath gone to the fields to work, Captain Jones.

CAPTAIN. Hath Elder Brewster also gone?

GUARD. Nay, he is nursing the sick.

CAPTAIN. Where will I find him at this hour?

SECOND WOMAN. I know, Captain. I will tell him you have come.

CAPTAIN. I thank you, Mistress.

(*Exit second woman up street. First woman passes through gate into forest. Other women and girls now appear and pass through gate with their water pails. Boys pass through and return with wood for fire. Captain turns to RALPH.*)

How is your good father, the beadle?

GUARD. He died, Captain, only recently.

CAPTAIN. I am sorry to hear that, Master Wexton.

GUARD. This climate was too cold for him, after being weakened with the voyage.

CAPTAIN. That hath seemed the trouble with all. And is it not strange that those who plotted to overthrow all law and order were taken among the first!

GUARD. Of them all not one remains. But the good and useful were taken, too.

CAPTAIN. And I have lost almost half of my crew.

GUARD. It hath been a terrible sickness.

(Enter Elder BREWSTER.)

BREWSTER. Good morrow, Captain. I have sent your message to Governor Carver, who will no doubt come to see you.

CAPTAIN. I thank you, Master Brewster.

BREWSTER. How fare your sick sailors?

CAPTAIN. Many are well now, and the others are much better. They one and all send their thanks to you and yours for the kindness you have shown them. You have nursed my men and brought many back to life and health. We are all most grateful to you.

(Enter Governor CARVER from forest. He carries a musket.)

CARVER. You wished to see me, Captain?

CAPTAIN. Aye, Governor Carver. I wish your per-

mission to return to England with the *Mayflower*. 'T is the first day in all these months I have felt that my crew was able to sail.

CARVER. You have, indæd, had a grievous time, and I would we could grant your request. But we cannot, just at present. Indeed, we may need the ship as a refuge — we fear the Indians will attack us.

CAPTAIN. Why — how is that? Methinks they would have attacked you long ago, if such had been their purpose.

CARVER. We cannot guess their purpose. They come not to trade, nor to hold any discourse with us. Of late they lurk about, but disappear if we approach. Recently, some appeared on yon hill and made threatening gestures to us. So now we go armed to the fields and keep a guard here constantly.

CAPTAIN. They run from my sailors, who have been exploring the coast for gold mines.

CARVER. Have you found any gold?

CAPTAIN. No, nor any trace. We have given it up entirely.

(*Enter BRADFORD from forest, running. He carries a musket.*)

BRADFORD. An Indian comes! All in the fields did see him. And no other did we see but one.

CARVER. It may be a trick — to put us off our guard. Ralph, give the signal to call all in from the fields and spring.

(RALPH fires into air. Enter women and children from cabins. Enter women and children from forest. Enter men from forest with muskets. Enter Dr. FULLER and STANDISH from a cabin.)

AN INDIAN comes! Men, have your muskets ready. 'Tis the first visitor we have had from them — we must be prepared for treachery.

RALPH (at gate: looking off). He comes!

(Pause. An Indian brave, SAMOSET, appears at gate; looks about; enters and lays his bow and arrows upon ground. He then holds out his hands in welcome.)

SAMOSET. Welcome — Englishmen —

(All show surprise.)

CARVER. Why — you speak English!

SAMOSET. English fishermen here before. Me call Samoset.

CARVER. We are your friends, Samoset. We have not come here to harm your people. We wish to be friends with them.

SAMOSET. 'Tis well. Massasoit come to see you. Massasoit great chief —

(Indicates great expanse of land.)

Massasoit near — he come soon — to-day.

(Puritans show consternation.)

CARVER. Comes he for peace or war?

SAMOSET. Massasoit come to see white chief — come here to your wigwam.

BRADFORD. Come his warriors with him?

SAMOSSET. Massasoit come with braves. See —
(Shows with fingers the number forty.)

BREWSTER *(aside to CARVER)*. Forty braves! They could easily overpower us — with so many of our number sick.

CARVER *(aside to BREWSTER)*. We dare not refuse to see them, but we can ask them to enter unarmed.

BREWSTER. By all means!

CARVER *(to SAMOSSET)*. Tell Massasoit that we are his brothers. Tell him we will welcome him and his followers here, and that we will make a treaty with him — a treaty that will be just to the Indians. Do you understand, Samoset?

SAMOSSET. Samoset know — good treaty — Samoset tell Massasoit.

CARVER. And tell him that we will pay him for the corn we found hidden in a mound. We were starving, and obliged to take it. But we will make amends.

SAMOSSET. Samoset tell Massasoit —

CARVER. Tell your chief one thing more — If he and his braves will come unarmed, we will lay down our arms likewise.

SAMOSSET. 'T is well — Massasoit wait by brook. Englishmen — good-bye.

(Exit with dignity.)

STANDISH. The brook is near. They will be here within a few minutes.

DR. FULLER. We should use every means in our power to make a friend of this chief. Our safety depends upon it.

BRADFORD. We must make a treaty that will please him. I would suggest that we draw up a set of rules to govern all trading between Indians and whites.

OTHERS. Yes — yes !

CARVER. I will appoint you, Masters Bradford, Brewster, and Winslow, to draw up this treaty at once, with rules such as Master Bradford suggested.

BREWSTER. Come to my cabin, Masters.

(They go up street.)

CAPTAIN JONES. 'T would be well to present this chief with some finery. Think you not so, Governor ?

CARVER. I do, indeed. 'T will please him mightily.

DR. FULLER. I have a fancy coat that belonged to an English officer. 'T is bright red, and 't is trimmed with gilt buttons and lace.

CARVER. Fetch it to me, Doctor. I will present it with ceremony.

(Exit Dr. FULLER.)

And I, as governor, should appear in state, with drummer and with trumpet.

(Others laugh.)

And then we will conduct our guests to the new cabin being built. It lacks only the doors and roof. We can call it our council hall.

OTHERS. Yes — yes —

MISTRESS BREWSTER. I'll fetch a rug and cushions for the chief to sit upon.

MISTRESS CARVER. And I will fetch some meat for him.

MISTRESS WINSLOW. And I will fetch some fruit.

CARVER. Why, then, we will have a feast for the chief. But we cannot feed the warriors — there is not enough food in Plymouth.

(*Women go. CARVER becomes grave.*)

Captain Standish, have your men ready. Fire at the first sign of treachery. If, however, they lay down their arms, receive them with military honors.

STANDISH. We will watch them, Governor.

CARVER. Come, friends, let us prepare!

(*All go but children and STANDISH and his men. These the Captain forms in two lines on either side of gate.*)

RALPH (*looking to forest*). They come, Captain! Look — there at the border of the woods!

STANDISH (*looking*). Aye! They are laying their bows and arrows down! Go, Ralph, tell the Governor! Stack your muskets, men!

(*Exit RALPH up street. Men stack muskets. Pause. Enter SAMOSET.*)

SAMOSET. Massasoit here — Englishmen!

(*Pause. Enter MASSASOIT and forty braves. STANDISH and men salute them. A drum and a trumpet heard off in village. Enter Governor CARVER, preceded by the drummer and trumpeter.*)

Puritans follow. Governor CARVER bows to MASSASOIT, who bears himself with great dignity.)

CARVER. Great Chief, we salute you. We welcome you with open arms, and present you our love and greetings.

(SAMOSET mutters a few words to MASSASOIT, who nods head gravely and mutters to SAMOSET.)

SAMOSET. Massasoit say 't is well — Massasoit greet white chief.

CARVER. Will the great chief come now to our council hall? We would discuss a treaty of peace that shall last as long as we live in this land.

(SAMOSET speaks with MASSASOIT in Indian language as before.)

SAMOSET. Massasoit say 't is well — he counsel with white chief.

(CARVER motions to drummer and trumpeter to play, and the procession starts up street ; CARVER walking with MASSASOIT. Others follow.)

SCENE II

TIME: *Two hours later.*

PLACE: *The same.*

(No one is seen except guard at gate — RALPH WEXTON. Pause. Drum and trumpet heard off. Enter Captain STANDISH and his men marching. They form in two lines on either side of gate. En-



"WILL THE GREAT CHIEF COME NOW TO OUR COUNCIL HALL?"



ter drummer and trumpeter playing. Enter Governor CARVER and MASSASOIT, who wears his red coat proudly. Enter leading Puritans and SAMOSET. Enter Indian braves — then all Puritans — men, women, children.)

CARVER (to SAMOSET). Tell Massasoit we wish him to come again.

(SAMOSET and MASSASOIT speak together.)

SAMOSET. Massasoit come again — he pleased — say white chief his brother.

(MASSASOIT speaks to SAMOSET who continues :)

Massasoit say he hope treaty last —

CARVER. 'T is our hope, too, Samoset. And we will keep it (*pointing to sky*), as there is a God in Heaven.

(SAMOSET translates to MASSASOIT, who nods and speaks, also pointing to sky.)

SAMOSET. Massasoit say Great Spirit watch over treaty. Massasoit say good-bye.

(CARVER bows to MASSASOIT, who makes a dignified and graceful motion of farewell. He goes, followed by SAMOSET and braves.)

BREWSTER. Praise be to God that peace is made!

WINSLOW. Aye, praises and thanksgiving!

(*Murmurs of assent from others.*)

BRADFORD. The treaty is as fair to the Indian as to us, and I believe they realized it.

CARVER. 'T is a thing, I think, to be proud of. And now, brothers, another matter must claim our

attention. Captain Jones wishes to return at once to England. What say you? Now that this peace hath been made, and that all our sick are better, is there any reason why we should keep the Mayflower here?

BREWSTER. I know no reason for it.

OTHERS. Nor I! Nor I!

CAPTAIN JONES. Are you all willing, then, to let the ship return?

ALL PURITANS. Aye!

CAPTAIN JONES. Your goodness to me hath made me loth to leave you here without the refuge of my ship. But I feel that I must return now.

CARVER. You may set sail, Captain, as soon as it pleases you. And bear our love to our friends at home.

CAPTAIN. I will do so, Governor, and I will sail tomorrow. But 't is with the deepest regret I go. It saddens my heart to leave you here with only savages for neighbors. Do you not wish to return? I'll take any, or all of you gladly.

CARVER. If any wish to go, they may, and with honor. No one of us knows what the future holds in store for us. At present, the Indians are friendly. How long will they remain so? We know life cannot be easy here. There will be both hardships and dangers. So, my friends, you have only to speak, and you shall return to England.

(Silence. Pause.)

CAPTAIN. 'T will be a fair journey back at this time of year, with no such storms as accompanied us.

(Silence. Pause.)

Do you realize that the nearest white man is in Virginia — five hundred miles to the south?

BREWSTER. God hath brought us here to do his work. If we live, our faith will live. If we die, untimely, it may be some poor savage will then have our faith and convert his savage brothers. So, no matter what fate befall, we will give thanks to God with hearts full of joy that He hath permitted us to come to this land.

PURITANS *(solemnly)*. Amen!

CAPTAIN. So be it, then. I shall tell all England that I left you singing your songs of joy. And now, farewell, my dear friends! May God protect and guide you! Farewell!

PURITANS. Farewell! Farewell!

(Exit Captain JONES.)

TABLEAU

On a great sweep of coast, stand a small group of Puritan men, women, and children — not more than sixty in all. They are waving to the Mayflower, which is sailing out to sea.



THE BOSTON TEA PARTY
OR
DESCENDANTS OF THE PILGRIMS

ACT I

TIME: 1773—December 15. Sunday morning.
PLACE: Boston, Colony of Massachusetts.

SAMUEL ADAMS.	FIRST CITIZEN.
JOHN ADAMS.	SECOND CITIZEN.
DR. WARREN.	THIRD CITIZEN.
JOSIAH QUINCY.	FOURTH CITIZEN.
JOHN HANCOCK.	FIFTH CITIZEN.
YOUNG MAN.	SIXTH CITIZEN.
FIRST GIRL.	SEVENTH CITIZEN.
SECOND GIRL.	EIGHTH CITIZEN.
THIRD GIRL.	NINTH CITIZEN.
FOURTH GIRL.	TENTH CITIZEN.
OLD LADY.	ELEVENTH CITIZEN.
BOY.	TWELFTH CITIZEN.
CRIER.	TORIES.
TORY.	PATRIOTS.

(An open square is seen with many leafless elm trees and shrubs. In center is a large elm that towers above them all. Opening into the square are several narrow streets with houses built close to-

gether. Men, women, and children pass through square to church. Enter four girls with their Bibles. Enter a young man with placards. He crosses to large elm in center and tacks a placard to it. Church-goers stop; look at him astonished.)

FIRST GIRL. Look! He is putting up a notice!

SECOND GIRL. Has he forgot it is the Sabbath?

THIRD GIRL. He must be a Tory. It is like them to commit such an unseemly act.

FOURTH GIRL. They are announcing, perhaps, a parade of the king's troops to-day.

THIRD GIRL. Who will march past our church to annoy us.

FIRST GIRL. Just as they did recently, when they played Yankee Doodle outside, during an entire service.

FOURTH GIRL. Well, we need not read their placard. If we take this path to the right, we will not even pass it.

(They turn away from tree. Young man with placards has now finished his work: starts off; overtakes girls.)

YOUNG MAN (lifting his hat respectfully). Have you read the placard?

SECOND GIRL (stiffly). No, and we do not care to read it.

FOURTH GIRL (stiffly). We do not read Tory notices.

YOUNG MAN. It is not a Tory notice! The tea is coming!

GIRLS (*interested*). Tea!

YOUNG MAN. Tea. The Patriots are calling a meeting. The placard there on that old elm tree will tell you all about it.

(*Exit. Girls run to tree. Others hasten to tree from all parts of square. All read placard.*)

FIRST CITIZEN (*pointing to placard*). Do you see that? It is indeed the hour of our destruction!

SECOND CITIZEN. It is an insult to every Patriot in this land!

THIRD CITIZEN. We should rise as one man to defend our rights!

(*Cries of "Yes — yes — we should — we should!"*)

OLD LADY. Will some one please read it for me? I have forgotten my glasses.

FOURTH CITIZEN (*reading aloud from placard*). "Friends! Brethren! Countrymen! That worst of plagues, the detested Tea shipped for this port from England, is about to arrive in the harbor. The hour of Destruction stares you now in the face! Every friend to his Country, to Himself, and to Posterity is now called upon to meet in the square when the town crier shall ring his bell — to make united resistance to this last and worst of the king's oppressions."

OLD LADY. Well, I for one, shall drink none of that tea.

FIFTH CITIZEN. I doubt if you'll have a chance, Mistress. Mr. Samuel Adams has declared it shall never be unloaded here in Boston.

OLD LADY. A blessing on Samuel Adams! He is a Patriot through and through!

SIXTH CITIZEN. A nobler man has never lived.

SEVENTH CITIZEN. No, nor a more intelligent. He is a keen politician, too, — no man in this country is shrewder.

EIGHTH CITIZEN. It is said Governor Hutchinson offered him a large sum of money to forsake us in this quarrel and go over to the Tories.

NINTH CITIZEN. It is true. It happened only yesterday. And Mr. Adams refused him with scorn.

TENTH CITIZEN. The governor is a Tory, and is a mere tool for King George. He has no sympathy for us.

ELEVENTH CITIZEN. He has said the tea shall be landed.

TWELFTH CITIZEN. We shall soon see who will win — the governor or Mr. Adams. The first tea-ship will be in to-day.

(A hand bell is heard off in distance.)

A BOY. It is the town crier! I saw him in another place.

(Bell heard nearer.)

OLD LADY. He comes this way!

(Bell heard just off. Enter the Crier ringing hand bell. Stops ringing; calls out —)

CRIER. Hark ye, citizens! The dreaded ships are coming! One ship has been sighted! So come you now to the old elm tree! Come, if you be Patriots!

(Exit, ringing bell. Enter many men, women, and young people of all ages and classes.)

FIRST CITIZEN. Look you! Mr. Samuel Adams is coming!

(Enter SAMUEL ADAMS. He is accompanied by DR. WARREN, JOHN ADAMS, JOSIAH QUINCY, and other men of prominence. All are men of unusual intelligence, and of noble and dignified demeanor. They cross to elm in center. Enter other citizens, till square is packed. SAMUEL ADAMS steps forward; lifts hand. There is instant silence.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. Brothers — countrymen! We have not forgot it is the Sabbath day, but for once we must lay our Puritan scruples aside. As that placard told you — the hour of the destruction of our liberties is indeed at hand. The first ship bearing the taxed tea will be in our harbor to-day. Two other such ships will arrive by to-morrow. Is it not time then, that we should come to some agreement, despite this holy day?

VOICES. Yes — yes! We should! We should!

SAMUEL ADAMS. We must prepare ourselves for action. Long have we talked of this fatal day — when the first tea-ship should come. Many meetings have we held, and this committee (*indicating*

men with him), appointed by the Patriots of Boston, has waited again upon Governor Hutchinson. And again has his Excellency advised us to receive the tea.

(Murmurs of indignation.)

Long ago, when first we knew that a tax had been placed on our tea by King George and his obedient Parliament, we declared such a tax unjust to us. But, despite our protests, England has not only willfully fixed this tax, but has sent us tea, as if she would compel us to take it.

(Murmurs of indignation.)

His Majesty evidently does not think we can be in earnest when we say we will not pay taxes to the English government unless we can be represented in that government. For many years have we petitioned King George to allow us a representative in Parliament, but this the king persistently refuses. Indeed, he has openly declared that his American subjects shall be taxed at his will, and that they shall have nothing to say in regard to their own government.

(Murmurs of indignation.)

For many years England has taxed us heavily. Beginning with 1764, we were required to pay, yearly, large sums of money into the royal treasury. And that, in spite of our enfeebled condition brought upon us by England herself, through the long war she waged on this land against her enemy, the

French. You know how we came to England's aid in that war. You know how heavily we taxed ourselves, and gave men, money, and provisions. One million pounds were given by this State alone. And the flower of our youth went forth to their death. Does that spell disloyalty to our mother country, friends?

VOICES. No! No!

SAMUEL ADAMS. No, we were never disloyal. Indeed, I think we pride ourselves on being descendants of Englishmen. No one of us forgets that our forefathers were Englishmen, and came here to establish English life in the wilderness. We were brought up with the love of England in our hearts. And how have we been requited? Our free commerce with other lands has been suppressed — we must now trade only with England. Our homes can be entered and searched by her agents at any time, and we have no power to prevent it. Our grievances are so many indeed, that I will not attempt to repeat them. You know them all too well. Our courteous petitions asking for a voice in Parliament have been answered by insulting royal orders. His Majesty, who should have been deeply interested in our welfare, commanded us to cease our public meetings. We were prohibited even the right of free speech! We — free men — were treated as slaves!

(Murmurs of indignation.)

English soldiers were sent here to compel our obedience, and to insult us by their presence. They are a constant reminder that we are only hirelings to fill the king's treasure box. Why, even the English chimney-sweeps speak of us as "their subjects." And now comes this last wrong to us! To be sure the tax is small, and the tea with the tax will not cost us as much as we are paying now for the tea we buy from Holland. But that is not the question.

VOICES. No! No! It is not!

SAMUEL ADAMS. The question is the principle at stake. Shall we suffer ourselves to be taxed without representation in Parliament? What say you, my countrymen? What say you?

PEOPLE. No! No! No!

SAMUEL ADAMS. Are there any here who disagree with us?

TORY. We should obey our king, no matter what he orders.

(Hisses.)

VOICES. Tory! Tory!

SAMUEL ADAMS. And why, pray, should we obey a king so slavishly? No civilized nation does so to-day. England, herself, has her Parliament, which very often opposes the ruling monarch.

TORY. Ah, but that is different. Parliament is composed of Englishmen. We are only Colonists.

(Indignant murmurs from many.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. I fail to see the difference, sir. We are entitled to the same consideration from King George as his subjects who are living in England.

VOICES. Yes! Yes! We are! We are!

SAMUEL ADAMS. Then, friends, we must now, for once and all, stand firm to our principle. This must be the hour of our revolt. Indeed, if we submit now, we need never more raise a voice in protest. That tea must not be landed!

VOICES (*with applause*). No! No!

FIRST CITIZEN. But how can we prevent it, Mr. Adams? Governor Hutchinson has declared he will stand by the king and regard the tax as legal.

SAMUEL ADAMS. I will ask the members of my committee to answer that and any other question. Dr. Warren —

DR. WARREN. Our governor now shows a curious desire to be out of this quarrel entirely. He left yesterday for his summer home in the country. And this is the month of December!

(*Laughter.*)

SECOND CITIZEN. Where are the consignees who were appointed by King George to receive the tea? Why do they not resign?

SAMUEL ADAMS (*turning to JOHN ADAMS*). Will you answer that, Mr. Adams?

JOHN ADAMS. As some of you know, my friends, we have called on these consignees repeatedly, ask-

ing them to resign. This, they have refused to do, though they know full well that the tea must be sent back to England, if there is no officer here to receive it.

THIRD CITIZEN. Force them to resign! They are all Tories!

VOICES. Force them! Force them!

JOHN ADAMS. Nay, we must proceed quietly and legally, as far as possible, friends. Mr. John Hancock is waiting upon the consignees now to ask them to come to this meeting and resign their commissions publicly.

(Applause.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. In the mean time, Mr. Quincy has a matter to report to you.

QUINCY. Friends, be it known to you all, that yesterday, in a great mass meeting, the women of Boston resolved to drink no more tea till the tax be removed.

(Great applause.)

FOURTH CITIZEN. They are Patriots — those women — Patriots!

VOICES *(with applause)*. Aye — aye! Patriots!

(Enter JOHN HANCOCK, a refined and educated gentleman of some forty years: crosses to elm.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. And now, friends, Mr. Hancock has come from the consignees. What have you to report, Mr. Hancock?

HANCOCK. Mr. Adams, — Gentlemen of the Com-

mittee, — Countrymen, — I found the three consignees in their warehouse, and put the case before them. I told them that it was the earnest desire of every Patriot in Boston that they resign their office. I asked them, with courtesy, to come here to-day, and resign publicly, that our confidence in them might be renewed, and our respect for them increased, but they refused —

VOICES (*indignantly*). Refused!

HANCOCK. Yes, my friends, they refused with boldness — indeed, I might say with impudence.

FIFTH CITIZEN (*excitedly*). To their warehouse, men!

VOICES (*angrily*). Yes — yes! To their warehouse!

SAMUEL ADAMS. No, no, friends! We cannot compel the consignees to resign through destruction of their property. Besides, if we would have the respect of our sister Colonies, we must show them that our actions are guided by reason. And it may be that King George and his Ministers will realize that we are sober-minded men with whom they cannot trifle. Let us concentrate our energy on one thing alone — a steady determination to refuse this tea sent by England. Do you all agree to that?

ALL (*but a few Tories*). We do! We do!

SAMUEL ADAMS. Then, my countrymen, the purpose of this meeting has been accomplished. Your hearty response proves that you will coöperate with

your committee in any plan they may formulate. And be assured, we will do something.

(Applause.)

So, friends, we will now disperse. But be at the docks when the tea ships come. There may be work for you all.

(Applause, and cries of assent. All going.)

ACT II

TIME: *The following afternoon.*

PLACE: *Boston, Governor Hutchinson's office.*

NEW CHARACTERS

GOVERNOR'S SECRETARY.	FIRST CONSIGNEE.
UNDER-SECRETARY.	SECOND CONSIGNEE.
MR. ROTCH.	THIRD CONSIGNEE.

CAPTAIN HALL.

(A handsomely furnished office is seen. The Secretary paces the floor anxiously. Enter the Under-Secretary, a much younger man than the Secretary.)

UNDER-SECRETARY. Mr. Rotch has come, Mr. Simms.

SECRETARY *(irritably)*. Again! This is the third time since noon! The tea, I suppose — ?

UNDER-SECRETARY. Yes, Mr. Simms. I told him the governor was still out of town, and that nothing could be done in his absence, but he says something

must be done. Mr. Rotch is in a towering rage, sir. He insists upon seeing you.

SECRETARY. What can I do? Does n't Mr. Rotch understand that I am only a secretary? The governor left no instructions in regard to the tea.

UNDER-SECRETARY. So I told him, but he says he will not leave this office till he has some kind of an order from you.

SECRETARY. Orders to whom? Haven't the citizens taken things into their own hands? Does he think they will obey us? We are in something of a mess, Mr. Wexton.

UNDER-SECRETARY. So was the governor. He ran away to get out of it.

SECRETARY. Mr. Wexton! I am astonished! Do you criticise his Excellency?

UNDER-SECRETARY. I beg your pardon, Mr. Simms.

SECRETARY. You may show Mr. Rotch in.

UNDER-SECRETARY. The captain of the ship is with him.

SECRETARY. I will see them both.

(Exit Under-Secretary. Secretary waits nervously. Enter ROTCH and Captain HALL. ROTCH is a prosperous-looking American merchant. HALL is an English sea captain. Both are now indignant. Secretary bows.)

Gentlemen, be seated.

(Men remain standing.)

ROTC. Sir, I am the owner of that ill-fated tea-ship that came in yesterday —

SECRETARY. I know, Mr. Rotch. I appreciate your position.

ROTC. What is to be done about that tea?

SECRETARY. I wish I knew, Mr. Rotch.

ROTC. Do you know that Captain Hall here was told to unload it at the peril of his life?

HALL. And in no uncertain language. Some twenty-five men boarded my ship the moment she docked, and served that notice upon me. And they threatened to fire at the first man who attempted to take any of the tea ashore.

ROTC. And these armed men are now patrolling the docks and shore. And other armed men relieved them last night.

SECRETARY. I know — I am posted on all that has occurred. It is unfortunate that all this should happen while the governor is away.

ROTC (*impatiently*). Why is he away? He knew my ship was coming. And off he runs to his country place!

SECRETARY. I thought that you were a good Tory, Mr. Rotch.

ROTC. I am, of course. I am somewhat unstrung just now — I scarce know what I am saying.

SECRETARY. The sheriff has gone to see the governor to ask him what to do.

ROTC. When will he return?

SECRETARY. In about two hours, unless the governor should detain him.

(Enter Under-Secretary.)

UNDER-SECRETARY. The consignees have come, Mr. Simms. They are asking for instructions.

SECRETARY. Tell them the governor left no message for them. And tell them about the sheriff.

(Exit Under-Secretary.)

ROTCH *(to HALL)*. Two of these consignees are sons-in-law of Governor Hutchinson's. They will be able to settle the matter, I think.

(Enter Under-Secretary.)

UNDER-SECRETARY. The consignees insist upon seeing you, Mr. Simms.

SECRETARY *(wearily)*. Let them enter — certainly.

(Exit Under-Secretary. Pause. Enter the three consignees. They are richly dressed and bear themselves with importance. The Secretary bows to them humbly, but they are too excited to notice salutations.)

FIRST CONSIGNEE. You say the governor left no instructions for us?

SECRETARY. No, Mr. Clark, nothing.

SECOND CONSIGNEE. What are we to do, then? The rebels are calling at us in the streets to resign, and to resign instantly.

THIRD CONSIGNEE. They will be at our warehouse next, with a mob!

FIRST CONSIGNEE. Aye, they will! I tell you, Mr. Simms, this matter has got to be settled at once!

SECRETARY. What can I do, gentlemen? Here's Mr. Rotch and Captain Hall who are saying the same. I tell you I can do nothing. No doubt the sheriff will bring some message from the governor.

FIRST CONSIGNEE. He may not return for hours, and in the mean time our property is in danger. You must call out the king's troops, Mr. Simms.

SECRETARY. I have no power to do that, gentlemen!

SECOND CONSIGNEE. I'll stand responsible for you, Mr. Simms. I am related to his Honor.

THIRD CONSIGNEE. We will all be responsible for you.

ROTCH. It would settle the matter at once. The ships could be unloaded then without trouble. The people would n't face two thousand soldiers with muskets.

(The Secretary seems to be impressed. Enter Under-Secretary.)

UNDER-SECRETARY. A committee of Patriots to see the governor, Mr. Simms —

SECOND CONSIGNEE *(sneering)*. Patriots! They are nothing but rabble.

UNDER-SECRETARY *(indignantly)*. These gentlemen are the leading citizens of Boston, sir. You cannot call them rabble.

SECRETARY. Mr. Wexton!

UNDER-SECRETARY (*not heeding*). Your Tory governor ran away from them — they were far too clever for him.

FIRST CONSIGNEE. Mr. Wexton, you will be dismissed when the governor returns, if my influence counts for anything.

UNDER-SECRETARY. I will go now! My ancestors came over in the Mayflower, sirs, and I'll not disgrace them by staying.

(Exit indignantly.)

SECRETARY. Gentlemen, I apologize. We thought Mr. Wexton a Tory.

THIRD CONSIGNEE. Oh, we meet that now on every side. They are going mad with their patriotism.

FIRST CONSIGNEE. Admit the committee, Mr. Simms. They may be ready to compromise.

(Secretary crosses; opens door.)

SECRETARY (*speaking off*). Gentlemen, will you enter?

(Enter SAMUEL ADAMS, HANCOCK, and QUINCY. They are dignified and calm; bow formally to consignees and others.)

HANCOCK (*to Secretary*). We have called to see the governor, thinking he may have returned.

SECRETARY. He has not come as yet, gentlemen. May I not deliver your message to him?

HANCOCK. You may tell his Excellency that we have found a way out of this trouble. We desire him to send the ships back to England at once with the tea.

ROTC. No, I object to that, sir. I might be held responsible for the loss of the tea to the company.

SAMUEL ADAMS. You will not lose a penny, Mr. Rotch. The citizens of Boston will pay you for any loss you may sustain. We are willing, also, to pay the company for the tea.

ROTC. In that case, I am willing to have the ships return.

FIRST CONSIGNEE. The matter cannot be settled so easily. Before the ships can set sail, they must have papers for clearing the harbor, and the consent of the consignees.

ROTC. Then, gentlemen, I ask you for your consent. With that, I can easily obtain my papers from the custom-house.

FIRST CONSIGNEE. Mr. Rotch, we are responsible to King George for the proper care of this business. Therefore, it is my opinion that we cannot give our consent.

THIRD CONSIGNEE (*to first*). I agree with you, sir.

SECOND CONSIGNEE. It would be the same as resigning.

QUINCY (*to Consignees*). Then, since you will do nothing to help us out of this trouble, you would do well to seek safety at once.

THIRD CONSIGNEE. Seek safety! What do you mean, Mr. Quincy?

QUINCY. I mean that the wrath of our people has

been aroused. We may not be able to control them. They look upon you as traitors.

CONSIGNEES (*alarmed*). Traitors!

QUINCY. What else could we call you? You were born in this country; you went to our schools; you have made your living among us. The people have not forgotten these things.

FIRST CONSIGNEE. We will call out the troops!

HANCOCK. We are fully prepared for that, sir. For months, Boston men have drilled in secret. And the near-by towns have drilled, and will come to our aid if necessary.

SECOND CONSIGNEE. I am astonished that you leaders should be willing to bring bloodshed upon your fellow townsmen.

SAMUEL ADAMS. We are all willing, sir, to die for our rights.

ROTCH. I think I know a way out of the trouble, gentlemen. I will, myself, go to the governor and ask for a passport for sailing. I can make the trip in about three hours.

SAMUEL ADAMS. We will be glad to have you go, Mr. Rotch. Will you bring the governor's answer to the Old South Meeting-House? The Patriots are in assembly there now, and will wait there for your return.

ROTCH. I will be there by eight o'clock.

(ROTCH and HALL bow to others and go out quickly.)

THIRD CONSIGNEE. But, Mr. Adams, what if the governor refuses to let the tea go back?

SAMUEL ADAMS. Seven thousand Patriots are, at this moment, in and about the Old South Meeting-House. And these people are all of one mind, and hold the king's troops in disdain. That is your answer, gentlemen.

FIRST CONSIGNEE (*to other consignees*). Perhaps we should flee to the barracks, and claim General Gage's protection —

SAMUEL ADAMS. I would strongly advise you to go there.

FIRST CONSIGNEE. Come then, without delay.

(*Consignees go out hurriedly.*)

SAMUEL ADAMS (*to Secretary*). Please remind Mr. Rotch of the Old South Meeting-House. We will be there, waiting.

(*Secretary bows. The Patriots bow in return and go out.*)

ACT III

TIME: *Three hours later.*

PLACE: *Old South Meeting-House.*

NEW CHARACTERS

PAUL REVERE.

SAMUEL SPRAGUE.

LENDALL PITTS.

ACCOMPLICES.

(A small room back of the auditorium is seen. Room is now dark. Enter LENDALL PITTS with a lantern. PITTS is a serious man of about thirty years. He lights candles on table and wall. A knock is heard at a door back, which opens into church-yard. PITTS crosses to door quickly.)

PITTS. Who knocks?

VOICE. Paul Revere.

(PITTS opens door. Enter PAUL REVERE, a responsible business man of Boston. He is of middle age: is also serious.)

PITTS. You are here in good time, Mr. Revere. Are the other men about?

REVERE. The men with muskets wait in the shade of the belfry.

PITTS. Tell them to come quietly, and to keep their arms well hidden.

REVERE. I'll caution them, Mr. Pitts.

(Exit to yard. PITTS lights other candles. Enter REVERE followed by some twenty men; each wears a long cloak.)

PITTS. Stack your muskets, comrades, but quietly — quietly — Remember there's a meeting in the church there —

(Indicating room at right.)

We must not disturb the speakers.

(Men produce muskets from cloaks; stack them quietly.)

Did you see the others, Mr. Revere?

REVERE. Some of them, but they were in the crowd waiting about the church doors.

PITTS. It was so arranged, to avoid attracting attention. They are waiting for the signal — two taps on the arm. For this, I commission you, Joseph Shed, Isaac Simpson, Samuel Sprague, Benjamin Clarke, Moses Grant, Peter Slater, James Brewer, John Carver, and Nathanaël Greene.

(These men start off. PITTS follows them to door and continues.)

Be cautious, gentlemen — there are ever Tories hanging about.

(Men go out quietly. PITTS turns to REVERE.)

You have your horse ready?

REVERE. Yes, Mr. Pitts, — there in the church yard — well within the shadows.

PITTS. Ride at once to the outskirts and watch the road for Mr. Rotch. The instant you see him coming, return post haste to tell us.

REVERE. You may depend on me, sir.

(Goes out quickly. Enter men who went out with some twenty other men. They enter in small groups. All wear long cloaks, and all are serious and silent.)

PITTS. Have you brought your blankets and hatchets?

(Murmurs of assent from late arrivals who produce, from beneath cloaks, Indian blankets, Indian head coverings of feathers, and hatchets. They put them on table quietly. PITTS continues.)

Attention all — comrades !

(There is instant quiet.)

It is fitting that we should again speak of our plans, lest there be some misunderstanding. As you know, Mr. Samuel Adams is with us heart and soul, as are also the other leaders. But they caution us to be discreet and to rely on the surprise of our plot rather than the force of arms. Nevertheless, if the sailors attempt to fight, you are to fire immediately. Be careful not to argue. Indeed, no word should be spoken, lest they recognize our voices.

(Murmurs of assent.)

There is bound to be much excitement, but do not forget to open each and every case and throw the tea in the water. Should the crews try to prevent you, force them below and lock them in the cabins.

(Murmurs of assent.)

I will take charge of the first ship, Benjamin Clarke of the second, and Nathanaël Greene of the third. The other details you know full well, so I will not repeat them. There is, however, one last matter — the governor will seek to punish us for this night's work. That is certain, and has been often discussed by us. However, his Honor can make no arrests unless he knows the offenders. Therefore, we must exercise the greatest care to keep his Excellency in ignorance. No name must be spoken, and no word uttered that would give any clew to any eaves-dropping Tory. Indeed, I think we should solemnly

promise never to reveal the name of any man here present.

OTHERS. Yes — yes — we should!

PITTS. Then hold up your right hands and repeat these words after me — I promise —

OTHERS (*holding up right hand*). I promise —

PITTS. Never to reveal —

OTHERS. Never to reveal —

PITTS. The name of any one here present.

OTHERS. The name of any one here present.

PITTS. 'T is well. It only remains, then, for us to wait till we hear the governor's answer to Mr. Rotch. In the mean time, shall we not open the door to the church a little, and listen to the speakers?

(*Murmurs of assent. SAMUEL SPRAGUE opens door to church; holds it slightly ajar. A commotion is heard.*)

What is it, Samuel? What is the cause of the commotion?

(*SAMUEL peeps into church; listens for a moment; turns; shows excitement.*)

SAMUEL. The sheriff has come! He is ordering them to disband!

(*Murmurs of indignation.*)

PITTS. Look again — What are they doing now?

SAMUEL (*after looking*). They are hissing the sheriff — And Mr. Samuel Adams has just risen to speak.

(*Enter PAUL REVERE from yard hastily.*)

REVERE. Rotch has come from the governor! He will be here in five minutes!

PITTS. Then enter the church and wait till you hear the message he brings. If the governor has refused to let the ships return, give us our signal instantly — the Mohawk Indian war-whoop.

REVERE. I'll give it to you instantly.

(Slips quietly into church, closing door.)

PITTS. Now, then, comrades — your blankets — hatchets — muskets!

(All put on Indian blankets and feather head-dresses; take up muskets and hatchets. They work swiftly and silently.)

ACT IV

TIME: *Same evening — eight o'clock.*

PLACE: *Old South Meeting-House — Auditorium.*

NEW CHARACTERS

SHERIFF.

MESSENGER.

A MAN.

(The large room is well lighted with candles. Every seat is taken, and people are standing around the walls. On the pulpit platform sit SAMUEL ADAMS, who is in the chair presiding, JOHN ADAMS, Dr. WARREN, and JOHN HANCOCK.

JOSIAH QUINCY *stands on platform addressing the crowded audience.*)

QUINCY (*continuing*). No, no, my countrymen, we can no longer hope that resolves, orations, and acclamations will vanquish our foes. Did we not resolve, orate, and acclaim in former days, when other unjust taxes were put upon us by King George and his obedient Parliament? It is true these taxes were finally repealed, but the king will not give up his fondest dream — that of taxing American Colonists. Do not be deceived into thinking it is the revenue that the king desires this time. It is not. The tax is small and will not yield more than three hundred pounds a year. No, it is simply a question of oppression. The king means to show us for once and all that we must obey him. Do you hear that word — you free men of America? Obey! and obey like galley slaves chained to their seats, with his royal governors for task-masters. Is this to be borne? No! The blood of free-born Englishmen is in our veins. The spirit of our Puritan fathers is in our breasts. They would not be forced by King James. We will not be forced by King George.

(*Applause.*)

They came as Pilgrims to an unknown land. They faced starvation and savages. Shall we be less brave than they? Shall we sit calmly by and fold our hands while this last insult is being heaped upon us?

AUDIENCE. No! No!

QUINCY. Then rise as one man to your own defense! Rise to make this beloved land a fit abode for our children! Rise because you are women and men! Rise because it is your duty!

(QUINCY sits amid long and loud applause. A man passes up aisle to pulpit; hands several letters to SAMUEL ADAMS, who looks at them, rises, and lifts his hand. Applause stops instantly.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. A messenger has just arrived with letters from other Colonies. If it is your pleasure, I will briefly state their contents.

AUDIENCE. Read! Read!

SAMUEL ADAMS (*glancing at letters*). Virginia bids us refuse the tea. She will send us troops if we need them.

(*Applause.*)

Rhode Island bids us send the tea whence it came, back to John Bull and his tea-pot.

(*Applause: laughter.*)

New York asks us to defy our governor boldly. She will send soldiers if necessary.

(*Applause.*)

Connecticut also asks us to be firm. She is drilling her troops that she may be ready to help us.

(*Applause.*)

Both the Carolinas pray us to defy the king. Likewise do Georgia and all the Southern Colonies. In fact, they all, both South and North, offer us

their support and tell us not to submit to this last great injustice from England.

(Enthusiastic applause.)

(A man hurries up aisle to pulpit ; whispers for a moment with SAMUEL ADAMS, who seems pleased to see him.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. Friends, this gentleman has just arrived from Philadelphia. He brings us a message from our brother Patriots there.

MESSENGER *(bowing)*. Mr. President —

(Turns to audience.)

Patriots — brothers — I bear to you the affection of the men of Philadelphia. I bear to you also the unanimous resolution of a great mass meeting held as soon as we received the news of your refusal to accept the tea. It was declared that the Patriots of Philadelphia would come to your aid with an army.

(Applause.)

They bade me also to say that their only fear was lest you might shrink at the last moment. And they pray that God may give you the courage to save the liberties, not only of Boston, but of all the Colonies of America.

(Great applause. Messenger steps back.)

SAMUEL ADAMS *(to messenger)*. Sir, we thank our Philadelphia brothers. Say to them that we will not shrink. We have made our final stand, and we mean to keep it, come what may.

(Applause.)

JOHN ADAMS (*rising*). Mr. President, I propose that a rising vote be taken to prove again the temper of our patriotism.

DR. WARREN (*rising*). I second the motion, Mr. President.

SAMUEL ADAMS. Friends, you have heard the motion —

(There is a commotion at back of church. Enter the sheriff. He comes up aisle quickly, and mounts platform.)

SHERIFF. Mr. Adams, I am the sheriff of this county. By the power of my office, I bid you to disband this meeting and sends these rebels home.

(A storm of hisses from audience.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. That is your answer, Mr. Sheriff.

SHERIFF (*angrily to audience*). I come direct from your governor, who has bidden me order you to disperse, in the name of his Majesty, King George of England. Here is his Excellency's order.

(Waves paper aloft. Another storm of hisses from audience.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. Is that not sufficient, sheriff?

SHERIFF. You'll pay for this dearly, I warn you! All of you — leaders and people!

(Leaves platform and church.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. Will you please state the question again, Mr. Adams?

JOHN ADAMS. Will this audience abide by its former resolutions to reject this tea.

SAMUEL ADAMS. Patriots, you have heard the question. All in favor will signify by a rising vote.

AUDIENCE (*rising to a man*). Aye!

SAMUEL ADAMS. Unanimous!

(*As they sit, PAUL REVERE enters from a small door at right of platform; remains standing by door. SAMUEL ADAMS continues:*)

And now, my friends, the time draws near when we must be prepared to meet determined resistance. Mr. Rotch will soon return. What if he brings the governor's refusal to send back the tea to England?

A MAN (*in audience*). Mr. Chairman, we are not afraid of bloodshed!

VOICES. No! No!

SAMUEL ADAMS. I pray it will not come to that. Indeed, I think it will not. There is, in fact, a certain plan I may speak of now, but I cannot divulge the details. I can only give you the password, as it were. It is this — *Follow the Mohawk Indians!*

(*There are murmurs of surprise throughout audience. Enter ROTCH.*)

Friends, Mr. Rotch has come. We will now hear the governor's answer.

(*ROTCH hurries up aisle to platform. There is death-like silence.*)

ROTCH. Mr. Adams, Governor Hutchinson declares he will not permit the tea to be sent back. He says it must be landed.

SAMUEL ADAMS (*quickly*). Friends, you have heard the governor's answer. Our time has come! The hour of liberty has struck for us! Remember my words — *Follow the Mohawk Indians!*

(PAUL REVERE *at once opens small door at back and gives an Indian war-whoop. Enter from back, forty men disguised as Indians. They pass quickly down aisle, giving the war-whoop. Leaders and people follow them from church.*)

TABLEAU

SCENE I

A vast crowd is seen on a wharf, looking out upon three ships anchored close by. A full moon discloses Mohawk Indians on decks of each ship. Some are opening chests with hatchets; some are throwing tea into sea and others are hoisting chests from hold. On one ship, in foreground, Captain Hall is motioning to his frightened sailors to stop them.

SCENE II

Wharf and ships, as before. Indians hold muskets raised to fire. Sailors in retreat. People on wharf waving hats and handkerchiefs with joy.

WHEN COURAGE WAS NEEDED
OR
THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

ACT I

TIME: 1774 — August — night.
PLACE: London, England. Residence of the Honorable Mrs. Howe.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

LORD HOWE.

HONORABLE MRS. HOWE.

FIRST LADY.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

SECOND LADY.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

THIRD LADY.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

FOURTH LADY.

BUTLER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

(In a handsomely furnished drawing-room are many ladies and gentlemen in elegant evening attire. They talk together in groups with animation and laughter. Enter two richly dressed ladies from room off. They are unobserved by others.)

FIRST LADY (*looking over company*). There are more guests than I expected.

SECOND LADY. Yes, there are more than usual, but it is easily explained, Madam. It was well known

that Dr. Franklin was to be here. Every one is curious to see him since he was insulted so deeply by Parliament.

FIRST LADY. Oh, to be sure, that is it! I venture to say every invitation was accepted. Everywhere I go, I hear talk of this American.

SECOND LADY. Have you spoken with him to-night?

FIRST LADY. Not as yet. He is deep in chess with our hostess.

SECOND LADY. I would not have you repeat me, Madam, but I do think it strange that Mrs. Howe has the Doctor here to-night.

FIRST LADY. I think it strange she has him here at all. Oh, I know he is a wonderful chess player, and I know that Mrs. Howe is devoted to the game, but even that does not seem sufficient reason for the attention she shows him — especially now, since he has been cut by the king. But of course you will not repeat me?

SECOND LADY. You may trust me, Madam. I would not mention it for worlds.

(First Gentleman leaves a group and crosses to ladies.)

FIRST GENTLEMAN *(bowing deeply)*. I salute you, ladies.

LADIES *(curtsying)*. My lord —

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I hesitated to interrupt you — you were so deep in conversation.

FIRST LADY. Oh, we were only remarking upon Dr. Franklin's presence here.

SECOND LADY. Don't you think it strange, my lord?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I do, indeed. He has been snubbed by almost every one of consequence since that fatal day in Parliament.

SECOND LADY. What was the straight of that matter; my lord? You were present, I believe.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I was, Madam, and I assure you that I would not have missed it for anything. You see, Dr. Franklin, as the Colonial agent here in England, had presented to Parliament the complaint of Massachusetts against her royal governors, Hutchinson and Oliver, and this was the day appointed for discussion of the case. The Solicitor-General made a most bitter attack upon Franklin. He insulted him openly and also his countrymen, whom he called rascals and knaves.

FIRST LADY. They say the Doctor stood it all unflinchingly.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. He did, Madam. He faced the Solicitor immovable as a statue, though he must have been cruelly hurt.

SECOND LADY. But there are certain members of Parliament who are favorable to the cause of the Colonies. I cannot understand why they did not arise to defend him.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Two of them did, Madam,

but they were both poor speakers and made no impression. Their voices were soon lost in the torrent of abuse from the eloquent Solicitor-General, and in the applause of the judges and members, who roared with laughter throughout the assault. Oh, it was most amusing!

SECOND LADY. I would I had heard it myself!

FIRST LADY. Is it true that the king has ignored the petition presented by Dr. Franklin in regard to the Colonial tea tax?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. He has ignored it completely, except, as you know, to send additional regiments to Boston and warships to close their port and starve them into submission.

FIRST LADY. Small wonder, then, that Dr. Franklin is no longer invited to court, nor to the levees of the king's ministers. He represents an unpopular cause.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. His career is ended here in England, at least so long as he espouses his countrymen's contentions.

SECOND LADY. Then why is he still invited here? There is no more proper house in London, nor a more particular hostess. Besides, Mrs. Howe is connected with the court through her brother, Lord Howe, who is in close touch with his Majesty.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Oh, it is only because he plays a good game of chess. And that to the Hon-

orable Mrs. Howe is far more important than quarrels between England and her Colonies.

(They laugh. Several other ladies and gentlemen hear, and cross to them.)

THIRD LADY. And what is the cause of your merriment, friends? Tell us so we may laugh with you.

FIRST GENTLEMAN *(lightly)*. We were merely speaking of our subjects in America.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. No wonder you laughed. Those poor souls are fast becoming a joke over here, with their petitions for this, and that, and everything.

(All laugh.)

THIRD GENTLEMAN. They seem to think they are on an equal footing with us and deserve just as much of the king's favor and protection.

THIRD LADY. And they are nothing but half-breed Indians, too. I understand there are few white men among them.

FOURTH LADY. I have heard that their leader in Boston is a terrible desperado. They say he goes armed everywhere, and shoots on the least provocation.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. That is true, Madam. He is an out-and-out highwayman. His name is Samuel Adams.

FIRST LADY. Why, I understood that it was he who wrote that last petition from Boston concern-

ing the tea tax. It is said to be a very remarkable paper.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. It was no doubt composed by some Englishman here in London.

(Murmurs of approval from others.)

FIRST LADY. But Dr. Franklin is an American, and he is counted one of the most brilliant men of the age. You know that he ranks with our greatest scientists in England, or in all Europe for that matter.

SECOND LADY. And he does not in the least resemble an Indian.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. But, Madam, he has been here for many years, and that has changed him completely. He worked here as a boy.

(Nods and murmurs of approval. Enter Butler.)

BUTLER *(to group)*. Refreshments are being served on the balcony.

(Crosses to the different groups and speaks with each aside. All go out, talking and laughing together. Exit Butler, last. Pause. Enter Butler showing in Lord HOWE who wears his cloak and hat. He removes these; Butler taking them. Lord HOWE is a distinguished-looking man of middle age. He is elegantly dressed, but not in evening attire.)

HOWE. Is my sister engaged?

BUTLER. Madam is playing chess, Lord Howe.

HOWE. With whom?

BUTLER. With Dr. Franklin, my lord.

HOWE. Where are the other guests?

BUTLER. Some are watching the game and others are on the terrace.

HOWE. Speak with my sister privately and say that I must see her at once.

(Butler bows; starts off.)

Stay! tell no one else of my presence here. Let this room be closed to the guests for the remainder of the evening.

BUTLER. I'll see to it, my lord.

(Exit. Pause. Lord HOWE waits, lost in deep thought. Enter the Honorable Mrs. HOWE, a stately and charming woman.)

MRS. HOWE. Ah, brother —

(Gives her hand to Lord HOWE, who kisses it.)

HOWE. I am sorry to interrupt your beloved game, but business, my dear sister, before pleasure.

MRS. HOWE. It is nothing unpleasant, I hope —

HOWE. Letters have just come from America bringing news of a serious nature.

MRS. HOWE *(starting)*. Ah! Then it is something unpleasant!

HOWE. The American Colonies have defied the king. They have arranged to hold a Parliament of their own!

MRS. HOWE *(gravely)*. It has come to that!

HOWE. Aye, it has come to that. So the time is now ripe to make our secret proposal to Dr. Franklin.

MRS. HOWE. It will require skillful handling.

HOWE. What do you mean? Does he suspect us?

MRS. HOWE. Oh, no — he believes he has been invited here for the sole purpose of playing chess with me.

HOWE. He has no idea that it was a pre-arranged plan?

MRS. HOWE. I am positive he has not. Indeed, I flatter myself that I have managed the matter very well. Through meeting Dr. Franklin here at my parties, you have been able to hold various friendly talks with him and establish yourself in his confidence. He admires you, I know.

HOWE. Then it will seem quite natural that I should ask him to accompany me to America and influence his countrymen to obey the king's commands.

MRS. HOWE. But suppose he refuses to do this?

HOWE. In that case I am empowered to offer him a handsome sum of money.

MRS. HOWE. I fear you will have your hands full when it comes to a bribe. Dr. Franklin seems to have as fine a sense of honor as an Englishman.

HOWE. Pshaw! He will take a bribe as readily as any of his tribe. Will you please tell him that I wish to speak with him?

MRS. HOWE. Shall I remain for your interview?

HOWE. By no means! I want him to feel that the

matter is between him and me alone. He will take the bribe much quicker.

MRS. HOWE. I will make some excuse then for withdrawing.

(Exit. Lord HOWE waits anxiously. Enter Mrs. HOWE with Dr. FRANKLIN. He is now sixty-eight years of age, but shows undiminished vigor both physically and mentally. The men bow cordially.)

HOWE. It is a pleasure to find you here in my sister's home, Dr. Franklin.

FRANKLIN. Your sister has been kind enough to give me some very charming evenings, Lord Howe.

HOWE. I regret to bring business into this one, but I would confer with you upon certain Colonial matters.

MRS. HOWE. Then, gentlemen, I will withdraw.

FRANKLIN. No, Madam, I beg you to stay. I have no secret in any business of this nature that I cannot confide to your prudence.

MRS. HOWE. I thank you, Doctor, for the compliment, but my other guests will notice my absence, and may remark upon it.

HOWE. And I prefer this conference to remain unknown to them.

FRANKLIN. I would not embarrass you, Madam, nor you, my lord.

(Mrs. HOWE curtsies: exit. Men sit.)

HOWE. I have just had information that certain

letters arrived to-day from America with news of grave importance. But I presume you have heard —?

FRANKLIN. To what news do you refer?

HOWE. To the proposed meeting of a Colonial Congress next month in Philadelphia.

FRANKLIN. Yes, I have had that news.

HOWE. Then you know, of course, that the plan originated in the Massachusetts Assembly in June, and that it has been taken up with enthusiasm by the other Colonies. In fact, they have all held assemblies and elected delegates to this Congress.

FRANKLIN. So I was informed, my lord.

HOWE. Then you must be prepared to agree with me that the time has come for a reconciliation.

FRANKLIN. I agree with you heartily in that, Lord Howe, but I am at a loss to know how peace and union can be restored. Various Colonies have sent to his Majesty a respectful statement of abuses, and a humble prayer for their redress, but even this, it seems, is regarded by the king and his ministers as a form of treason, and is utterly ignored.

HOWE. His Majesty believes he has the right to govern his subjects as he thinks fit and proper.

FRANKLIN. His Majesty's subjects in America think it impossible for any man or body of men, living so far away, to know their peculiar business and political needs.

HOWE. But his Majesty has placed royal govern-

ors over every Colony. Certainly they should know what are America's needs.

FRANKLIN. No, my lord, they do not. They are, with few exceptions, Englishmen, and have come to us with that strange idea that seems to prevail over here — that American Colonists are of a lower order of beings and should therefore be treated as slaves. And also that we are all knaves, rascals, and out-laws.

HOWE (*embarrassed*). I must confess, Dr. Franklin, that that idea does seem to be held by some —

FRANKLIN (*with warmth*). Many of your public men have been in America and know full well the culture and elegance of our leading citizens. They know that a large number of them have been educated in English colleges, and that our colleges in America are of high standing. I cannot understand why the opposite opinion prevails, even in Parliament.

HOWE. I am sensible, Doctor, that you and your countrymen have been ill treated by Parliament. But I can assure you that ample satisfaction will one day or other be made you. However, I do not think that it was meant to be personal.

FRANKLIN. As to the matter of its being personal, I do not think it worth mentioning. I am concerned only with the injuries done my country in the Solicitor's attack.

HOWE. I believe the violence of his speech was

due to the troubles that have arisen over the tea tax. Boston refused to pay it or even receive the tea, thus defying his Majesty and Parliament openly. Then the other Colonies followed her example. Wherever the tea was sent, it was either destroyed or allowed to rot in some warehouse. Naturally, the king and his ministers are indignant.

FRANKLIN. And my countrymen are indignant—indignant that Boston is now being punished so cruelly. I tell you, my Lord Howe, that the king and his ministers may read the temper of the American Colonists in their call for an American Congress. Only desperate men would have the courage to formulate such a plan, and only desperate men would accept it. They know full well that they may be seized as traitors.

HOWE. They do not understand England's motives, Doctor. That is the real basis of their discontent.

FRANKLIN. Have you any plan to propose whereby England's motives can be made clear to us?

HOWE. Yes, I have such a plan. What do you think of sending some person over to inquire into the grievances of America; converse with the leading people, and endeavor, with them, to agree upon some means of settling our differences?

FRANKLIN. The right person might be of great use in such service.

HOWE. I have just learned that I am being thought

of as this commissioner. But I would not undertake it unless you would consent to accompany me, Doctor. Your influence over your people is wonderful. You can, if any man can, persuade them to listen to reasonable propositions.

FRANKLIN. I thank you, my lord, but I wish to know what propositions are intended for America. If they are reasonable, I may be able to make them appear such to my countrymen. If they are unreasonable, I would not think of undertaking such a mission.

HOWE. I would not expect your assistance without a proper consideration. I am, in fact, empowered to make you a firm promise of rewards.

FRANKLIN. My lord, drop all thoughts of rewards for me. They would be considered as so many bribes to betray the interests of my country, and thus would be destroyed the very influence you hope to make use of.

HOWE. But, my dear Doctor, no one need know of it but ourselves.

FRANKLIN. I will not accept a reward under any circumstances. Only let me know your propositions for America, and if I approve of them, I will be ready to accompany you at any time you may appoint.

HOWE. First of all—the tea tax must be paid—

FRANKLIN. Your mission to America will be a failure, my lord. My people will pay no more taxes until they can have a voice in Parliament.

HOWE. You must influence them to give up that idea, Doctor, for the king will never consent to it. They must also give up this Continental Congress. The leaders would be hung and the lesser members imprisoned.

FRANKLIN. First catch your hare to eat him, my lord.

HOWE. How can they possibly escape? They will be arrested by the royal governors before they can reach Philadelphia.

FRANKLIN. No man on earth can prevent them from holding this Congress. And if I could, I would not—I am wholly in sympathy with them.

HOWE. Be careful not to express such sentiments here in England, Doctor. It might be construed as treason.

FRANKLIN. I thank you for the hint, my lord.

HOWE. And now I will tell you privately, that you will be in constant danger of arrest if you do not make an attempt to prevent this Congress from meeting.

FRANKLIN. I am ready, then, for prison.

HOWE. Shall I tell his Majesty that?

FRANKLIN. If you will, my lord.

HOWE. Allow me to suggest, Doctor, that you leave England at once.

FRANKLIN. Again I thank you, my lord, but I will be needed here now more than ever, to present the resolutions of our American Congress to Parlia-

ment and King George. I shall remain in London indefinitely.

(Rises to depart.)

HOWE. I trust we part as friends, Doctor?

FRANKLIN. We do, my lord. And if, at any future time, a game of chess is likely, I am at your sister's service. I wish you good-night, Lord Howe.

(Men bow. Exit FRANKLIN, unruffled and with dignity.)

ACT II

TIME: *Night of September 4, 1774.*

PLACE: *Philadelphia. A city inn.*

NEW CHARACTERS.

FIRST TORY.

FOURTH TORY.

SECOND TORY.

LANDLORD.

THIRD TORY.

WAITER.

(A small dining-room is seen with open doors back, leading into a hall. The room is lighted only by light from hall. Enter Landlord, followed by Waiter bearing a candelabrum, which is blazing with lighted candles.)

LANDLORD. Place the candelabrum on the table there—in the center. And use my best linen and silver and china.

(Waiter sets table, getting articles from side-board. Landlord watches critically.)

WAITER. How many plates shall I lay, Master?

LANDLORD. Four. And see to it that the service is perfect. The gentlemen are all wealthy and among the prominent citizens of Philadelphia.

WAITER. Is a regular dinner to be served?

LANDLORD. No, a supper only. "A slight but elegant repast," was the order.

WAITER. They are coming here to talk, then — to discuss some private matter —

LANDLORD. Without doubt. A private room was desired. And, by the way, it might be well if you could manage to overhear a word or two. I am curious to know what these rich men say.

WAITER. Leave it to me, Master. The gentlemen are Tories?

LANDLORD. Of course. Else they would not be coming here. This inn is known far and wide as a Tory gathering place.

WAITER. But you yourself are a Patriot.

LANDLORD (*starting*). How dare you! I'll discharge you at once! Come, out of my house, you rascal!

WAITER (*calmly*). Softly, Master, softly. I saw you last night as you crept forth from your door and met a strange man in your barn. I followed you and listened.

LANDLORD. How dared you!

WAITER. Because these are troublesome times, sir, and no man trusts another.

LANDLORD. You say you listened—?

WAITER. Yes. And I heard you telling your fellow what your Tory guests had been saying about this Continental Congress, and the plans they had made to destroy it.

LANDLORD. You will not betray me?

WAITER. Why, I am a Patriot myself! I came here for work that I might watch your Tories. Of course I will not betray you. Here's my hand upon it.

(Landlord relieved, grasps his hand.)

LANDLORD. You say you came here to watch. Were you sent by any one—by any of our Committee of Safety?

WAITER. No, it was just a plan I formed for myself. Every Patriot should help who can, is my motto.

LANDLORD. Right, my boy, right! The Tories are rich and do not feel the burden of paying the heavy taxes levied by our royal governors. It falls upon us—the working class and the poor. So we must do our part, or we will never be freed from oppression.

WAITER. That's the spirit, Master!

LANDLORD. I consider it my duty to keep the Committee informed. The Tories often come here to plot over a supper in a private room. And the door is not always closed tight.

WAITER *(laughing)*. Of course not! Who gives this supper to-night?

LANDLORD. The rich Mr. Shippen who is a bitter Tory. He has been here often of late with small parties of his Tory friends. I am certain they are planning some harm to our Congress, from words I have overheard.

WAITER. Some harm to our delegates?

LANDLORD. I fear so. I would give all I own to know.

WAITER. I'll listen all I'm able. You may depend on that.

LANDLORD (*listening to a noise off*). Hist! Is not that a carriage stopping?

WAITER (*listening*). It is, sir. Shall I go?

LANDLORD. No — no — I'll go myself. With guests of such distinction, I cannot be too attentive.

(*Exit hastily. Waiter places chairs at table, then waits by open door. Pause. Enter Landlord, bowing in four gentlemen — richly dressed men of middle age.*)

LANDLORD. This is the room reserved for you and your party, Mr. Shippen. I trust it meets with your approval.

FIRST TORY. It will do very well, landlord.

(*To his companions.*)

Be seated, gentlemen.

(*They sit at table, Waiter and Landlord assisting. First Tory turns to Landlord.*)

Have the dishes been prepared that I ordered?

LANDLORD. Yes, Mr. Shippen, everything is ready.

FIRST TORY. We do not wish to be served just now —

LANDLORD. As you please, sir. You have only to call. I will station a man at your door.

(Bows himself out. Waiter lingers, arranging silver on sideboard. Guests look at him. Pause.)

FIRST TORY *(to waiter)*. Will you be good enough to withdraw, sir?

WAITER. Oh! I beg your pardon, gentlemen!
(Exit, leaving door slightly ajar.)

FIRST TORY. Now let us talk freely, friends. If we mean to stop the rebel Congress from meeting, we must form some plan to-night.

SECOND TORY. I confess I am discouraged, Mr. Shippen. We have formed many plans, but all have come to nothing.

THIRD TORY. It seems quite hopeless to me. The delegates have all come, and Congress will convene to-morrow.

FIRST TORY. It is most vexatious. There are more Tories here than in any other part of the country. Are we to allow them to meet under our very noses?

FOURTH TORY. I can scarcely endure the thought of it. How dare they so defy our king! How dare they set up their own Parliament!

FIRST TORY. Well, they do dare. Here are those arch traitors, Samuel Adams and John Adams, come all the way from Massachusetts. And everywhere

on their passage, bells were ringing, cannon firing, and men, women, and children crowding to see them as if to a coronation. New York would not let them depart till they had devoted six days to the princely entertainments provided for them.

THIRD TORY. And Philadelphia has been no whit behind in her reception of these rebels. They arrived on the twentieth of August, and have been feasted with magnificence ever since. Last night a young Quaker and his wife had a costly repast for them. The night before, a Roman Catholic. And always toasts are given to the success of the Congress.

SECOND TORY. Their boldness exceeds anything I ever knew, except that of their rebel supporters.

FIRST TORY. We should take some bold step ourselves. His Majesty will reward us richly, if we succeed in dispersing these delegates.

FOURTH TORY. How can we accomplish what the royal governors have tried with such ill success? The different assemblies, called by the rebels to elect delegates, were ordered to dissolve. In Virginia they were especially bold, and met just around the corner.

SECOND TORY. And in Massachusetts, the governor sent his sheriff to dissolve them, but Samuel Adams had locked the door and had put the key in his pocket. The sheriff was not even allowed to enter.

THIRD TORY. And that happened with the British general close by!

FOURTH TORY. It is strange General Gage did

not arrest this Samuel Adams. The king ordered it some time ago.

THIRD TORY. It is evident he has not dared to. So what can we do, gentlemen? The rebels have the populace with them. Let us make one move, and we would soon have a mob upon us.

FIRST TORY. I would not dream of open opposition. But why not kidnap their ringleaders, John and Samuel Adams? It could be done by our men to-night. Congress would hardly convene without them, or, if it did, it would dissolve in confusion — so dependent are they all upon this brace of Adamses.

SECOND TORY. You forget Patrick Henry, of Virginia, sir. He took a prominent part in the Virginia Assembly of rebels, and is said to be a marvelous speaker. He could easily lead this Congress. And so could Peyton Randolph or Colonel George Washington, also delegates from Virginia.

THIRD TORY. And so could Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, James Kinsey, of New Jersey, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, Thomas Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, or Cæsar Rodney, of Delaware. They are all leaders in their own Colonies.

FOURTH TORY. And so are John Jay, James Duane, and Philip Livingston, of New York, Nathaniel Folsom, of New Hampshire, Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, Samuel Chase, of Maryland, and William Hooper, of North Carolina. Can we kidnap them all?

FIRST TORY. I see that my suggestion is futile — even foolish under the circumstances. We must depend upon Tories in Congress.

(*Others show surprise.*)

THIRD TORY. Tories in Congress! The delegates all call themselves Patriots.

FIRST TORY. True. But some of them will be found to have Tory sympathies, especially men with property. They know they will lose their possessions if it comes to war with England. For that reason they will be conservative and will hold down such rampant rebels as those men from Massachusetts.

SECOND TORY. I believe you are right, Mr. Shippen. I would not be surprised if Mr. Washington were not at heart a Tory. He is one of the richest men in Virginia.

THIRD TORY. I believe we can count also on Mr. Joseph Galloway, a delegate from Pennsylvania. He also has large property-holdings and visits Tory families socially.

FIRST TORY. I know Mr. Galloway very well, so I will talk with him to-morrow. Indeed, we must make it our business to talk privately with several delegates and bring every influence in our power to bear upon them. We must prevent this Congress from declaring its *united* support of Boston.

FOURTH TORY. But that is the real purpose of its meeting.

FIRST TORY. I know, but we must find members

who will defeat it. We must tell them that such a resolution would mean war with England, and the utter confusion of all business here in America. We must frighten these delegates, gentlemen, and cause them to see clearly their own financial ruin.

SECOND TORY. It is a good plan, Mr. Shippen, and I believe it will work. Men may rant about patriotism, but when it comes to a question of their own possessions, it is a horse of another color.

FOURTH TORY (*laughing*). Indeed it is! It will make them dissolve in one week.

FIRST TORY. It certainly cannot last a month. We will need to influence only two or three important men, like Washington and Galloway. The timid ones will follow like sheep. For there will be timid ones, gentlemen. Even some of the leaders you have just mentioned will become confused when faced with the responsibility of bringing a war on this country. And these we can rely on to make a unified action impossible.

(*Nods and murmurs of consent. First Tory rising.*)

And now I will order supper and we can discuss our plans at length, but not before our waiter — we must watch our words closely, friends.

(*Rings bell on table. Enter Waiter.*)

ACT III

TIME: 1774 — October 8 — afternoon.

PLACE: Philadelphia — Carpenters' Hall.

NEW CHARACTERS

HONORABLE PEYTON RANDOLPH, *President (Virginia)*.

CHARLES THOMSON, *Secretary (Philadelphia)*.

HONORABLE JAMES DUANE (*New York*).

HONORABLE PATRICK HENRY (*Virginia*).

HONORABLE GEORGE WASHINGTON (*Virginia*).

HONORABLE JOHN ADAMS (*Massachusetts*).

HONORABLE SAMUEL ADAMS (*Massachusetts*).

HONORABLE JOSEPH GALLOWAY (*Pennsylvania*).

HONORABLE PHILIP LIVINGSTON (*New York*).

HONORABLE THOMAS MIFFLIN (*Pennsylvania*).

HONORABLE CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN (*South Carolina*).

HONORABLE JAMES KINSEY (*New Jersey*).

HONORABLE EDWARD RUTLEDGE (*South Carolina*).

PAUL REVERE.

DOORKEEPER.

CONGRESSMEN.

(*The assembly room is seen with the Congress in session. On a slightly raised platform sits the President — the Honorable PEYTON RANDOLPH. The Secretary, Mr. CHARLES THOMSON, sits near by at a table. The fifty-four delegates sit on plain wooden benches.*)

PRESIDENT (*rising*). Are you ready for the question, gentlemen?

VOICES. Question! Question!

PRESIDENT. Will the secretary please read the resolution?

SECRETARY (*rising and reading*). Be it resolved that from and after the 10th day of September, 1775, the exportation of the merchandise and every commodity whatsoever to Great Britain ought to cease, unless the grievances of America are redressed before that time.

PRESIDENT. You have heard the question. Are there any remarks?

GALLOWAY (*rising*). Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Galloway —

GALLOWAY. I have waited with great patience to hear some resolution which should tend to produce harmony between England and the Colonies. But to my mortification and distress, a month has been spent in debates on propositions which tend to inflame rather than reconcile — to produce war instead of peace. The motion just read is manifestly of that order. It is more — it is undutiful and illegal. It is an insult to Parliament, and it cannot fail to draw on the Colonies the resentment of our mother country. If we will not trade with Great Britain, she will not suffer us to trade at all. In proof of that, see what has happened in Boston! Her people refused to pay the tea tax and destroyed the tea, but her act was resented quickly. Bills were passed by Parliament and signed by his Majesty, to curtail

the freedom of Boston. And then in enforcement of these new laws, battleships were sent to block her port, and four new regiments to patrol her streets, and now her business is utterly ruined. Is it then incredible that other English men-of-war will block all our other ports, and that other English troops will reduce us all to obedience? You know well what that will mean. The produce of labor will perish on our hands: labor itself will soon cease, and then will come absolute ruin to each and every Colony. I therefore reject this motion as being dangerous to the welfare of all our American interests.

(*Sits. Several delegates stand quickly. JAMES DUANE is first.*)

DUANE AND OTHERS. Mr. President — Mr. President!

PRESIDENT. Mr. Duane, of New York, has the floor.

(*Others sit.*)

DUANE. Mr. President, I agree with Mr. Galloway. If we vote to cut off all trade with Great Britain, we are virtually voting to throw off our allegiance to our king. Are we ready to do that, gentlemen? It would mean war of the most horrible kind, for it would be between friends and kindred.

(*Sits. PATRICK HENRY rises.*)

HENRY. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Henry —

HENRY. I should like to refresh the memories of the gentlemen who have just spoken. Have they forgotten that a state of war already exists in Massachusetts? Why, the war has come! It is here in our midst. Our Colonial agent in England, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, has done all any mortal man could to plead our cause. But our petitions have either been ignored or laughed at. And now our distinguished countryman is himself in constant danger of arrest. So why do you say, Mr. Galloway, that you fear a war will come? I tell you that it has come! It began when those infamous Bills against the liberties of Boston were signed by his Majesty. What, then, are we to do? Shall we bow humbly to our royal king while he uses his lash on Boston? Shall we kiss the royal mantle while the royal hand aims his cannon at the very hearts of our countrymen? No! We will not! We must show that we resent England's policy in this land. Therefore has this motion been made, and therefore must it be carried.

(Sits. Colonel GEORGE WASHINGTON stands. He is a handsome man of forty-two.)

WASHINGTON. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Colonel Washington —

WASHINGTON. Mr. Henry has voiced the sentiments of all the delegates from Virginia. We must indeed show England that we resent her cruel laws against Boston. We are not threatening independ-

ence. It is the wish of us all to create even stronger ties to bind us to our mother country. But it cannot be done at the price of liberty to any one of our Colonies. Therefore, I favor the motion as being the united sentiment of Virginia.

GALLOWAY. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Galloway —

GALLOWAY. I fail to understand Colonel Washington's logic. Nor do I comprehend the strange ideas of another delegate from Virginia, the Honorable Patrick Henry. Why should Virginia, forsooth, take it upon herself to support Boston in this quarrel? Why should Virginia try to influence the other Colonies?

HENRY. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Henry —

HENRY. I will explain to Mr. Galloway a thing that should not need explanation to any Patriot. At this time, we are not Virginians — we are Americans!

(Loud applause. President raps for order. Doorkeeper crosses to platform: whispers to Secretary, who in turn whispers to President.)

PRESIDENT. Gentlemen, an express has just arrived from Boston with an important letter. What is your pleasure in regard to this? Shall we admit the messenger?

LIVINGSTON. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Livingston —

LIVINGSTON. I move we lay all other matters aside for the moment.

MIFFLIN. I second the motion, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT. You have heard the motion. All in favor will signify in the usual way.

ALL MEMBERS. Aye!

PRESIDENT. Carried.

(To Doorkeeper.)

Admit Mr. Revere.

(Exit Doorkeeper. Short pause. Enter PAUL REVERE; crosses to platform; bows to President; gives a legal-looking letter to Secretary, who breaks the seals and reads. REVERE turns to go.)

Please remain, Mr. Revere. We may need your testimony as a citizen of Boston.

(REVERE bows assent; remains standing by platform.)

Will you read the letter, Mr. Thomson?

SECRETARY *(reading aloud)*. "To the Delegates of the Continental Congress,

"*Dear Sirs*: Be it known to you that General Gage is fortifying Boston as if we were declared enemies. The entrenchments upon the neck are nearly completed. Cannon are mounted at the entrance of the town. It is reported that strong fortifications are to be erected on the surrounding hills, so that these, with the ships of war in the harbor, may absolutely command every avenue to the town, both by sea and land. When the city is thus en-

closed, it is feared the inhabitants will be at the mercy of brutal soldiers, who are even now harassing us in many ways. We therefore apply to the Congress for advice. If you advise us to leave our homes and abandon the town, we obey. If it is judged that, by holding our ground, we can better serve the public cause, we will not shrink from hardship and danger.

“(Signed) THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY,
 “JOSEPH WARREN, *President.*”

(There are murmurs of indignation and sympathy.)

PRESIDENT. Gentlemen, you have heard the letter. Shall we take action concerning it? Our discussion may become informal.

GALLOWAY. How can we take action, Mr. President? Boston has rebelled against our king. We cannot assist a rebel.

VOICES. Shame! Shame!

(President raps for order.)

WASHINGTON. Mr. President, I offer to equip one thousand men at my own expense and march at their head to relieve Boston.

(Enthusiastic applause.)

PRESIDENT *(rising)*. Members of Congress, with your approval, I will ask Mr. Revere to speak to us concerning conditions in Boston.

MANY VOICES. Hear! Hear!

REVERE. Mr. President — Honorable Members

of Congress. There is great suffering in Boston. The new laws passed by Parliament are being enforced with rigor. Not a vessel of any kind is allowed to leave the harbor. Not a pound of hay, nor a sheep, nor a chick, can be brought in a boat from the islands. Nor can a stick of lumber or any package of merchandise be taken by water — even from wharf to wharf. In fact, business of every kind is paralyzed, and the people are utterly helpless.

DUANE. I understood that the other Colonies had sent relief in the way of money, grain, flour, and live-stock.

REVERE. All the Colonies have sent something. But these supplies are almost exhausted; and with the completion of the land fortifications, no more can enter Boston.

WASHINGTON. Is General Gage pushing these fortifications?

REVERE. As fast as possible — with his soldiers for workmen. He ordered the carpenters of Boston to build them; but they refused the work at any price, though suffering from lack of employment.

(Loud applause.)

GALLOWAY. Mr. President, I cannot understand this applause. Those carpenters disobeyed an officer of our king. No wonder there are riots in Boston.

JOHN ADAMS. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. John Adams —

JOHN ADAMS. I appeal to Mr. Revere to know if there has been recently any riot in Boston.

REVERE. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Revere —

REVERE. The people are indignant, but no one has as yet disobeyed the law.

GALLOWAY. Mr. President, I would call it disobedience. They have declared in a public convention that they would not deliver up an American citizen to be tried in the courts of England; that, in case any citizen were so seized, they would seize and keep as hostages any of the king's officers who might fall in their way. In fact they have refused to obey every one of those bills so lately signed by his Majesty. Is that obedience, gentlemen? I call it treason! And yet some of you applaud it!

SAMUEL ADAMS. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Samuel Adams —

SAMUEL ADAMS. Since I was among those Patriots to be seized and carried off to England for trial, I must continue to applaud this treason. And I do applaud — with the halter fairly about my neck, I applaud.

(Applause and laughter.)

DUANE. Mr. President, I fear we are forgetting what will befall Boston if she continues to resist the king. She will be utterly destroyed.

GADSDEN. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Gadsden —

GADSDEN. Boston is built of wood and brick. If they are burned, she can rebuild them. But liberty once lost is gone forever.

VOICES (*with applause*). Yes — yes!

WASHINGTON. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Colonel Washington —

WASHINGTON. I move that this Congress approve of the opposition by the inhabitants of Boston, to the execution of the late acts of Parliament, and that if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution by force, all Americans ought to support the people of Boston in their opposition.

LIVINGSTON. I second the motion, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT. It has been moved and seconded that this Congress shall approve of the opposition of Boston to the late acts of Parliament, and shall support them in their opposition. Are there any remarks?

GALLOWAY. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Galloway —

GALLOWAY. England has the right to govern her Colonies as she thinks fit, and she will fight for that right to the end. Boston has rebelled. Let Boston pay the penalty.

(*Murmurs of indignation.*)

HENRY. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Henry —

HENRY. Mr. Galloway errs in thinking that Boston is alone in this quarrel. The whole country is

inflamed. From every Colony come reports of injustice at the hands of the king's governors. In North Carolina excessive fees have been extorted, and the governor's sheriffs have collected taxes of which they have rendered no account. The people rebelled and were shot by the governor's royal troops. In Rhode Island there has been trouble with the king's revenue officers for a long time. They have seized whatever they pleased from unoffending citizens; they have fired upon market boats and behaved with unbearable insolence. Massachusetts has been oppressed with taxes from which the king's officers were exempted. So it is not Boston's cause alone. It is the cause of all America.

(*Applause.*)

GADSDEN. Mr. President, I propose that we make immediate war upon England!

SAMUEL ADAMS. Mr. President, I would say to Mr. Gadsden that we should first exhaust every means for obtaining justice peacefully. I believe that was Mr. Washington's idea as expressed in his motion.

WASHINGTON. Mr. President, that was my idea. But if England is determined to attack Boston, we must stand by Boston and spill our blood in her defense.

VOICES (*with applause*). Yes — yes — we must!

KINSEY. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Kinsey.

KINSEY. There is a way out of the trouble — Boston could pay for the tea.

GADSDEN (*shouting indignantly*). She should n't pay for an ounce of that tea!

MANY VOICES. No! No!

VOICES (*a few*). Yes! She should! She should!
(*President raps for order.*)

SAMUEL ADAMS. Mr. President, as a matter of fact, Boston has offered to pay for the tea she destroyed. But how does that settle the matter? She will never pay the tea-tax because of the vital principle behind it — taxation without representation. That is the thing Boston is fighting. If she fails, all America is doomed. Doomed to pay any tax to any cruel or foolish king; doomed to obey any cruel or foolish royal governor; doomed, in fact, to slavery. Are we men to endure such things?

VOICES. No! No! We will not!

JOHN ADAMS. Mr. President — Boston could not endure them. Hers is the spirit of those brave Puritans of Scrooby, who left comfortable homes and faced the hardships and terrors of a wilderness filled with savages. Shall we, their sons, be less brave than they? Shall we love less the sweet cause of liberty? Why, we could not! Liberty we will have! Liberty to impose our own taxes — liberty to protect our own citizens. Shall we renounce these rights because this King George says we must? Another king might not say it. Certain English statesmen do

not say it now but defend our action boldly. Shall we, then, tamely obey this king?

(EDWARD RUTLEDGE *springs to his feet excitedly. He is much younger than the others, about thirty.*)

RUTLEDGE. No! We will not obey him! Who is he any way that he should give us commands! I have no regard for him!

FEW VOICES. Shame! Shame!

(*Applause from others. President raps for order.*)

JOHN ADAMS (*continuing*). I tell you, friends, that Boston faces the king's cannon for all the Colonies. Will you then desert her? She calls to you now in the hour of her need. Hear her, men, and respond! Come to her aid, my brothers!

(*Sits. Great enthusiasm, cheers, and prolonged applause.*)

PRESIDENT (*rapping for order*). Are you ready for the question?

MANY VOICES. Question! Question!

FEW VOICES. No! No!

GALLOWAY. Mr. President, if this motion is carried, it will be considered treason. You know the fate of a traitor, gentlemen. Your property will be seized, you yourselves will be hung, and your families will be disgraced. Are you then so ignoble that you will deliberately vote to bring all this upon innocent women and children?

HENRY. Mr. President, did I not believe Mr. Gal-

loway a good Patriot, I should suspect him of being a Tory.

GALLOWAY (*springing to his feet*). Sir! How dare you! I am as ardent a Patriot as any!

PRESIDENT (*rapping for order*). The gentleman is out of order.

(GALLOWAY *sits*.)

HENRY (*continuing*). But since he is not a Tory, how can he forget a fundamental truth that has come down to us through the ages? It is this—*Liberty has ever been gained by sacrifice.*

(*Applause*. HENRY *continues*—)

We men are not here to consider ourselves, nor our wives, nor even our children. We are here to make this land a safe and *free* abode for three millions of men and women and children, and also for their descendants.

(*Sits*. *Loud applause and cries of "Yes—Yes."*)

PRESIDENT (*rapping gavel*). Are you ready for the question?

VOICES (*a majority*). Question! Question!

PRESIDENT (*to Secretary*). Please read the motion offered by Colonel Washington of Virginia.

SECRETARY (*reading aloud*). Be it resolved that this Congress approve of the opposition by the inhabitants of Boston to the execution of the late acts of Parliament. And that, if the same shall be carried into execution by force, in such case all

America ought to support the people of Boston in their opposition.

PRESIDENT. All in favor of this resolution will signify by the usual sign.

VOICES (*majority*). Aye!

PRESIDENT. Those opposed —

GALLOWAY AND DUANE. Nay!

PRESIDENT. Carried!

(There is great enthusiasm. Men shake hands, wave handkerchiefs, and shout with joy. After a moment, President raps for order.)

PRESIDENT. Mr. Revere, you will please return to Boston at once with a copy of this resolution.

(Secretary gives a paper to REVERE, who goes out quickly.)

GALLOWAY. Mr. President, I move that my protest against that resolution be recorded by the secretary.

DUANE. I second the motion, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT. Are there any remarks?

JOHN ADAMS. Why, Mr. President, does the Honorable Mr. Galloway — the ardent Patriot — wish his protest to be recorded? Does he think to be on the safe side when his right royal Majesty shall punish us for this day's work?

SAMUEL ADAMS. Mr. President, I think the honorable gentleman is a little too certain of that kingly punishment. I would remind him, too, that you must first catch your man to hang him.

(Laughter and applause.)

PRESIDENT. The question is — Shall Mr. Galloway's vote be recorded?

VOICES (*all but GALLOWAY and DUANE*). Nay!

PRESIDENT. The motion is lost. Gentlemen, I wish to congratulate you. You have passed a glorious resolution! If this Congress passes no other, its convening will have been worth while. Gentlemen, I believe this day of October eighth will go down in history. Again I say, I congratulate you.

(Great applause.)

A BRAVE DEED BY BRAVE MEN
OR
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

ACT I

TIME: 1775 — April 18 — night — nine o'clock.

PLACE: Boston, Massachusetts. Rooms of the Citizens' Committee of Safety.

DR. WARREN.

FIRST CITIZEN.

SECOND CITIZEN.

THIRD CITIZEN.

PAUL REVERE.

LENDALL PITTS.

SAMUEL SPRAGUE.

NATHANIEL MUNSON.

(An office is seen, with LENDALL PITTS in charge. He is writing at a table. So, too, is his assistant, SAMUEL SPRAGUE, a young Patriot of twenty years. Pause.)

SPRAGUE. I have finished the letters to the Southern Colonies, Mr. Pitts.

PITTS. Did you make it plain that the Massachusetts delegates would attend the Second Continental Congress in spite of the British occupation of Boston?

SPRAGUE. I flatter myself that I made it strong. I'll read you this letter to Georgia.

(Reading aloud with pride.)

“To our beloved fellow Patriots of Georgia — greetings!

“Be it known to you herewith, that we — the free-born men of Massachusetts, have, this present week, in solemn assembly in the town of Cambridge, elected the Honorable Samuel Adams, the Honorable John Adams, the Honorable John Hancock, the Honorable Thomas Cushing, and the Honorable Robert Treat Paine delegates to the Second Continental Congress.

“(Signed) THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY,

“DR. WARREN, *President.*

“P. S. And this was done, gentlemen, over the heads of the British General Tom Gage and his thousands of British soldiers. They came here to suppress our town meetings forsooth! Mark you how they have done it! We snap our fingers at them and meet just as we have always done since the day the Mayflower landed. And General Gage does nothing! Even with his forces increased by two thousand men, the brave English Tom does nothing. His troops annoy us in many ways, but they do not dare to attack us. Why, Gage has not even tried to arrest our Patriot leaders, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose heads the king has wanted for a year or more. Nor can he make us drink any English tea or pay the tax upon it. Nor can he ever make us pay any tax of England’s, unless,

indeed, they will let us sit in Parliament. No ! Never ! Never ! Never !”

(*Puts letter down, beaming with satisfaction.*)

There ! There 'll be no question in Georgia as to what is happening in Boston.

PITTS. None whatever, Samuel. But you may omit your postscript, please.

SPRAGUE (*disappointed*). Oh, now — Mr. Pitts —

PITTS. It is very patriotic, but limit yourself to one fact — the election of our delegates. The Committee of Safety would disapprove of other details.

SAMUEL (*looking toward closed door, back*). I might ask Dr. Warren.

PITTS. He is busy with his committee. It is an important meeting, too, for the Doctor said he must not be disturbed.

SAMUEL. Perhaps they have n't gotten down to work yet. Mr. Revere went in only a few minutes ago.

PITTS. Change your letter, Samuel. As head secretary of the Patriots' Committee of Safety, I must insist. We are not here to originate plans and present our own ideas.

SAMUEL (*sighing*). I did n't think of that, Mr. Pitts. I'll make another copy.

(*Sits ; writes. Enter, from door, back, PAUL REVERE. He crosses to PITTS.*)

REVERE. The Committee desires you to write a letter, Mr. Pitts, at once. I am to tell you its contents.

PITTS (*taking a fresh sheet and quill*). I am ready, Mr. Revere.

REVERE. You will write to the Honorable Samuel Adams and the Honorable John Hancock, who are on their way home from our recent convention at Cambridge. They are now at the home of the Reverend Jonas Clark in Lexington. Tell them the Committee of Safety thinks it dangerous for them to return to Boston — it is believed that General Gage is preparing to seize them upon their return. Certain hints dropped by certain British officers have led the committee to this belief. And so it prays them to go on to Philadelphia at once and wait there for the meeting of the Congress.

(*Pauses. PITTS continues taking notes. REVERE continues :*)

Sign the letter — The Committee of Safety — Dr. Warren, President. And send it by special messenger to-night, with instructions to ride swiftly.

PITTS. I'll see to it at once, Mr. Revere.

(*Exit REVERE to room, back.*)

SPRAGUE (*excitedly*). Do you think Gage would dare to arrest them?

PITTS. Gage must obey his master. And his Majesty, no doubt, has become impatient and has ordered him to act.

SPRAGUE. Just let Gage dare to seize them ! Just let him dare, I say !

PITTS. That's what I say, too, Samuel. But we'll talk of that anon.

(Writes. SPRAGUE, still indignant, resumes work. Pause. Door to street is opened suddenly, and young NATHANIEL MUNSON rushes in, greatly excited. PITTS and SPRAGUE rise quickly.)

SPRAGUE. Nathaniel!

PITTS. What has happened?

MUNSON. Where is Dr. Warren?

PITTS (*indicating room, back*). With the Committee of Safety.

MUNSON. Tell them the English troops are moving!

PITTS (*astonished*). The regulars —!

MUNSON. Yes — They have just left the barracks!

(PITTS *rushes to room, back*.)

SPRAGUE (*excitedly*). Did you see them yourself, Nathaniel?

MUNSON. I did. You see, it was my time to watch the barracks. I had been there for an hour or more and all was as quiet as usual. Then, suddenly, without any warning whatever, the gates were opened, and out they came! And so quiet they were, you would scarce know soldiers were passing.

(Enter Dr. WARREN, REVERE, and three citizens. PITTS follows them.)

WARREN. What is this? You say the English troops are moving?

MUNSON. Yes, Dr. Warren — about one thousand men left the barracks a half-hour ago.

WARREN. Where did they go?

MUNSON. North, to a warehouse on the river. I followed them to see. They entered the warehouse and the doors were immediately closed, and all was as quiet as ever.

WARREN. There is some plan back of this —

MUNSON. Their captain explained to some citizens about, that they were teaching the soldiers some new military movements.

WARREN. A mere excuse — and a poor one, too.

SPRAGUE. Do you think they mean to attack Boston, sir?

WARREN. Do they not already hold Boston? English soldiers guard every approach by land, and English war-ships block our harbor.

FIRST CITIZEN. What can be their motive then?

WARREN. It is my opinion that these troops will leave Boston secretly to-night and go straightway to Lexington to arrest Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams.

SECOND CITIZEN. It is most likely! Gates has been afraid of an uprising of the city, should he attempt to arrest them here. In a village it will be easier.

SECOND CITIZEN. It is well we have warned the gentlemen.

WARREN (*turning to PITTS*). Why, the letter cannot have gone as yet —

PITTS. I have not finished writing it.

WARREN. A messenger must be sent to Lexington at once. What was merely a surmise, has now

become a certainty, and a question of life and death.

FIRST CITIZEN. Where can we find a messenger we can depend on, Doctor? It will be a dangerous ride, for if the troops are really going with that intent, they will have sentinels posted along the way.

THIRD CITIZEN. It will be a question of life and death for the messenger as well as for our delegates.

REVERE. I will warn them, gentlemen.

WARREN. Do you realize your risk, Mr. Revere? You may never get out of Boston.

REVERE. I will not ride from Boston. I will cross the river to Charlestown, and go by that road to Lexington.

WARREN. Can you arrange for a horse in Charlestown?

REVERE. Easily. I have many Patriot friends there who will do all they can for our cause.

SECOND CITIZEN. But, Mr. Revere, you must needs pass under the very guns of the British battleships.

REVERE. I know — but I will try it!

(*Turns to WARREN.*)

It would be well for the sexton of the North Church to signal me from the belfry which way the troops are going. He might show one lighted lantern if they go by land, and two if they go up the river.

WARREN. A very good plan! Nathaniel, go you and tell the sexton how to make his signals.

REVERE (*to MUNSON*). One, remember, if they go by land, but two if they go up the river.

MUNSON. I'll remember, and I'll stay with him till he makes them, to be sure there is no mistake.

(*Exit MUNSON.*)

WARREN. Mr. Pitts, you and Samuel may watch the warehouse. If the soldiers leave Boston to-night, hasten at once to the North Church and tell the news to the sexton. Then return to inform us.

PITTS. We will watch closely, Doctor.

SPRAGUE. You can depend on us, gentlemen!

(*PITTS and SPRAGUE go, hastily. REVERE has gotten cloak and hat from a table at side; is now ready to start.*)

REVERE. I shall be waiting for the signal —

WARREN. Shout the news as you go along! Tell them the regulars are coming!

REVERE. At every house! And shall I not go on — to the towns beyond Lexington?

WARREN. Go on to Concord by all means, and tell the minutemen there to hide our store of ammunition. The regulars will, without doubt, proceed there from Lexington, and make an attempt to destroy it.

OTHERS. Yes — they will — they will!

WARREN. Let the citizens remove these stores to the woods and conceal them under branches. They

must work with great haste for the troops will arrive almost as soon as you.

REVERE. I can easily outride them, unless I am forced to take a roundabout way to avoid them, or unless I am captured.

(*Turns to go.*)

Farewell, gentlemen —

FIRST CITIZEN. Wait! If Mr. Adams and Mr. Hancock show any desire to stay and fight, tell them that the Committee of Safety wishes them to escape.

WARREN. Tell them that we command them to escape, so that they may serve their country in Congress.

REVERE (*going*). I'll tell them, sir! Farewell, gentlemen!

WARREN. Good luck to you Paul!

OTHERS. Good luck! Good luck!

(*Exit REVERE, hastily.*)

THIRD CITIZEN. If that brave gentleman succeeds, the regulars will have the surprise of their lives before they reach Lexington, even.

SECOND CITIZEN. Indeed they will! The ringing church bells in every village, and the bonfires on every hill, will tell the story pointedly.

WARREN. Our signals of alarm have been well planned, but remember, there are only a few minutemen in Lexington — perhaps not more than a hundred. Will they be able to stem the attack of

a thousand well-trained soldiers until reinforcements reach them? It is a serious situation, gentlemen.

FIRST CITIZEN. It is a critical situation. Our people have been most patient: they have endured for a long time now the insults of the regulars. But if our leaders are arrested, their patience will be at an end — the trouble will begin in earnest.

(Expressions of approval from others. Enter PITTS — excited.)

PITTS. Gentlemen — the troops have gone!

WARREN. By land or water?

PITTS. By water. They are being rowed across the river now.

WARREN. Has the sexton been told?

PITTS. Yes — he knows by now, and should be placing his lights. We can see the belfry from here.

(Crosses to window; draws back curtain. Others cross; look out.)

WARREN. It is all dark as yet —

(Pause — all looking.)

SECOND CITIZEN. I hope there has been no mistake —

WARREN. We can trust Nathaniel to remember about the lights.

PITTS. And Samuel ran to tell them the moment the soldiers embarked.

FIRST CITIZEN. But suppose the English have suspected that we will signal, and have placed their men in the belfry?

WARREN. Such a thing might be possible. We can only pray it has not happened.

OTHERS. Aye!

(*Pause — all watching. Suddenly they start.*)

ALL. The lights! The lights!

WARREN. Yes — two lights shine in the belfry! God grant Paul Revere may arrive in time!

ACT II

TIME: *Same night — midnight.*

PLACE: *Lexington, Massachusetts. Home of the Reverend Jonas Clark.*

NEW CHARACTERS

HONORABLE JOHN HANCOCK. MRS. JONAS CLARK.

HONORABLE SAMUEL ADAMS. POLLY CLARK.

REVEREND JONAS CLARK. ANN CLARK.

CAPTAIN PARKER.

(*In the living-room are Mr. and Mrs. CLARK, their two daughters, POLLY and ANN, of sixteen and twelve years, and their guests, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. HANCOCK. There is a dying fire in the fireplace; the candles have burned low, but this is unnoticed by occupants of room, who are listening eagerly to ADAMS.*)

ADAMS (*continuing*). It was indeed a wonderful convention at Cambridge. Every one was full of

enthusiasm and hailed with delight the meeting of another Continental Congress.

CLARK. But, Mr. Adams, are you so certain that another Congress can meet? King George has forbidden it.

ADAMS. It will meet despite the king's orders.

HANCOCK. The king will find that we are not puppets to dance whenever he pulls the strings.

MRS. CLARK. But every delegate will be in constant danger of arrest.

HANCOCK. It is more than a year since our first Congress, and no one has been molested.

ADAMS. The royal governors are finding out that America is a huge country inhabited mostly by Patriots.

(Others laugh.)

CLARK *(seriously)*. You must confess, gentlemen, that this year conditions are different. Congress passed laws that were most obnoxious to England, particularly those forbidding any trade with Great Britain. And these laws have been put in force by the other Colonies and adhered to by them with such fidelity that England has felt the loss in her revenue.

MRS. CLARK. And the royal governors are better prepared to act. More troops have been sent over; indeed, there are thousands of British regulars here.

ADAMS. We have our minutemen, who have

been secretly drilled this long time, in anticipation of trouble.

CLARK. But they are not as well trained as the regulars who have made a profession of warfare. Nor have we any considerable supply of ammunition as yet. You do run a great risk, gentlemen.

ADAMS. It is a risk we must take, friends, or this land will never be free from oppression. We are all willing to give up our lives.

HANCOCK. That was a settled conviction with us when we first planned to hold a Congress. We expected our property to be seized by England's agents, and ourselves to be taken to England for trial.

ADAMS. Where they would treat us as criminals and hang us as swiftly as possible. But that did not deter us then, and will not deter us now. We are determined to better conditions in this land.

MRS. CLARK. You are all noble men! No wonder the whole country worships you, and gives you processions and feasts as you make your journey to Congress.

HANCOCK. We but do our duty, madam.

CLARK. I should like to ask you one more question —

MRS. CLARK (*rising*). Nay, Jonas, the hour grows late. It is now after midnight.

CLARK (*looking at clock and rising*). Why, so it is! You must pardon me, friends. The evening has passed so pleasantly, I quite forgot the time.

ADAMS. That does not matter, Mr. Clark. There is nothing of greater interest to us than the present affairs of our country.

HANCOCK. I can assure you of that, madam.

MRS. CLARK. But you must have rest if you are to go on to Boston in the morning.

HANCOCK (*smiling*). We are still young men, madam.

ADAMS. And equal to any emergency.

(*Mrs. CLARK yields; sits. CLARK sits.*)

Now, then, what was that question, Mr. Clark?

CLARK. What has become of that Tory who betrayed every secret of the Congress last year? I speak of Joseph Galloway.

ADAMS. His Tory sympathies are now known to us all and he has lost his former influence completely.

POLLY. Oh, I am so glad!

ANN. So am I! I don't like Tories at all!

ADAMS (*laughing*). I see you young ladies are good Patriots.

MRS. CLARK. 'Tis said Dr. Franklin has left England. Will he arrive in time for Congress?

ADAMS. We are expecting him. I hope he will denounce England's unjust treatment of us as strongly in Congress as he does in all his letters.

HANCOCK. If he does, he will fan the flame into war. Boston is now a smouldering fire. Any mo-

ment the first shot may be fired — and then the conflagration!

ADAMS. The first shot will never be fired by us. So if open rupture comes, Congress cannot blame Massachusetts.

POLLY. When does Congress meet again, Mr. Adams?

ADAMS. In just about one month from now — May tenth, in the city of Philadelphia.

ANN (*shyly*). Could n't you stay here with us till then, — you and Mr. Hancock?

ADAMS. Bless you, child, I wish we could! But we must get back to Boston and prepare our work for Congress.

MRS. CLARK. At least, you need not go to-morrow —

HANCOCK. We must, dear madam, in spite of your kind insistence.

POLLY. Must you go bright and early?

HANCOCK (*rising*). Bright and early, little maid, before you are out of bed even.

(*All rise.*)

CLARK (*looking at clock*). It is near morning now. I'll show you to your rooms, friends.

(*Takes a lighted candle; starts off.*)

GUESTS (*bowing to women*). Good-night —

MRS. CLARK AND GIRLS (*curtsying*). Good-night —

(CLARK, ADAMS, and HANCOCK go out.)

MRS. CLARK. Come, daughters, snuff the candles.

(Girls snuff candles. Mrs. CLARK locks doors and windows. She takes last lighted candle and starts off; girls follow.)

Now, mind, you don't lie awake to talk. We must be up for an early breakfast.

(They go to hall. Room is now dark, except for firelight. Pause. Clock strikes one. Long pause. A horse is heard galloping in distance. Sound heard nearer and nearer. At last it is just without.)

VOICE *(shouting, off)*. Awake you! Awake! Awake!

(Vigorous pounding at door.)

The British soldiers are coming! Look out for the British regulars!

(Enter CLARK, ADAMS, HANCOCK, Mrs. CLARK, and girls, alarmed. Knocking repeated.)

The regulars! Open! Open! Open!

(CLARK opens door hastily. Enter PAUL REVERE, dusty and tired.)

ADAMS. Why, 't is Paul Revere!

REVERE. British troops are coming to seize you, Mr. Adams! And you, Mr. Hancock!

CLARK. Have they left Boston?

REVERE. Yes — when I did. To avoid them, I was forced to come in a roundabout way. So they may arrive any minute — fully one thousand men.

I gave the alarm as I came, along. Listen! Do you hear those church bells?

(*Through open door come sounds of ringing bells in distance. Then a bell rings close by.*)

MRS. CLARK. They ring the alarm to the people!

REVERE. And the troops will hear them and hasten their march. You should go at once, gentlemen.

MRS. CLARK. Go — go — this instant!

CLARK. Quick! There is not a moment to lose!

HANCOCK. I will stay and fight.

ADAMS. And so will I!

REVERE. The Committee of Safety wishes you to escape —

ADAMS. I should feel I were a coward to run away at such a time as this.

HANCOCK. I should not think of going.

REVERE. But the Committee wishes you to go to Philadelphia, gentlemen, and wait there for the meeting of Congress.

CLARK. Let other men fire muskets — you are needed in Congress. Your duty lies there — to influence the other Colonies to take up Boston's fight for liberty — to influence them to come to her aid if needs be! Go friends! Go — go — I beseech you!

REVERE. The Committee *commands* it, gentlemen.

ADAMS. Then we must obey, Mr. Hancock.

HANCOCK. Yes, Mr. Adams, we must. The Committee is the Patriots' government.

(CLARK brings their hats and cloaks. They take them and prepare to go.)

REVERE. Hasten across the fields to Woburn and thence to Philadelphia by stage.

CLARK. May God protect and keep you!

HANCOCK. Farewell, my friends!

MRS. CLARK (*from doorway*). Go! Go! I hear the sound of marching in the distance!

REVERE. The regulars are upon us! Go! Go! There is no time for farewells!

(ADAMS and HANCOCK go.)

REVERE (*going*). I must hasten now to alarm Concord!

(*Exit REVERE, hastily. Others cross to door to look after him. An instant only, and his horse is heard galloping away.*)

CLARK. It will be a miracle if he escapes capture.

MRS. CLARK. Polly — Ann — if the British soldiers come here, we must not tell them which way our friends have gone.

CLARK. We must be very careful. You had better say nothing at all, girls.

POLLY. I shall not speak if they question me.

ANN. No, nor shall I. I promise you that, father.

MRS. CLARK (*listening at open door*). Listen! Now you can hear them plainly!

(*Sound of marching heard in distance.*)

CLARK. They are coming this way!

(Sound of marching heard nearer. Pause — all listening — marching heard nearer and nearer.)

MRS. CLARK. They are almost here! Close the door, Jonas!

(Mr. CLARK closes door.)

They will enter our house and search it. Remember, girls, you must not say one word!

(Pause.)

VOICE *(off)*. Halt!

(Knock at door.)

CLARK. Who knocks?

VOICE. Parker! Captain Parker in command of the Lexington minutemen!

MRS. CLARK. Why, it is our own soldiers!

CLARK *(crossing)*. Yes — our minutemen!

(Opens door.)

Enter, Captain Parker!

(Enter Captain PARKER, a strong and stern veteran warrior of the French and Indian Wars.)

How can I aid you, Captain?

PARKER. How far away are the regulars? Did the messenger say?

CLARK. He thought they were near — he said they might come any minute.

PARKER. I shall assemble my men on the Green, then.

(Exit hastily. Others cross; look out open door.)

Sounds of marching men heard off, gradually growing fainter.)

MRS. CLARK. How many men has he?

CLARK. Not more than a hundred. But they will soon have reinforcements. Even now, hundreds are coming from every direction, alarmed by our signals and Paul Revere.

MRS. CLARK. If our men can only hold the regulars back for a time!

CLARK. I doubt if they attack our men. There is scarce a British officer who would deliberately fire upon us — they know it would mean war, and would hesitate to begin it.

MRS. CLARK. Oh, I pray they will not! Mr. Hancock said that only one shot was needed.

CLARK. Listen! The sounds of marching have ceased —

MRS. CLARK. They have reached the Green and have halted there — They are waiting for the British.

(Pause — all listening. Suddenly a volley is heard. The girls scream. Mrs. CLARK covers her face.)

CLARK (*solemnly*). The war has begun!

ACT III

SCENE I¹

TIME : 1776 — July 2.

PLACE : Philadelphia — State House.

NEW CHARACTERS

CHARLES THOMSON, *Secretary (Philadelphia)*.
HONORABLE BENJAMIN HARRISON (*Virginia*).
HONORABLE THOMAS JEFFERSON (*Virginia*).
HONORABLE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (*Pennsylvania*).
HONORABLE JOHN DICKINSON (*Pennsylvania*).
HONORABLE ROBERT LIVINGSTON (*New York*).
HONORABLE JOHN ADAMS (*Massachusetts*).
HONORABLE GEORGE READ (*Delaware*).
HONORABLE EDWARD RUTLEDGE (*South Carolina*).
HONORABLE CHARLES HUMPHREYS (*Pennsylvania*).
HONORABLE LYMAN HALL (*Georgia*).
HONORABLE STEPHEN HOPKINS (*Rhode Island*).
HONORABLE ROGER SHERMAN (*Connecticut*).
HONORABLE JOHN WITHERSPOON (*New Jersey*).
HONORABLE JOHN PENN (*North Carolina*).
HONORABLE THOMAS WILLING (*Pennsylvania*).
CONGRESSMEN AND DOORKEEPER.

*(The Continental Congress is seen in session.
This is the continuation of the Second Continental*

¹ The events of both July 1 and 2 are used in this Scene, in order to make the story complete. Strict parliamentary proceedings are not followed because of their complications.

Congress. The Honorable JOHN HANCOCK occupies the President's chair. CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary, is seated at one side of the platform. The thirteen Colonies are represented by some fifty delegates.)

HARRISON (*rising*). Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Harrison —

HARRISON. I have the honor to report that the committee appointed to draw up a declaration of independence has accepted a declaration drawn by the Honorable Thomas Jefferson, and is now ready to submit this paper to Congress.

(Great applause.)

VOICES. No! No!

(President raps for order.)

DICKINSON. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Dickinson —

DICKINSON. I object to the reading of this declaration until a vote has been taken on the resolution now before the House.

PRESIDENT. Your objection is sustained, Mr. Dickinson. Will the secretary please read the resolution?

SECRETARY (*rising and reading*). Be it resolved: That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

PRESIDENT. To the delegates from New Jersey who have but recently taken their seats, I will ex-

plain that this resolution was introduced in Congress this year on the day of June seventh by the Honorable Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia. It was seconded by the Honorable John Adams, of Massachusetts. Are you ready for the question, gentlemen?

DICKINSON. Mr. President—

PRESIDENT. Mr. Dickinson—

DICKINSON. I consider that resolution dangerous to the best welfare of this country. If it is once passed it will cut off all hope of reconciliation with England. She will resist to the utmost, with all the strength of her powerful army and navy. Are we prepared to meet her attacks? You know we cannot. Gentlemen, that resolution is dangerous and must be defeated.

RUTLEDGE. Mr. President—

PRESIDENT. Mr. Rutledge—

RUTLEDGE. I heard the same questions asked by the same gentleman in Congress last year. "We dare not war with England," he cried. "We are far too weak to resist her." And so on until he had almost frightened us. But let me ask you, gentlemen, whether recent events have proved these things to be true? What happened in Massachusetts in the early morning of April 19, 1775? You know that story well. British troops shot with deadly aim at our minutemen in Lexington, and soon put them to flight, for they were only a hundred and faced one thousand regulars. But soon came reinforcements—

our splendid militia of Patriots. They swarmed from every country road — they seemed to drop from the clouds even. The British could not withstand them and retreated in full run to Boston.

(Loud applause.)

Then in May came English reinforcements. And in May, also, Congress chose Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, as commander-in-chief of our Continental army. That was one year ago. Have the events of that time distressed any Patriot as to the efficiency of our American troops? General Washington has driven the British soldiers from Boston — from Massachusetts — from all New England, in fact. They have embarked on their ships-of-war and have sailed away to Halifax. Does that show weakness, gentlemen? Does that prove our inability to meet the British troops?

VOICES *(with applause)*. No! No!

(President raps for order.)

READ. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Read —

READ. Does the honorable delegate from South Carolina think the British will remain in Halifax? They will descend upon us later on and in greatly augmented numbers. I agree with Mr. Dickinson that we are far too weak to fight such a powerful enemy. We must make peace with England. It will not be difficult. I believe she will show us justice if we but yield a little.

WITHERSPOON. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Witherspoon —

WITHERSPOON. I should like to remind the gentlemen that for ten years we have yielded — for ten years we have whined our petitions at the foot of the throne, to be answered only with insolent scorn. Why, then, do these gentlemen hope for a reconciliation? Do those recent battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill with their heaps of dead Patriots, give them this hope? Does the burning of our coast towns give it? Or perhaps they find it in his Majesty's legislation here in this land — perhaps in the cutting-off of our trade with all parts of the world — or in the seizure of our citizens for pretended offenses — or in the forcing of our citizens, seized upon the high seas, to bear arms against their country and to become the executioners of their friends and relations. I will cite no more instances. It seems that the mere relating of these few would prove them the acts of a tyrant, with whom an honorable reconciliation is not possible.

(Great applause.)

HUMPHREYS. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Humphreys —

HUMPHREYS. Gentlemen, in spite of those facts just cited, I believe our petitions will be heard in time. His Majesty does not understand us. He does not as yet comprehend that we have outgrown Colonial conditions, and need special legislation. But the

time will come when his Majesty will understand. And then will our petitions be answered favorably, and a reconciliation will follow. I believe that firmly, gentlemen.

FRANKLIN. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Franklin —

FRANKLIN. I hesitate to spoil Mr. Humphreys's childlike faith in his Majesty, but I happen to know the king's feeling toward us. I had many conversations with him in London, and I assure you, gentlemen, that he will never answer our petitions favorably — he will not answer them at all. He looks upon us as rebels who must be severely punished. And he will never give in, for it has become a point of pride with him. Then, if that were not sufficient reason, there are others which would still make peace impossible. It is no secret that certain English lords, who are favorites at court, have found all honest resources insufficient to supply their love of excessive luxury. They plundered the East and now they have turned to the West and have begun to rob us openly. They have seized our estates; they have taken our property on the high seas, and Parliament covers their acts by special laws. Parliament has even dared to declare that thefts, burnings of houses and towns, and murders of innocent people committed by British soldiers, previous to the war, were just actions. Why, such acts are contrary to all principles of right, and all ideas of justice enter-

tained heretofore by every other nation, savage as well as civilized. Do you, then, desire peace under such intolerable conditions? It is impossible, gentlemen, if we be men of honor.

(Great applause.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. Mr. President—

PRESIDENT. Mr. Samuel Adams—

SAMUEL ADAMS. I question whether any man in this House desires peace so long as our citizens are arrested on flimsy pretexts and taken to England for trial. They are compelled by English law to prove their own innocence, but how are they to do this? They are removed from their homes, and are taken far away from the witnesses who might be able to clear them. Many of these men are poor and unable to employ counsel. But they are straightway thrown into prison, and speedily forgotten. Can anything be more unjust? It is monstrous! It is infamous! And we will not endure it! Were there no other cause for our separation from England, this would be sufficient. No man should be declared guilty until his guilt is proven in a fair trial. Until then, that man must be held innocent!

(Applause.)

That is our American principle, and a principle we should be willing to uphold with our lives!

(Applause.)

It is greater even than unjust taxation, because it deals directly with the lives of human beings. Shall

we, then, rest content in the hope that some day in the far-off future this infamous law shall be repealed? In the meantime American citizens are dying in English cells, miserable and undefended. We cannot wait, gentlemen! Humanity forbids it! We must declare for independence — here — now — to-day!

(Sits. Great applause.)

READ. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Read —

READ. We must find another way out of our trouble. How can we dream of separation from England! We are bound to her by ties we can never break. She is our mother country, gentlemen.

SHERMAN. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Sherman —

SHERMAN. I, for one, am sick unto death of hearing that eternal reminder — “mother country.” It is meant to be pathetic, but it is fast becoming a joke. England is *not* the mother country of the America of to-day. Not more than a third of our people are of English descent. The mother country of America is Europe!

(Applause and laughter.)

DICKINSON. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Dickinson —

DICKINSON. I would beg these gentlemen who are trying to thrust independence upon us, to remember that connection with England is a continual source

of security to our Colonies. No other nation dares to attack us — all know that England will come to our aid. She will furnish her armies, her fleets, her supplies and great wealth to protect us from every enemy. Is that nothing, gentlemen? Why, it is everything! It is life itself to us! Let her strong arm be removed and we would be instantly seized by other nations, and quickly enslaved by them. Can there be any choice, gentlemen? Who would not rather yield to England's claims — unjust as some of them are? We cannot expect to have her protection without due return on our part. Let us, then, meet her demands. Let us make some sacrifice. That is the way to gain peace and everlasting security. That is the way and no other.

(Sits. Applause from many.)

HOPKINS. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Hopkins —

HOPKINS. I question Mr. Dickinson's idea: that connection with England will bring us peace and security. It is far more likely to keep us at war eternally — and to ruin us financially. Europe will never be long at peace; she has too many kingdoms. So whenever there is a war between England and any foreign power, that foreign power may invade our land as a dependency of England's. And if that does not happen, our commerce will go to ruin in any war of Great Britain's, because of our connection with her. In fact we gain nothing by submitting to her

rule. We should declare our independence that we may be secure.

(Sits. Continued applause and cries of "Yes — yes.")

WILLING. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Willing —

WILLING. I should like to ask, Mr. President, whether any of those gentlemen who applauded just now so heartily can tell us how we are to fight our battles alone? We have only a small army and no battleships at all. We have no arms, ammunition, or clothing. And still some of you shout for independence! Independence, with such conditions as now exist, would be our ruin!

(Many applaud heartily.)

JOHN ADAMS. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. John Adams —

JOHN ADAMS. We will not need to fight alone so long as France is England's enemy. She will come to our aid as another thrust to England. But she must first be satisfied that we mean to separate — she must see our declaration of independence become a living fact, and then she will furnish us with arms, ammunition, and supplies. Her king will send his fleets and armies to help us fight our battles. I predict that, gentlemen.

(Cheers and great applause.)

And then, gentlemen, we will not only gain independence, but we will take our place among the

nations of this earth — our own masters in everything!

(Cheers and applause as before.)

SAMUEL ADAMS. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Samuel Adams —

SAMUEL ADAMS. Independence is now within our reach — we have only to declare it. Why, then, do we delay? Do we mean to submit to laws recently passed by Parliament? Do we mean to give up the war or to carry it on? And what shall we do about a certain matter of honor? One year ago we promised to support General Washington, and sent him forth to the danger of war. Shall we, then, desert him? Can we be so base, gentlemen?

VOICES. No! No! We cannot!

SAMUEL ADAMS. Then the war must go on — that is a settled conviction. So why put off longer a declaration of independence? I tell you we must declare for it — here — now — to-day!

(Sits. Great applause.)

DICKINSON. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Dickinson —

DICKINSON. Suppose, Mr. President, that we do declare our independence to-day, and by so doing continue our war — can we count upon success? Consider, then, the result of our failure. We would be a conquered people and must needs take whatever punishment is given. It is an ugly prospect, gentlemen. I pray you to consider it carefully.

(Many applaud.)

LIVINGSTON. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Livingston —

LIVINGSTON. Gentlemen, Mr. Dickinson is right. We cannot be sure of success. And defeat would make conditions a thousand times worse than they are. We should have to pay dearly for our weak little flight of freedom. We must wait till we are stronger. *Then* — if our grievances be not redressed — *then* let America proclaim her independence and assume her station among the powers of the world.

VOICES (*with applause*). Yes! Yes! That is it! Wait!

(*President confers with Secretary. Members talk together.*)

SAMUEL ADAMS (*aside to JOHN ADAMS and FRANKLIN*). They are getting the best of us, I fear. Their arguments appeal to the timid ones — even to Mr. Livingston. I confess I am alarmed.

FRANKLIN. We must prevent the resolution from coming to a vote to-day.

JOHN ADAMS. I seconded the resolution, so I will demand my right to withdraw it for the present.

SAMUEL ADAMS. You will be opposed fiercely, Mr. Adams.

FRANKLIN. Try it, sir, and without delay, for unless something unforeseen should occur to enlist the sympathies of all, Mr. Lee's resolution is doomed to defeat.

(*President raps for order.*)

JOHN ADAMS. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Adams —

JOHN ADAMS. The hour grows late, and our discussion would seem to be endless — as well as fruitless. Therefore, inasmuch as I did second the resolution, I claim my right to withdraw it for a time — until we have heard the report of Mr. Harrison's committee — the paper prepared by the Honorable Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, on the subject of independence.

(A dozen congressmen spring up instantly.)

CONGRESSMEN. Mr. President! Mr. President!

PRESIDENT. Mr. Read, of Delaware, has the floor.

READ. I object to the withdrawal of that resolution now! We are ready for the question!

VOICES. Question! Question!

(President rises; is about to speak when the Doorkeeper hastens to him; gives him a letter and speaks with him aside. The President at once becomes very grave. He reads the letter hurriedly; rises. Exit Doorkeeper.)

PRESIDENT. Gentlemen — a messenger has just arrived from New York with news of the greatest import! I shall, therefore, for the moment, waive every rule of order. The British are advancing upon New York!

(All show consternation.)

Their fleet has appeared off Sandy Hook. And,

gentlemen, their army has been increased by thousands of hired Hessians!

VOICES (*indignantly*). Hessians!

PRESIDENT (*indignantly*). Yes! The king has hired foreigners to fire upon English subjects!

VOICES. Shame! Shame!

FRANKLIN. It is just what one might expect of King George. Do his admirers still defend him?

READ. No! I condemn the king for this act! 'T is unparalleled in history!

DICKINSON. It is no doubt a great exaggeration. We should wait a little — till we know the facts — before we condemn his Majesty.

PRESIDENT (*waving open letter*). This note from General Washington confirms the report. His Excellency is most indignant. He asks us to be assured that he will protect New York to the best of his ability.

JOHN PENN. Then New York will be saved if saving her is possible!

VOICES (*with applause*). Yes! Yes! It will! It will!

PRESIDENT. And now, gentlemen, I have even worse news for you! An attempt has been made upon the life of our beloved General Washington! (*Exclamations of horror. President continues:*)

The general is safe, I am happy and thankful to tell you, but the conspiracy was discovered none too soon. The plot was hatched by the Tory governor

of New York who has escaped to an English battle-ship.

SAMUEL ADAMS. The Tory governor need have no fear, Mr. President, — England will protect him. In the light of these late and ugly facts, can any man here proclaim allegiance to King George? Loyalty to him has now become treason to America!

(Loud applause.)

JOHN ADAMS. It is high time, then, to declare our independence. Mr. President, I call for Mr. Jefferson's paper — his declaration of independence!

VOICES. Jefferson! Hear! Hear! Jefferson!

READ. Mr. President, I withdraw my former objection to the reading of this paper. In the last few minutes, I have been turned from a loyalist to a most ardent rebel.

(Applause.)

WILLING. Mr. President, I, too, have been changed in a moment. You may add my name, gentlemen, to the list of rebels in this House.

(Laughter and applause.)

And I, too, call for Mr. Jefferson's paper.

PRESIDENT. Let us make it unanimous, gentlemen! Let us hang together!

FRANKLIN. If we do not, we shall hang separately.

(Laughter and applause.)

DICKINSON. Gentlemen — you are precipitate —

VOICES. Jefferson! Jefferson! Hear! Hear!

HALL. Mr. President —

PRESIDENT. Mr. Hall —

HALL. I move that Congress at once resolve itself into a committee of the whole to consider the Declaration of Independence drawn up by Mr. Jefferson.

(Several delegates spring up.)

DELEGATES. Second the motion! Second the motion!

PRESIDENT. You have heard the motion. Are there any remarks?

DICKINSON. Mr. President, I consider the reading of that declaration at this time a most unwise proceeding. We are in a fever heat of excitement over the news we have heard — and in no frame of mind to judge calmly. Will this declaration help us in any way? No! It will simply excite to further wrath — to war, perchance. And victory is too uncertain.

FRANKLIN. Life is uncertain, but we make the best of it while here.

(Laughter and applause.)

VOICES. Question! Question!

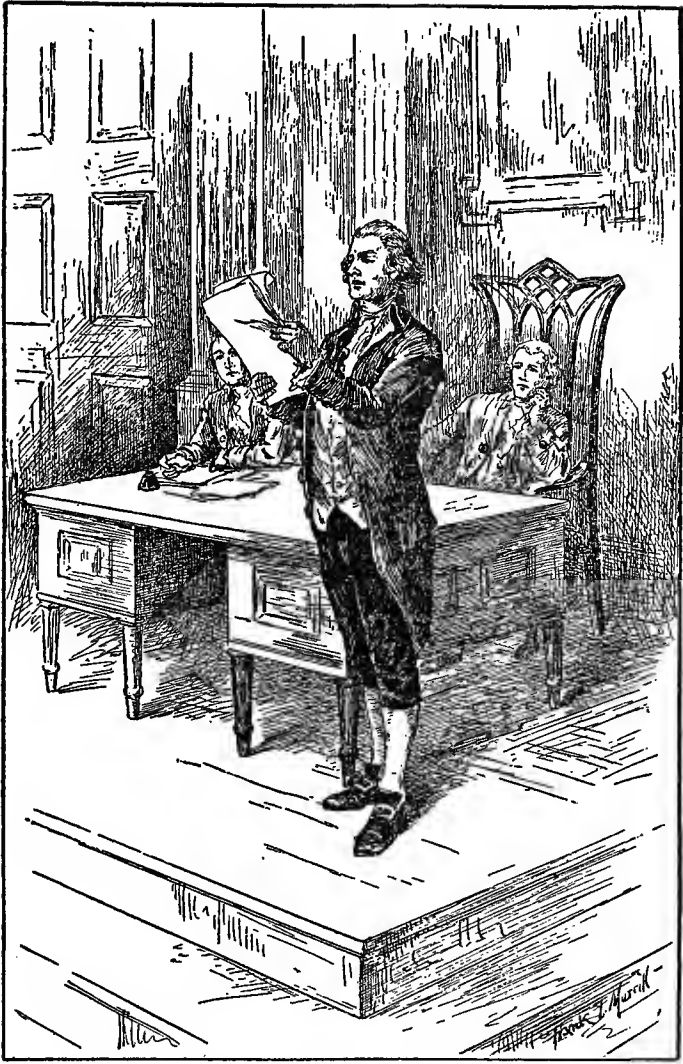
PRESIDENT. All in favor will signify in the usual way —

VOICES *(majority)*. Aye!

PRESIDENT. Those opposed?

VOICES *(few)*. Nay!

PRESIDENT. The motion is carried. Mr. Jefferson, we are ready to hear your paper.



“WHEN, IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS”

(There is great applause as Mr. JEFFERSON rises and crosses to platform. He is an intellectual man of some thirty-two years; is unpretentious, but elegant and dignified.)

JEFFERSON. Mr. President—Honorable Members of Congress—

(Reading from manuscript in a clear and beautiful voice—)

“When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature’s God entitle them, — a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. — That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it.”

VOICES *(with great applause)*. Yes! Yes!

(President raps for order. Curtain falls for a

minute to show lapse of time — some twenty minutes, perhaps. It rises to show JEFFERSON still reading.)

JEFFERSON. “We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.”

(Sits. Long and enthusiastic applause.)

PRESIDENT. You have heard the Declaration. What have you to say, gentlemen?

DICKINSON. Mr. President, the charm of Mr. Jefferson's paper has not escaped me. It has a fine literary quality — its language is pleasing and musical. Its beauty of word and form have impressed each one of us deeply. But do not be misled by this,

gentlemen. Let not your senses be tricked by its musical notes — let not your ears be soothed by its rhythm. Analyze its sentiments. Analyze them coldly. Consider what its adoption would mean! It would plunge the people of this land into utter and abject misery. Our towns would be burned, our fields laid bare, and we ourselves would be most like to die upon the scaffold.

JOHN ADAMS. Then let us die on the scaffold! But let us die free men, and not cringing slaves to England!

(Applause.)

As for the people — they will not shrink from misery, nor from any sacrifice that will help to free them from the hated royal governors. This declaration will give them fresh hope — it will inspire them with courage. They will rejoice when they hear the glorious news and declare this day blessed. They will set it apart from other days, and celebrate it with rejoicing. And when we and they are in our graves, this day will be remembered and hailed as the day of all days — a sacred day for Americans! Sirs, before God, I believe the hour has come! I beseech you to cast your votes for independence, gentlemen! Independence now — and independence forever!

(Prolonged applause and great enthusiasm.)

PRESIDENT *(after rapping for order)*. Are you ready for the vote, gentlemen?

VOICES (*majority*). Aye!

PRESIDENT. Will the secretary please take the ballot? Gentlemen, we will vote on Mr. Lee's resolution first. All those in favor, then, of these Colonies declaring themselves as free and independent states will signify by rising.

(*Many stand; many remain seated.*)

SCENE II

TIME: *July 4 — afternoon — two o'clock.*

PLACE: *Street in front of State House, Philadelphia.*

NEW CHARACTERS

BELLMAN.	QUAKER GIRL.
FIRST BOY.	QUAKER SON.
SECOND BOY.	FIRST YOUTH.
GENTLEMAN.	SECOND YOUTH.
LADY.	THIRD YOUTH.
FIRST TORY WOMAN.	PROFESSOR.
SECOND TORY WOMAN.	LAWYER.
THIRD TORY WOMAN.	DOCTOR.
FIRST TORY MAN.	DOCTOR'S WIFE.
SECOND TORY MAN.	LAWYER'S WIFE.
QUAKER FATHER.	PROFESSOR'S WIFE.
QUAKER MOTHER.	GRANDSON.

PEOPLE.

(*Street is crowded with people who gaze up at bellman in belfry of State House. Enter two boys.*)

FIRST BOY. Look! Look! There's the bellman, sure enough!

SECOND BOY. I wonder how long he has been there —

GENTLEMAN (*overhearing*). Since half-past nine this morning, boys. He took his place in the belfry soon after Congress convened.

SECOND BOY. Why, he has waited for hours! It is almost two o'clock now!

FIRST BOY. Do you think he will ring the bell to-day, sir?

GENTLEMAN. No one can tell that as yet, but it is rumored that Congress is taking its final vote now.

SECOND BOY. I wonder why it takes them so long to decide. It would n't take me long to declare our independence.

FIRST BOY. I'd do it in a jiffy!

GENTLEMAN (*laughing*). You little Patriots ought to get close to the State House door, so you can be the first to see the messenger who will give the signal to the bellman.

LADY (*overhearing*). The bellman has placed his grandson at the door, so the very instant the door-keeper opens the doors, the boy will run out and signal.

FIRST BOY (*excitedly*). Come on, Silas! Come on to the door!

(*Boys disappear in crowd. A group of Tory men and women enter.*)

LADY (*to gentleman*). Do you see those people

who have just come? They are Tories, every one of them.

GENTLEMAN. Then we will move on. I might say something unpleasant.

(They disappear in crowd.)

FIRST TORY WOMAN. It will be settled soon, I suppose — one way or another.

SECOND TORY WOMAN. They will never declare for independence. There are too many delegates against it.

FIRST TORY MAN. Dickinson would never vote for it. Neither would Read, nor Willing, nor Humphreys. And they are all influential men in Congress.

SECOND TORY MAN. You forget those shrewd Adamses and Dr. Franklin. They are wonderful politicians.

FIRST TORY MAN. But there are many members who are afraid of consequences. Something very unusual would have to occur to persuade them to vote for independence.

THIRD TORY WOMAN. And nothing unusual has occurred —

FIRST TORY MAN. I tell you they won't dare cut off this country from England! They will think too much of their own necks when it comes to the final vote.

(Others murmur assent. They all pass on. Enter some Quakers, father, mother, daughter, and son.)

QUAKER GIRL. Thee must look, mother, father! The bellman is in the belfry!

MOTHER. Why, so he is! Dost thee indeed think Congress will declare for independence, Jeremiah?

FATHER. I hope not. It would mean war—and war is forbidden by our Quaker faith.

SON (*a manly boy of sixteen*). But if we must defend ourselves, I would be willing to enlist, father.

FATHER. No, thee shalt not enlist. No Quaker can bear arms and kill.

SON. General Washington will need us all if the British come back to attack us.

FATHER. We will give him money and food perhaps, but thee canst not go to war, son.

(*They pass on. Some young men enter.*)

FIRST YOUTH. The report is true! There's the bellman, waiting!

SECOND YOUTH. I hope with all my heart that the bell will ring to-day!

FIRST YOUTH. And so do I! But it will mean war as well as independence.

THIRD YOUTH. I am ready for war! I would enlist under General Washington at once.

SECOND YOUTH. And so would I!

OTHERS. And I! And I!

(*They pass on. Enter a group of distinguished professional men with their wives.*)

PROFESSOR. What a glorious day this will be when that bell rings!

LAWYER. Glorious for all America!

DOCTOR. Glorious for ever and ever!

OTHERS. Yes — yes! Forever!

DOCTOR'S WIFE. Look! Look! The doors to the State House are opening!

LAWYER'S WIFE. A boy is running out —

PROFESSOR'S WIFE. It is the bellman's grandson! Look! He is waving his arms!

(A boy runs from State House to point in street where Bellman can see him. He is waving his arms excitedly.)

BOY *(shouting)*. Ring! Ring! Ring!

(Bellman rings bell. Crowd shouts, cheers, waves hats and handkerchiefs — wild with delight. Soon the roar of cannon is heard; bells ring in all parts of city, but above all is heard the cry of the joyous people.)

PEOPLE. Independence! Independence! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE MAN WHO BORE THE BURDEN
OR
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

ACT I

SCENE I

TIME: *December 25, 1776 — dusk.*

PLACE: *Log house at McConkey's Ferry, Delaware River, on Pennsylvania side.*

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.	GENERAL STEPHEN.
GENERAL SULLIVAN.	ORDERLY.
GENERAL GREENE.	FIRST BOATMAN.
GENERAL KNOX.	SECOND BOATMAN.
GENERAL STIRLING.	THIRD BOATMAN.
GENERAL MERCER.	FOURTH BOATMAN.

(A room devoid of any furniture is seen. Through a small window is seen falling snow. Enter four boatmen — young Continental soldiers. They shake snow from hats and cloaks.)

FIRST BOATMAN. We'll never be able to cross the river this night, boys. The current is running too strong.

SECOND BOATMAN. And ice is forming rapidly. The river is full of it now.

THIRD BOATMAN. Yes, and the wind is rising! Think of getting the artillery across, will you, in such a storm as this!

FOURTH BOATMAN. It's out of the question, I say. We could n't see to steer.

FIRST BOATMAN. General Washington will have to postpone his attack on the British.

FOURTH BOATMAN. Indeed he will! He can't fight the elements.

SECOND BOATMAN (*looking out window*). It has begun to sleet now. It's regular Christmas weather.

THIRD BOATMAN. It's fine for Santa Claus!

(*Others laugh.*)

SECOND BOATMAN. We might hang up our stockings to-night.

FIRST BOATMAN. The British will fill them by morning, if it keeps on freezing like this.

(*Others laugh.*)

FOURTH BOATMAN. All they need is a bridge of ice, and they'll have us — stockings and all.

(*Enter Orderly, covered with snow. Boatmen salute.*)

ORDERLY. An order from General Washington! The boats are to be made ready at once!

FIRST BOATMAN. We can't cross in this storm, Officer. The current is too strong — the boats would be crushed by the ice.

ORDERLY. You are certain you could not manage them?

FIRST BOATMAN. It would be very dangerous. I should advise against it.

ORDERLY. I will report to General Washington.
(*Exit hastily.*)

FIRST BOATMAN. The general will be disappointed. He has been planning this long time to attack the British on Christmas night.

FOURTH BOATMAN. Everything seems to be against him of late. If it is n't the weather, it's some of his own officers. I guess you know what I mean, boys.

THIRD BOATMAN. We know well enough — it's the talk of the whole camp. Here's General Gates who ought to assist General Washington in this attack, pretending he is sick and going off somewhere to rest.

FIRST BOATMAN. He's not sick any more than I am!

OTHERS. Certainly not! Of course he is n't!

SECOND BOATMAN. And why is n't General Charles Lee with General Washington now? I know for a fact that his Excellency has sent for him repeatedly, but he stays away on some pretext or another.

FOURTH BOATMAN. It's my opinion that Gates and Lee think General Washington will be beaten in this attack, and so they have planned to be out of it. They don't want their names connected with a failure.

FIRST BOATMAN. They ought to stay with him no

matter what comes, and win or lose with him to the end.

OTHERS. That's it! Of course they should! Of course! Of course!

(Reënter Orderly. Boatmen salute.)

ORDERLY. General Washington repeats his first order; you will have all the boats launched at once.

FIRST BOATMAN *(astonished)*. In spite of the storm?

ORDERLY. In spite of everything! The general is coming with his officers to watch the boats put off. He himself will cross in the last boat. So make ready, boys! Make ready!

FIRST BOATMAN. We'll do our best, Officer.

OTHERS. Aye! We will! We will!

(They go. Pause. Orderly shakes snow from his clothing. Enter General WASHINGTON and Generals SULLIVAN, GREENE, KNOX, STIRLING, MERCER, and STEPHEN. All wear cloaks over their uniforms. General WASHINGTON is a noble and handsome man of forty-four years; carries himself gracefully and with dignity; is quiet and reserved, but courteous and kind; treats his officers with deference. They show great respect and affection for him.)

ORDERLY *(saluting)*. The boats will be ready presently, General Washington.

WASHINGTON. Let me know the instant they are launched. The troops are waiting now to embark.

(*Orderly salutes. Exit. WASHINGTON turns to officers.*)

Gentlemen, I realize that I am taking a great risk to cross in this floating ice, and I shall no doubt be bitterly criticized for it if we are defeated. But I shall bear all the blame.

GREENE. You need not do so, General Washington; we are with you heart and soul.

OTHERS. Yes! We are! We are!

WASHINGTON. I thank you, gentlemen, for your support. And I believe you feel with me that there is no other course possible, unless we wait in our tents to be captured by the British.

STIRLING. They would have had us by now, if your Excellency had not ordered all the boats destroyed for miles up and down the river.

SULLIVAN. They will be certain to attack us as soon as the river freezes over.

STIRLING. And that will not be long from present indications.

WASHINGTON. In two days, or less, they would be upon us with all their troops in New Jersey. The British and Hessians at Trenton would be joined by all the other detachments, and defense would be useless; they would so far exceed us in numbers. And then would come our surrender, and the end of our hopes for independence.

MERCER. We might retreat again —

WASHINGTON. True, we might, General Mercer,

but that would be as fatal to our cause as surrender. The people have lost confidence in us. Six months ago, after our victory at Boston, they hailed us as their deliverers from the hated yoke of England. Now they weep in despair. They have seen us defeated time after time by the British. They have seen us retreat from New York and from town to town in New Jersey—ever fleeing before the enemy as if we feared to meet them.

KNOX. Do they expect our little army of sick and half-starved men to face a powerful British force of able-bodied soldiers?

WASHINGTON. They do not understand the conditions, General Knox. The newspapers are full of criticisms against me, and Congress, even, asks why we retreat. In vain have I explained that we must save what men we have. In vain have I asked for more men. They will not enlist—their former confidence is gone. And until it is restored, there will be no more enlistments. So we must attack the enemy, gentlemen, or the cause of liberty, which is so dear to us all, is lost and gone forever.

STIRLING. I agree with you, General Washington.

GREENE. I endorse your plans most heartily.

OTHERS. And I! And I! And I!

STEPHEN. We could never have a better time than this Christmas night. The British and Hessians will no doubt be making merry until morning.

WASHINGTON. For that reason I hope to reach

Trenton very soon after midnight, while they are still celebrating. To be sure we will have nine miles to march after we cross the river, but I think we can make it.

SULLIVAN. They hold us and our ragged men in such contempt there will probably be but few guards posted.

KNOX. They do not understand that one Patriot fighting for his country and home is worth a dozen paid Hessians.

GREENE. I believe we will so take them by surprise they will become bewildered, and imagine they are attacked by thousands upon thousands.

(Others laugh.)

WASHINGTON. Yes, gentlemen, we can be of good cheer. We will miss the services of General Gates and General Charles Lee, who are constrained to be absent, but we must succeed without them. If we win this fight the tide will be turned in our favor, and the cause of the revolution will be saved for a time. What better Christmas gift could we make to our friends? What better to all America? We must win victory — it is a glorious opportunity!

OTHERS *(enthusiastically)*. Yes — yes! We must! We must!

(Enter Orderly.)

ORDERLY *(saluting)*. The boats are ready, General Washington, and the troops have come from the camp.

WASHINGTON. Come, gentlemen!

(*Officers stand aside and salute General WASHINGTON as he passes out. They follow, quickly.*)

SCENE II

TIME: *Christmas night — midnight.*

PLACE: *Trenton, New Jersey. Headquarters of British officer in command in a handsome Tory residence.*

NEW CHARACTERS

COLONEL RALL.	THIRD MAN.
FIRST OFFICER.	FIRST WOMAN.
SECOND OFFICER.	SECOND WOMAN.
THIRD OFFICER.	THIRD WOMAN.
FOURTH OFFICER.	FOURTH WOMAN.
FIRST MAN.	FIFTH WOMAN.
SECOND MAN.	HESSIAN SOLDIER.
TORIES, OFFICERS, CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS.	

(*A Christmas party is in full swing in the large and handsomely furnished dining-room. There is a Christmas tree gay with lighted candles and British flags. Around a long table blazing with candles, sit a number of British officers in their scarlet uniforms, and several Tory men and women. They are richly dressed, women wearing jewels. All are talking and laughing gayly.*)

RALL (*rising; lifting glass*). And now, ladies and gentlemen, I drink to your health, and wish you all a very merry Christmas!

OTHERS. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

(*Drink to toast sitting.*)

FIRST OFFICER (*rising; lifting glass*). Brother Officers, I propose a toast to the friends who welcomed us when we arrived — the friends who have taken us into their homes — who have treated us so royally — the friends who are patterned so after our own hearts — in other words, good Tories!

(*Applause and laughter. Officers rise and drink to toast; they sit.*)

FIRST MAN (*rising; lifting glass*). Good Tories, a toast to the king's own officers! Let us drink to the health and wealth of our gallant Colonel Rall and his gallant brother officers! May they receive as a belated Christmas gift the entire Continental army!

(*Applause and laughter. Tories drink sitting.*)

RALL (*rising; lifting glass*). And now the chief toast of the evening — To the health and happiness of his Majesty King George, Monarch of Great Britain and America!

(*All stand and drink to toast.*)

Come now, friends, to the Christmas tree! There's a British flag for every one!

(*All cross to tree. Officers give British flags to Tories who wave them aloft.*)

FIRST WOMAN. I would that George Washington could be forced to wave a British flag with us to-night!

RALL (*lightly*). I should like to oblige you, Madam, but we can't very well bring him over to-night—the weather is too inclement. It shall be done to-morrow.

SECOND WOMAN. Will you in truth attack him to-morrow?

RALL. Perhaps. It all depends on the weather. If the river freezes over we shall cross, but there is no hurry. They can't get away from us this time. We have them at our mercy.

FIRST MAN. It is to be hoped you will rout them completely.

RALL. We will crush them out of existence. Why, this revolution is really at an end now. Our commander, Lord Cornwallis, has arranged to go to England. So you can see by that what he thinks about it.

THIRD WOMAN. Do you think Washington will surrender, Colonel Rall?

RALL. He must. We have more men and are better prepared for war. His Continentals are not real soldiers—they are nothing but farmers and fishermen—we hold them in contempt. I fully expect them to run away as soon as we cross the river.

FOURTH WOMAN. Then, of course, you have only to take them when you see fit.

RALL. Precisely. And then on to Philadelphia to capture that Continental Congress — that wonderful American Parliament!

(Others laugh.)

FIFTH WOMAN. Will you imprison the Congressmen?

RALL. No, Madam, we will hang them.

SECOND MAN. It is severe, but they richly deserve it for their disobedience to King George.

SECOND OFFICER. What a queer idea they have of wanting to sit in our Parliament! They do not seem to understand that they are nothing but Colonists.

THIRD OFFICER. And now their souls are possessed with another queer thought. They think they can set up an independent nation here — a sort of United States of America. The very idea is laughable.

FOURTH OFFICER. It is most absurd!

THIRD MAN. It can never be accomplished. We Tories will fight against that with every means in our power.

RALL. King George will reward you richly. The highest offices will be given to you, and you can have your choice of the rebel estates, their houses and all their belongings.

FIRST WOMAN. It is said General Washington owns a beautiful place in Virginia on the banks of the Potomac.

FIRST MAN. It is magnificent — I have seen it. There are acres upon acres of fertile land and a

house that is a mansion. The place is called Mount Vernon.

RALL. It would be a rich prize for some English officer. But we will divide up their estates later — after this party is over.

(Others laugh. Enter musicians playing dance music. RALL bows to First Lady.)

May I have the pleasure, Madam?

(All take partners, and dance Virginia Reel with much laughter and merriment. Suddenly a shot is heard, followed by a volley. A door is opened violently, and a Hessian soldier rushes in, frightened.)

SOLDIER. To arms! To arms! The enemy!

(Officers and Tories stand stupefied.)

RALL. What! The enemy —

SOLDIER. They are here — here in the town!

There are thousands upon thousands of them! They crept upon us unawares — the pickets did not see them.

RALL. To arms! To arms!

(Officers draw swords and rush forth, followed by soldier. Another volley is heard, then the boom of cannon. Tories huddle in corners, frightened. Pause. First Officer rushes in.)

FIRST OFFICER. Fly! Fly for your lives! The enemy is everywhere!

(Rushes out. Second Woman starts to door. First Man seizes her.)

FIRST MAN. We can't escape now — we should be caught between their fires.

(Boom of cannon heard — then volley after volley. Then silence — an intense silence.)

THIRD WOMAN. Tell me — what does this silence mean!

SECOND MAN. It must be that one side has surrendered.

FOURTH WOMAN. I pray it is not the British!

FIFTH WOMAN. The rebels would send us to prison.

(Enter RALL, wounded. He is supported by two of his officers, and followed by others. Enter General WASHINGTON and his generals, Orderly, and a guard of soldiers.)

WASHINGTON. Gentlemen, you are our prisoners!

RALL *(with feeble voice)*. We surrender —

(Hands his sword to WASHINGTON, who takes it and then returns it to him. RALL shows surprise and delight. Other British officers give up their arms to Orderly, who hands them to soldiers.)

WASHINGTON. Colonel Rall, you are suffering, so I will not detain you. Only give me your word of honor to come to my camp as soon as you have recovered.

RALL. I give you my word of honor.

WASHINGTON *(to Orderly)*. Attend him, please, and do not leave him till he has a surgeon. Colonel Rall, I hope you will soon be well.

(Offers his hand. RALL grasps it.)

RALL. I thank you, General Washington. You have treated me with a kindness I shall never forget.

(Exit, leaning upon Orderly.)

WASHINGTON *(to British officers)*. You will go to our camp, gentlemen, on the other side of the river. Attend to it, General Sullivan.

(SULLIVAN motions to soldiers. They cross to prisoners and stand on guard.)

You may depart at once, General.

(SULLIVAN goes with prisoners and guard. WASHINGTON turns to Tories.)

As for you who should be loyal to your country, but who are her worst enemies, I have no words for my contempt. I give you thirty days to renounce your allegiance to King George and to proclaim your loyalty to these United States of America. If, upon the expiration of that time, you have not obeyed, you shall be considered as enemies; your property shall be seized, and you shall be tried for treason. Go!

(Tories get wraps hurriedly and go out. WASHINGTON turns to his officers.)

This is a glorious day, gentlemen! The tide is turned — the cause of the revolution is saved!

OFFICERS. Aye! It is! It is!

WASHINGTON. You have supported me bravely, officers. My heart is overflowing with gratitude. But I will speak of this anon. Now we must depart.

(Officers step aside, saluting WASHINGTON as he passes out. They follow.)

ACT II

TIME: 1778 — *New Year's Day.*

PLACE: *Valley Forge, Pennsylvania — twenty miles from Philadelphia. General Washington's headquarters in camp of Continental army.*

 NEW CHARACTERS

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HAMILTON.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WAYNE.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SCOTT.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL POOR.

MAJOR-GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

JOHN CRAIG.

GENERAL VARNUM.

GENERAL HUNTINGTON.

GENERAL MCINTOSH.

GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

FIRST ORDERLY.

SECOND ORDERLY.

MRS. HUGH FERGUSON.

(Interior of a large field tent is seen. A fire burns in a small stove, but the tent seems cold and cheerless. There is a cot, a table, and several camp chairs. Lieutenant-Colonel HAMILTON is writing at table. He is twenty-one years of age; is brilliant; impetuous. Enter an orderly.)

ORDERLY (*saluting*). Colonel Hamilton —

HAMILTON (*continuing work*). Well —

ORDERLY. A man wishes to see General Washington.

HAMILTON. The General is engaged.

(*Exit Orderly. Pause. HAMILTON writes. Enter Orderly, salutes.*)

ORDERLY. The man insists, Colonel. He says he has an important message.

HAMILTON. Who is he?

ORDERLY. He says his name is Craig — John Craig.

HAMILTON (*interested*). Ah! Admit him, Orderly.

(*Exit Orderly. Pause. Enter JOHN CRAIG, a keen-looking young man of twenty-five. He wears citizen dress. HAMILTON rises; bows. CRAIG bows.*)

CRAIG. I expected to see General Washington.

HAMILTON. He is going through the soldiers' quarters to see if the men are comfortable this bitter day. Can you not give your message to me? I am the General's aide-de-camp.

CRAIG. The message is for General Washington alone. I will wait.

(*Crosses to stove.*)

It is indeed a bitter day, Colonel. The winter is unusually severe.

HAMILTON. 'Tis especially hard on one of your profession.

CRAIG (*calmly and undisturbed*). My profession! What mean you by that?

HAMILTON (*smiling*). I knew you the moment I

saw you, though you have changed your name in the mean time.

CRAIG (*as before*). You speak in riddles, Colonel.

HAMILTON. Your name is Thomas Dart, and you are a spy in the General's service. In fact, you have just come from Philadelphia, whither General Washington sent you to find out what you could about the British force.

CRAIG (*smiling*). I confess, Colonel, I am guilty.

HAMILTON. What is the latest news from Philadelphia and Congress?

CRAIG. There is still much talk over the surrender of the British army in the north to General Gates. He is being hailed as a hero, even by members of Congress.

HAMILTON (*indignantly*). They should be reproving him for his insulting treatment of General Washington after his victory was won. He reported his triumph to Congress, forsooth, instead of his commander-in-chief. It makes my blood boil to recall it.

CRAIG. He takes every opportunity to make himself seem a hero.

HAMILTON. And General Washington is being discredited!

CRAIG. I regret to say it, Colonel, but the general is being openly condemned for allowing the British to occupy Philadelphia.

HAMILTON (*hotly*). And how was he to prevent

it? Is he not hampered at every step by lack of men and provisions? To be sure, the victory at Trenton raised men's hopes for a time, and there were many enlistments. But a few reverses brought things back to where they were. And now conditions are worse than ever. But you know that for yourself, sir.

CRAIG. I do, Colonel. I was indignant beyond all words when I found that Congress was being told that your men were in splendid condition and that your force equaled that of the British.

HAMILTON. Could anything be falsier? Splendid condition, indeed! When we came to this camp two weeks ago, you could trace our path by the blood-stained snow. Three thousand men marched with naked feet, and with scarce a coat among them.

CRAIG. It is pitiful. No other man could have kept an army together under such circumstances. But they are saying that the war would have ended long ago had Gates been commander-in-chief.

HAMILTON. It was General Washington who planned Gates's campaign in the north. He sent Gates his own best troops and officers, and urged men to enlist. And this is the way he is rewarded.

CRAIG. And that is not all, Colonel. General Charles Lee has been complimented by Congress and is on his way to Valley Forge.

HAMILTON (*astonished and indignant*). What! Charles Lee coming here —! Now does my wrath explode, indeed! Congress knew that Charles Lee

failed to appear at Trenton, though commanded by General Washington to come.

CRAIG. It seems that he pleaded his capture by the British, prior to the fight.

HAMILTON. He allowed himself to be captured! He was three miles away from his men accompanied only by an orderly. He hoped to weaken Washington's force and make victory impossible. And Gates pleaded ill-health and the General excused him. We found out afterwards that he went straightway to Congress to complain of something or other.

CRAIG. Gates and Lee are both Englishmen, and are impatient at being outranked by General Washington.

HAMILTON. And each one is thirsting for the General's place at the head of the army. That is known to all our officers.

CRAIG. Does General Washington suspect them?

HAMILTON. If he does he says nothing. But he is very despondent of late. He talks little and never smiles. He is weighted down with the grave responsibilities of these sad times. He is making a sacrifice of his life and it is n't appreciated.

CRAIG. I should think the fact that he pledged his entire estate to pay the soldiers would prove his patriotism beyond all doubt.

HAMILTON. Aye, it should! And at the very beginning of the war he refused to accept pay for his services.

(*Enter General WASHINGTON, unobserved. HAMILTON continues indignantly:*)

But it seems that it is not enough that he should have the British to fight — he must be assailed by enemies within!

WASHINGTON. Why, what has happened, Colonel? You seem to be indignant.

(HAMILTON and CRAIG bow.)

HAMILTON. I beg your pardon, General, I have heard unwelcome news. General Lee is returning.

WASHINGTON. I have just received a letter from Congress saying General Lee would arrive to-day. Please ask the officers to come for a council, Colonel. Ask them to come at once.

(HAMILTON bows assent. *Exit.* WASHINGTON offers his hand to CRAIG.)

I am glad to see you, Mr. Dart, — I am glad to see you safely back. You went on a dangerous journey.

CRAIG. I was willing to take the risk, General.

WASHINGTON. Come, be seated and tell me what you have learned.

(*They sit by stove.*)

CRAIG. The British army in Philadelphia is stronger than ever, General. They have now nineteen thousand men.

WASHINGTON. You are certain of that number?

CRAIG. Absolutely.

WASHINGTON. What about their fortifications?

CRAIG. They are exceedingly strong. The river is protected by batteries and ships of war. The city is surrounded by at least ten redoubts, connected by strong palisades.

WASHINGTON. Are all the approaches guarded?

CRAIG. They are, General, and the discipline is strict.

WASHINGTON. It would be impossible to surprise them, then?

CRAIG. You would lead your men to destruction. I am so certain of all my statements, General, that you may discredit any one who advises you to attack.

WASHINGTON. I thank you, Mr. Dart. You have been a faithful agent — I have complete confidence in you. Now take some rest and refreshment. You may then begin a watch upon the farmers in this vicinity. They refuse to sell us their corn though they know my men are half starved. I suspect them of being Tories and of selling their corn to the British.

CRAIG. I'll find out, General. I know a mill I can watch to-night. I have suspected the miller myself.

WASHINGTON. Be cautious, Mr. Dart, and do not expose yourself needlessly.

CRAIG. Thank you, General Washington.

(*Bows. Exit. Pause.* WASHINGTON shows he is troubled. *Enter* HAMILTON.)

HAMILTON. General Washington, I must tell you

frankly that the officers are furious that Charles Lee is coming among us again.

WASHINGTON. I feared they would be. But we must avoid trouble in our military family, my boy, even at the expense of our private feelings and dislikes.

(Enter officers. They bow to the General with respect, but show indignation.)

Gentlemen, be seated, please.

(Officers sit. WASHINGTON sits at table facing them.)

My friends, it would be folly to pretend I did not see or understand the feeling your faces so plainly express. You have not forgotten Trenton. But, gentlemen, Congress has accepted General Lee's explanation of his absence, and we must accept the decision. It is to our interest to do so. General Lee is a capable officer and is valuable to our cause. I ask you, then, to be generous in your thoughts of him, and courteous in your actions. Think not one instant of any slight to me. I ask it as a favor, friends.

VARNUM. I promise you, General Washington, to receive General Lee with civility.

McINTOSH. It will go 'gainst the grain, but I will treat him with courtesy.

OTHERS. And I! And I!

WASHINGTON. I thank you, gentlemen. General Lee arrived a half-hour ago. I have talked with him,

and I assure you that he was profuse in his apologies for failing us at Trenton. Orderly, ask General Lee to come. You will find him in the adjutant's office.

(Exit First Orderly. Enter Second Orderly.)

SECOND ORDERLY *(saluting WASHINGTON)*. A messenger has just arrived from York with this letter from Congress, General.

WASHINGTON *(taking letter ; opening it)*. Excuse me, please, gentlemen.

(Reads — looks troubled.)

This letter is serious, officers —

(Enter General LEE — a brilliant but bold-looking man of forty-seven years.)

General Lee, you are welcome to Valley Forge.

LEE *(bowing)*. I thank you, General Washington.

(Turns and bows to officers, who rise and bow formally.)

WASHINGTON. You are in good time for our council. I pray you to be seated.

(LEE sits with officers.)

This letter has just come from Congress, General Lee. I was about to tell the officers its contents. Gentlemen, I am censured severely for not attacking Philadelphia and driving the enemy out.

HAMILTON. It is outrageous!

(Indignant expressions from many.)

WASHINGTON *(lifting hand)*. Gentlemen — please — Congress complains of being obliged to flee from Philadelphia to hold their sittings at York. They

ask why the capital city should fall into the hands of the enemy when I have an army to defend it. Finally, they insist that I attack the British at once.

SCOTT. I agree with Colonel Hamilton — it is outrageous!

HUNTINGTON. Does not Congress know the condition of our army?

WASHINGTON. I have reported it frequently. Indeed, only last week I wrote them of our pitiable condition here. I told them that scarce half our men were able even to build their huts for the winter, and that that half had to borrow clothing from the others to cover their naked bodies.

LAFAYETTE. Do they know that there is now little less than a famine here? Do they know that our men are living on food commonly given to horses?

POOR. And that they are growing weak from this steadily? And the officers fare little better.

VARNUM. Do they know that half our men are obliged to sit up all night by the fire because they have no blankets to cover them?

WASHINGTON. I have kept nothing from them.

WAYNE. I tell you, General Washington, that the great men who sat in the First and Second Congress are no longer there. They are either serving in the army or they have accepted civil offices in their own States. These Congressmen at York are inferior in ability.

(Applause from all officers but LEE.)

WASHINGTON (*gravely*). We must be careful not to abuse our government. I think I know where the trouble lies — these Congressmen are not military men and so do not realize our necessity. When they once understand, they will change their attitude.

HAMILTON. How is Congress to understand when it is constantly being told a far different story, General?

WASHINGTON. Different? What do you mean, Colonel?

HAMILTON. They are told that we have a force equal to that of the British and in splendid condition to fight.

WASHINGTON. My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me. They know that I cannot publish to the world the actual number of our soldiers. That is a secret we must conceal, or the British will soon have us at their feet.

LAFAYETTE. But it is unfair that you should be thus deprived of a word in your own defense.

(Murmurs of approval.)

WASHINGTON. Nevertheless, General Lafayette, I must continue to be silent, but I shall request an investigation by Congress. I shall ask them to send a committee here at once.

HAMILTON. One look at our camp will end all talk of attacking.

ALL OFFICERS (*but LEE*). Yes — yes — it will — it will!

WASHINGTON. You do not speak, General Lee. What is your opinion?

LEE. I do not agree with your other generals, your Excellency. I favor an attack.

(Officers look at LEE with indignation.)

WASHINGTON. But, General Lee, we have only eleven thousand men, with at least three thousand unfit for duty. The British have nineteen thousand and all in fine condition.

LEE. I mean a night attack — a surprise that would rout them completely.

WASHINGTON. My spies report the British fortifications so strong and so well guarded that I would not risk the lives of our men against such odds.

LEE. You will be censured if you do not.

WASHINGTON. And condemned if it prove a failure.

HAMILTON. Perhaps that is what your enemies wish, General. They will urge you on to an attack they know will be disastrous.

LEE *(jumping up, angrily)*. Do you mean to insinuate that I am doing that, sir?

WASHINGTON *(lifting hand)*. Gentlemen — I will not countenance quarrels.

(HAMILTON rises; bows to WASHINGTON and LEE; sits. LEE bows to WASHINGTON and HAMILTON; sits. WASHINGTON continues :)

It matters not what the public says — we must be governed by conditions. If we can only keep an army together this winter, we shall do well. And

we will not be idle. We will attack the small troops of British that leave Philadelphia for forage. We must prevent Tory farmers from taking food in to them. In fact, we can harass them in many ways. And then, when spring comes, the British General will still find an American army upon his heels — still ready to pursue and annoy him. He will find he has gained nothing by seizing Philadelphia; whereas we shall have gained everything. We will have had time to strengthen our army and obtain supplies — a thing far more necessary to us just now than a victory.

LEE. But, General, how can we hope to obtain supplies for the winter? Congress cannot borrow money enough now to care for the few men you have.

WASHINGTON. We must get loans from individuals. It is my plan to write prominent and wealthy men in every State for money. Indeed, I have already sent many letters, and others must go out to-day. So I pray you to excuse me, gentlemen. Colonel Hamilton, please remain to assist me with these letters.

(Officers bow and go out. HAMILTON crosses to table; prepares to write. WASHINGTON stands lost in deep thought. At last he turns to HAMILTON — speaks sadly —)

Well, my boy, I am being assailed by my own countrymen. I have been wounded in the house of my friends.

HAMILTON. It is all because of certain men who are jealous of you, General. They are trying to force you to resign.

WASHINGTON. It may be —

(Enter First Orderly.)

ORDERLY *(saluting)*. General Lee desires to see you at once, your Excellency. He asks for a private interview.

WASHINGTON. Admit General Lee, Orderly.

(Exit Orderly. Pause. Enter LEE. He stops upon seeing HAMILTON.)

LEE. I should like a private interview, General.

WASHINGTON. Colonel Hamilton is in my confidence in all military matters.

LEE. But this is of personal interest to you.

WASHINGTON. I prefer him to be present.

LEE *(controlling his anger)*. As you please, General. My errand here is due entirely to my consideration for you.

WASHINGTON *(sitting)*. Be seated, General.

LEE *(sitting)*. I have lately had private information as to a certain action Congress contemplates in regard to your Excellency —

(Pause ; looks at HAMILTON.)

WASHINGTON *(not heeding his glance)*. Are you at liberty to give me this information?

LEE. I am, General, though I regret to be the bearer of such news —

WASHINGTON (*calmly*). Proceed, General Lee. I wish Colonel Hamilton to hear.

LEE. To be brief, then, — Congress means to withdraw your command of the army unless you attack Philadelphia soon.

WASHINGTON (*calmly*). I thank you, General, for telling me. Whenever Congress wishes to relieve me, I shall go, and gladly. Domestic life would be sweet, indeed, after the discomforts we are enduring here. And the business of my plantation is far more attractive than the horrors of war. So I repeat — I shall go and gladly.

LEE. But, sir, it would be a disgrace unspeakable!

WASHINGTON. Do you think, then, that I should resign to spare myself this disgrace?

LEE. By no means! I advise you to attack the enemy. If defeat comes, you cannot be blamed, for you have been urged thereto by Congress.

WASHINGTON. It is your opinion, then, that I should allow half of my men to be slain to save myself from dismissal?

LEE. It is not so certain they will be slain.

WASHINGTON. It is as certain as night and day. All of my officers agree with me but you.

LEE. I would save you from disgrace.

HAMILTON (*angrily*). Do you think we are children, sir, that we cannot see through your designs? You are trying to force General Washington into disgrace! You want his position for yourself, sir!

LEE (*angrily*). How dare you! Retract your words, this instant!

(*Both draw their swords. WASHINGTON steps between them.*)

WASHINGTON (*sharply*). Come — let us have done with quarrels! Sheathe your swords, I pray you!

(*The men hesitate. Enter Second Orderly.*)

ORDERLY (*saluting WASHINGTON*). A lady is waiting to see you, General — a Mrs. Hugh Ferguson, of Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON. What is her errand here?

ORDERLY. She would not say.

WASHINGTON. Then I refuse to see her.

(*Enter Mrs. FERGUSON just as Orderly is turning to go. She is a woman of refinement; is handsomely dressed, wearing costly furs.*)

MRS. FERGUSON. I beg your pardon, General Washington, for entering in this way, but I must see you. It is most important —

(*LEE and HAMILTON sheathe swords. WASHINGTON bows formally to Mrs. FERGUSON; waits for her to proceed.*)

I am Mrs. Ferguson, General. You have no doubt heard of my family. My father is Dr. Thomas Graeme, of Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON (*nodding slightly*). And your husband is Hugh Ferguson, an officer in the British service. And you are much in the company of Tories.

MRS. FERGUSON (*quickly*). But I myself am a Patriot. I am devoted to my country. Indeed, it is my devotion that has brought me here. I come with a letter for your Excellency from Mr. Duché.

WASHINGTON. The Mr. Duché who was chaplain of our First Congress?

MRS. FERGUSON. Yes, General, — the Reverend Jacob Duché, of Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON. He has become a Tory. He can have nothing to say to me.

MRS. FERGUSON (*offering letter*). Only read his letter! I promised him I would deliver it into your hands. I pray you to take the letter! The contents are of the greatest importance.

WASHINGTON (*taking letter*). Be seated, Madam.

(*Mrs. FERGUSON sits. WASHINGTON reads letter; shows increasing indignation.*)

Had I but known what this letter contained, I would not have read it, Madam.

(*To HAMILTON.*)

This Jacob Duché informs me that we can never be victorious. So he bids me abandon the dearest hope of this country and reject the Declaration of Independence. He tells me it is our duty to submit to England's King and all his royal orders. And finally he calls upon me to surrender at once to the British.

(*Throws letter on table, his eyes blazing with wrath.*)

Colonel Hamilton, send that letter to Congress at once! Say I advise the arrest of Mr. Duché; say also that Mrs. Hugh Ferguson should be watched, as she is no doubt a spy in the British service.

(HAMILTON *writes letter.*)

MRS. FERGUSON. No! No! I am a Patriot! I protest I am a Patriot! I did not know what that letter contained. I thought it a plan for making peace.

WASHINGTON. Return to Philadelphia, Madam, and tell Mr. Duché that I shall not surrender. Tell him there will be some kind of American army so long as there is a British soldier upon this soil. Tell him if we are beaten here, we will retire to the Alleghanies, and thence to the Mississippi. But surrender—never! And tell him also I will not resign. My enemies may insult me and heap slight upon slight. No personal thrust shall harm me. My heart tells me that it has been my constant aim to do the best that circumstances would permit. I am in this war because I believe it is right and just, and with God's help I mean to conquer. Tell Mr. Duché that, Madam, and come no more to my camp.

MRS. FERGUSON. I did not know—I am a Patriot—I protest I am a Patriot—

(WASHINGTON *points to door. Exit Mrs. FERGUSON frightened. WASHINGTON turns to LEE.*)

You have heard my message to Mr. Duché. In that, you have had your answer. I shall not resign.

Neither shall I attack the British now. Allow me to bid you good-day, sir.

(*Bows to LEE, who is thus compelled to retire, vexed and baffled.*)

ACT III

SCENE I

TIME: *December 23, 1783.*

PLACE: *Annapolis, Maryland — State House.*

NEW CHARACTERS

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON.	FIRST YOUNG LADY.
GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND.	SECOND YOUNG LADY.
GOVERNOR'S WIFE.	THIRD YOUNG LADY.
GIRL.	FIRST YOUTH.
MOTHER.	SECOND YOUTH.
FIRST MAN.	THIRD YOUTH.
SECOND MAN.	FIRST WOMAN.
THIRD MAN.	SECOND WOMAN.
FOURTH MAN.	THIRD WOMAN.

GOVERNOR'S SUITE, PEOPLE.

(*State House is surrounded by an immense crowd of people. Enter others constantly.*)

GIRL (*at edge of crowd*). Do you think we can see him from here, mother?

MOTHER. Yes — he will pass this way. He must, to enter the State House.

GIRL. There are thousands waiting to see him.

MOTHER. Every one wants to see General Washington, now that he has been victorious.

(They talk aside.)

FIRST MAN *(to his companions)*. It was a glorious victory at Yorktown, friends! The flower of the British army surrendered to General Washington.

SECOND MAN. And England has been forced to make peace with us at last, and acknowledge our independence.

THIRD MAN. No wonder General Washington is a hero. The people seem to worship him.

FOURTH MAN. They should. No man has made more sacrifices for our cause. For eight years he has carried the burden of the war upon his shoulders. And much of that time envious men were secretly trying to blacken his name and take his command from him.

SECOND MAN. And where are those men to-day! Congress finally saw Charles Lee in his true light and dismissed him from the service. Gates faded into insignificance, as did all the others.

FIRST MAN. Their very names will soon be forgotten, but Washington's will last forever.

(They pass on. Enter three young ladies.)

FIRST YOUNG LADY. Oh, I am so anxious to see him! He is a wonderful hero!

SECOND YOUNG LADY. Everybody loves him! They say his officers all wept when the war was over

and he told them good-bye. And the General himself was so moved he could not speak, but embraced the officers and wept with them.

THIRD YOUNG LADY. And great crowds followed him wherever he went! And there were many banquets in his honor.

FIRST YOUNG LADY. I believe we can see him better over there.

(They pass on. Enter three youths.)

FIRST YOUTH *(looking at his watch)*. It is about time for the General, boys. He was to appear before Congress at noon.

SECOND YOUTH. I wonder if they will offer to make him king of America.

THIRD YOUTH. Certainly they will not! Did n't he refuse to accept the crown when it was offered him by Colonel Nicola last year? And the Colonel was supported by a large number of prominent men.

SECOND YOUTH. Yes, but they were not the Congress. The General might listen now.

THIRD YOUTH. Congress would n't dare — they know what the General wrote to Colonel Nicola. He said that the mere suggestion of being made king was hateful to him.

FIFTH YOUTH. And I believe it was, too! He's not that kind of a man.

(They pass on. Several fashionably dressed women approach.)

FIRST WOMAN. Is it true that Mrs. Washington is with him?

SECOND WOMAN. Oh, yes! She will have a place in the gallery while the General is resigning his commission.

THIRD WOMAN. They will go to Mount Vernon just as soon as the ceremony is over. The Governor of Maryland and his suite will accompany them part of the way, and show them every honor.

(Cheers heard, off.)

FIRST WOMAN *(looking off)*. He is coming! There is General Washington!

SECOND WOMAN *(looking off)*. He is walking with the Governor!

(People cheer and wave handkerchiefs.)

THIRD WOMAN. Do you see Mrs. Washington? She is with the Governor's wife.

(Cheers continue. Enter General WASHINGTON with the Governor of Maryland. They are followed by Mrs. WASHINGTON and the Governor's wife. Then comes the Governor's suite. WASHINGTON smiles and lifts his hat to people generally. He enters State House, followed by his party. Cheers continue.)

SCENE II

TIME: *Immediately following.*

PLACE: *Senate Chamber in State House.*

 NEW CHARACTERS

GENERAL MIFFLIN, *President of Congress.*

CHARLES THOMPSON, *Secretary of Congress.*

CONGRESSMEN, SPECTATORS, LADIES.

(The floor of the chamber is filled with Congressmen who are seated, and with spectators who are standing at back. Gallery is filled with ladies. Enter General WASHINGTON, accompanied by the Governor. President MIFFLIN and Congressmen rise. The Secretary crosses to meet WASHINGTON and escorts him to platform. Mrs. WASHINGTON appears in gallery and is given a place in front row in center. The Governor's wife accompanies her.)

MIFFLIN. General Washington, the United States, in Congress assembled, are prepared to receive your communications.

WASHINGTON.¹ Mr. President, — The great events on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I now have the honor of offering my sincere congratulation to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my coun-

¹ Washington's actual speech, shortened.

try. Happy in our new state of independence, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respected nation, I resign with satisfaction. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action. And, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

(Hands his commission to President, who receives it.)

MIFFLIN.¹ Sir, — The United States, in Congress assembled, receive with profound emotion the solemn resignation of the commission under which you have led their troops through a perilous and doubtful war. Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge while it was without funds or a government to support you. You have conducted the great war with wisdom. You have persevered, until these United States, aided by the generous King of France, have been enabled to close the war in freedom, safety and independence. And now you retire from military command. But the glory of your virtues will not terminate; it will continue to remotest ages. We pray to Almighty God to foster your life with all his care; to keep your days as happy as they have been illustrious; and to finally give you the reward that this world cannot give.

¹ Mifflin's actual speech, shortened.

TABLEAUX

I

In the parlor at Mount Vernon stands General George Washington receiving, from three members of Congress, the official notice of his election as President of the United States. Standing near by is Mrs. George Washington, happy and proud.

II

General Washington is seen riding a spirited horse, accompanied by a large number of United States cavalry. They are approaching a triumphal arch in the city of Philadelphia. On the arch is the inscription —

President George Washington.

III

General Washington is seen walking in the main street of Trenton, New Jersey. He is accompanied by many dignitaries. Preceding him are a number of young girls, dressed in white and strewing flowers along his path. Two carry a white silk banner upon which in letters of gold are the words —

Our President.

IV

General Washington is seen arriving in New York City. He stands on a barge which is manned by thirteen oarsmen dressed in white. On the dock, waiting to receive him, stands the Mayor of New York, accompanied by all officers of state. The shore is crowded with a great mass of cheering and waving people.

V

The Senate Chamber is seen filled with United States Senators and Congressmen. The gallery is packed with spectators. On the platform stands General Washington. He faces Chancellor Livingston who is giving the oath of office. The Chancellor holds the Bible before Washington, who bows and reverently kisses the book. Immediately the people shout and cheer, bells ring, and the boom of cannon is heard.

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